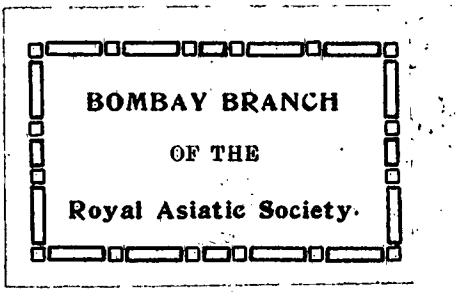
00026926



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 10 February, 2016

R.R B92

COSTUME OF A PEASANT OF ESTRAMADURA.

Jose J. Becquer, Sevilla, Lo Pinto.

THE

COURT AND CAMP

OF

DON CARLOS;

BEING

THE RESULTS OF A LATE TOUR

IN

THE BASQUE PROVINCES, AND PARTS OF CATALONIA, ARAGON, CASTILE, AND ESTRAMADURA.

26926 ac

BY

MICHAEL BURKE HONAN.

LONDON:

JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

MDCCCXXXVI.

914.6
Hen/Cit
26926

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY,
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

PREFACE.

THE Tour described in the following pages was commenced in the month of December, and concluded in March last. Few changes of importance have since then taken place in the counsels or camp of Don Carlos. M. Cruz Mayor and the Count de Villemur have resigned, and all the departments of state are now united under M. Erro, formerly minister of finance to Ferdinand, an able and an honest man. General Villa Real has replaced the Count de Casa Eguia. The combination, so often planned between General Cordova and General Evans, has again failed: Cordova, after penetrating to Salinas, was glad to find his way back to Victoria; and Evans has but cleared half a league of front before St. Sebastian, and extended his coast line as far as Passages; but he has not ven-

tured beyond the cover of the British fleet or entered fairly into the Carlist territory.

The account, therefore, which I have given of the Basque Provinces, as fully represents the actual position, political as well as military, of Don Carlos, as if it were written yesterday.

The Public may be assured that the truth, and nothing but the truth, will be found in this sketch. I have no personal objects to serve; and it is probable that the Carlists, as well as the Christinos, will be equally displeased at the freedom with which I have described their operations.

I have avoided touching on events which have lately taken place in Spain, and are known to the public through the regular channels of information, as my object has been to describe the position of Don Carlos, and not to discuss the affairs of the Queen Regent, or notice the changes which are so frequently occurring in her counsels.

London, June 25, 1836.

THE

COURT AND CAMP

OF

DON CARLOS.

CHAPTER I.

HAVING determined to visit the camp of Don Carlos, and to ascertain by personal observation the actual state of the war in the Basque provinces, I left London at the close of last November, and made my way by the ordinary route to Bayonne.

I believe I am one of the first travellers that ever paid a compliment to that city; but finding the weather as warm as the month of May with us, and the leaves still on the trees; the country breathing more of autumn than of winter; and having exchanged for it the cold London fog, and

the continued rain and swollen kennels of Paris, I am bound to do justice to Bayonne, and to say that, for once since its creation, a stranger found a residence of a few days within it delightful. That delight will, I fear, not be participated in by many; for the genius of *ennui* seems to have set up his rest there; and those who do not travel in five days from damp and cold to a genial warmth, and therefore must be happy, will wander about its lonely streets and its dismal walk on the banks of the river, and gape and grow discontented, and envy every more fortunate person, who takes his final leave in that worst of all diligences, the lumbering crazy vehicle which plies between it and Bourdeaux. Great improvements are making, and no one can tell what it may become in the course of years, as some of the old fortifications have been thrown down, and a new line planned, and more space given to the city; and even a *Place* is under formation, where the world will show their Sunday clothes and last Paris fashion to more advantage than can now be done in front of the dirty theatre and few cafés that line the present promenade.

Be Bayonne what it may, I arrived in it on the 24th of November, and descended at the hôtel ———, so well known to those who trade in politics as the grand dépôt of the friends of Don

Carlos; where certain cabalistic signs and words are to be exchanged before the stranger finds himself at ease at the *table-d'hôte;* where he meets Spaniards of every rank, some on their way to join the Infante, and others just come from head-quarters, and all filled with that busy and mysterious air which men engaged in these perilous enterprises, in spite of their better judgment, assume. There were French gentlemen embarked in the same cause also to be found in the hôtel; but a marked difference was to be observed between them and the Spaniards of their party. The latter were hot and impatient, full of words, and anxious to display their feelings; the former were cold and composed, and spoke on all other subjects with the utmost *sang froid*—though, if the truth were known, their attachment to their principles was more deeply rooted than that of their vehement neighbours. The tone and conduct of the Spaniards told you plainly you were in the midst of a conspiracy; the lively unembarrassed manner of Frenchmen created no suspicion, and would remove it if it were formed.

A person who had in view the object which I purposed, namely, that of reaching the head-quarters of Don Carlos, and traversing the whole line of operations, would of course not neglect all and every means of creating confidence, and of

placing himself on a good footing with the party he was about to meet; and I took care to receive, in London and Paris, from friends who, though deeply compromised, met me with full candour, the necessary papers and recommendations.

I am an impartial man: my daily discipline is to expunge political prejudices from my mind, and to view things as they are; a friend to the principle of legitimacy—an ardent one of a constitutional monarchy, but not a visionary Royalist, who dreams of restorations, and will not recognise the duties of kings to their people, as well as the duties of the people to their kings. Still, though not standing in the full odour of sanctity with my royalist friends, I must do them the justice to say that they met my views with the greatest liberality, and, believing that I was a person in whose sincerity and good faith a full reliance could be placed, they opened to me the secrets of their union, and gave me the means of making myself known to the people, at Bayonne and on the frontiers, who could advance my journey. I have dealt with the extremes of both the Royalist and Liberal parties in more than one country agitated by internal division, and I cannot avoid declaring that I have been invariably treated well by the one, and ill treated by the other. Differing from both, and obliged to make that difference known, I came under the reproach of

being alternately a *servile* or a republican; but I found that the Royalists were more amiable than the others, and expressed their dissent without giving offence, while the Liberals' tolerance was of a limited nature and seldom of long endurance.

So much for myself;—and to let the reader know of what manner of man he is perusing the thoughts, and to give him an assurance that if he will not find any thing else to please him in this volume, he will find the truth, and nothing but the truth.

I have often reflected on the strange waywardness which makes the partisans of every cause so desirous to exaggerate events in their favour, and conceal all facts that make against them—when the commonest experience proves that the only way to insure being believed is, to under-state and not over-state the truth, and that one fabrication or over-wrought accounts throws into discredit narratives which would otherwise be worthy of notice, and materially advance the cause. If ever that folly has been exemplified, it has been in Spain, where the Carlist and Christino accounts of the same affair differ as light and darkness, and are so wide of the verity, at both sides, that the English public have given up believing in either. Zumalacarregui, the well-known general of Don Carlos, was the only person who, since the begin-

ning of the contest, allowed the facts to speak for themselves; and all his bulletins were remarkable for their brevity, good sense, and honesty; but we have scarcely seen, since his death, an official notice of any action, however trivial, that has not been swelled out by despatches more lengthy and pompous than those of Waterloo. Well knowing how the war was going on in the North, and that the Carlists were invariably successful, since the first defeat of Sarsfield to the final overthrow of Valdez, at the Amescuas; it was a matter of amusement to me, then resident at Madrid, to read the daily extraordinary gazettes of victories, by which the Carlists were annihilated. The very post was often filled with letters from officers in the army, detailing their misfortunes to their friends, and presaging a fatal issue to the war; while the gazette of the same day contained brilliant details of operations and omens of final triumphs of the arms of the Queen. Every man in the *Puerta del Sol* knew that the gazette was false, yet still the government was weak enough to publish it; and though every one knew it was false, yet such was the tyranny of the Liberals, that no person dared avow his opinions; and these narratives were sent into other countries uncontradicted, except by some private letters, to form the groundwork of financial delusion, by which, in turn, each money-

market of Europe has been sacrificed, and for the conception and execution of which the Spanish Ministers of the Treasury enjoy a special reputation. I was even told by the officer of the day, on one of these great battles, whose duty it was to count the bodies of the slain enemy on the field, that he found but forty-five corpses, while the gazette represented no less than 3400 put *hors de combat*—an instance of exaggeration only to be matched by a Carlist bulletin, lately published, of Cordova's retreat to Victoria, which, headed "Victory! Victory! Victory!!!" declared that 9000 men were destroyed, out of 12,000, although, in good truth, not more than about sixty poor fellows bit the dust.

It must be admitted that the Carlist exaggerations were less frequent than the others; for while the Queen's gazette announced that the Infante's force was diminished to a small mountain-band, which was about expiring from starvation, we have seen it increasing daily in number and equipment, until, from a commencement of seven hundred men, it has swollen to a number of 30,000 armed and organized—and that, while it was stated to be in the throes of death, it was driving a succession of seven Queen's generals before it, and finally occupying the whole of the provinces, and defying every new attempt that was made to put it down.

So much did this hyperbole prevail, that the beaten Christino captains even made a jest of it themselves; and I heard one of them say, at a table of distinction at Madrid—"Well, what do you think of us now? I was beaten: I have committed faults which in any other service would cashier me; and look! here is the sword which the Queen has given me, and here is the commission by which I am appointed Commander-in-Chief." The positive fact was, that nothing but lying and imposture succeeded at Madrid; and I know that a beaten general who was called a *Bribon* (scoundrel) by the Minister of State, and told not to come near the government, to annoy it,—who received from another minister the epithet of *C*———, the most offensive which can be given to a Spaniard,—was sent out, three days after the occurrence, to command the army; and, though he was defeated in every instance, he contrived to lie so stoutly, and to bully the government and the public, that he has still compelled the one to continue him at the head of the forces, and the other to believe that he was the Napoleon of Spain:—and, as if more strongly to expose the extreme of all truth and principle, this the man, a Carlist from his youth—a well-known agent of the cruelties of Ferdinand—who was under the most sacred obligations to Don Carlos and to his wife, and who had sent in his

adhesion to the Infante when the question of the succession was first mooted! I never could understand how, if the Spanish government was so stupid as to employ this person, the Foreign Ambassadors were weak enough to give him their countenance; as they must have seen that he was playing a part by them, and crouching at their feet, in order to persuade the Ministry that he had the support of the two great contracting Powers in the Quadruple Treaty. A man's character and his antecedent conduct should decide for or against his eligibility; and I believe it would be difficult to find in Spain an individual more thoroughly profligate than the one in question, and whose every action, up to the day when he turned his coat, bespoke a more devoted slave to absolutism. But Spain abounds in such instances, that we who know it well should not be astonished.

CHAPTER II.

HAVING arrived at Bayonne, I waited instantly on the person with whom I was to exchange signals; and, having established my identity with him, I was soon introduced to another—the confidential agent of Don Carlos—who received me in the most gentlemanlike manner, made me know that he was aware I was unconnected with any party, but offered me every service in his power. This secret intelligence amused me much, and brought back to my mind the historical recollections of our own civil wars for the exiled Stuarts; and I imagined myself, and the person to whom I was addressed, seated gravely opposite to each other, opening alternately a link of the chain of recognition, until the whole was fully developed, like unto the Jacobite emissaries of old, seated in some dark nook in the purlieus of the Tower,

with pulse beating, eyes straining, each trembling with fear of discovery, and of the other's good faith, until the connexion of syllables and words, or the combination of colours, or the comparison of some article of clothing, or of any thing else—(which was not the case in my recognition—for of course to it, or to the persons from whom it proceeded, I will give no clue)—established a perfect confidence; and the chairs are drawn together, the hands compressed, and the parties finally locked in each other's arms, in full confidence of their identity.

My man looked sharply at me, and I, cautiously, at him; not that I had any thing to risque, but lest I should compromise the real personage, in case this was not the person. I asked him to repeat his name, and to write it, before I said a word further; and, gradually proceeding, arrived at the full end of my object, until I had the assurance that no one was endangered; and then we entered on our affair with all the confidence imaginable, and I had every reason to be pleased. The gentleman alluded to could not understand how I, a person who asked for nothing, sought for nothing—neither a soldier nor a loan-contractor—could expose myself to some danger, and the severity of the weather, to gratify curiosity, or to establish a truth for others; and he lifted up his eyes in as-

tonishment at the hardihood and oddity of my proceedings; but I made him fully understand that my object was to enter Spain as speedily as I could, and that he might defer his surprise until I had the pleasure to see him on my return.

The table-d'hôte at the hôtel consisted of eight persons; two of whom were English, two French, and the others Spaniards; all devoted royalists. The Spaniards were dressed in that kind of indefinable costume which is neither civil nor military, but to which every soldier on campaign comes to, as his wardrobe gradually fails him in the hazard of the war. There was the military cap and the furred frock-coat, with pantaloons of faded glory; or the red striped trowser, but plain surtout and black stock; or the short jacket of goat-skin—the favourite costume of Zumalacaregui, and that best suited to mountain work, as it defies both wind and rain—besides other military appurtenances; such as the spur, or the sabre-belt. But the state of the beard was that which gave the most assurance of the soldier of fortune: in some grown to its full length, as the officers of Don Pedro were accustomed to wear it at Oporto; in others, aiming at the same ferocity, but still scant of its growth; while one lad, the handsomest of the party, encouraged only his young mustachios, and shaved his chin, in order that the aspiring curls of the

upper lip should produce still greater effect. The Englishmen were, as they ever are, taciturn, and wondered at the bustle of their companions; while the French were gay, and chatted and laughed on indifferent subjects, and seemed desirous to throw off the political character until the moment of action arrived, when the old royalist blood would show that men were still alive, *sans peur et sans reproche;* but the Spaniards were not for a moment at their ease; and the most indifferent spectator must have observed that some deep spell was upon them. Each would, in turn, break out into violent denunciations against the Queen, or some of the people most forward in supporting her; while others discussed the state of the nation, and prospects of the two belligerents, with a fluency and a wisdom which astonished me, although well accustomed to a Spaniard's flow of words. The youngest had but just arrived from the head-quarters of Don Carlos, and was about to undertake a mission into one of the southern provinces—and two were, it was hinted, preparing to venture to Madrid, to wake the sluggish hopes of their party there. All were full of zeal and warmth: at least, their words were those of fire;—and, if their actions but corresponded to their promises, Don Carlos would be faithfully served. But I have seen too much of Spaniards to be deceived by any show of determi-

nation; and I have known a man talk by the hour at the *Puerta del Sol*, of honour, virtue, and patriotism, till the blood boiled within me; and I have found the same person go the round of all the *Tertuliás* at night, with the same set of ideas, and the same inspiring language; all which was to end in his doing nothing; for the display and the pleasure of hearing himself talk was all he aimed at.

The dinner was good, and abundant in that variety which none but a French cook can furnish; but so addicted were these gentlemen to the abominable mess of beans, bacon, fowl, beef, and sausage, called a *Puchero*, that one and all declared they would prefer having it to even the best set-out at the *Grand Vatel*. "*Oh, que rico!*" —"Oh, how rich it is!" said one of the party, kissing the tips of his fingers, in token of supreme delight. "*Oh, que excellente los garvansos!*"— "Oh, how excellent the beans!" cried another, licking his lips, like an alderman at his turtle. "And the bacon and the sausage!" exclaimed the rest.—"There is nothing like the puchero! it is more solid than roast beef, and more refined than a Strasburg Pâté!" and they all agreed that nothing more was necessary to enjoy life than a good puchero. Now, to understand what they were speaking of, it is necessary to be more precise than I have been in the description of the dish; and I

will set it before the reader in all its primitive and compound singularity. First, then, into an earthen pipkin are to be poured, at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, a quantity of white beans, called *garvansos*, a pound or two of lean beef, half a pound of bacon, a quarter of a pound of reeking sausage, a piece of garlic, a couple of fowls, some green long beans, with a *quantum sufficit* of water; and these are to stew at a slow fire until three o'clock, when the whole family are to be served, first with the soup, and then with the meat and vegetables; and I believe a greasier mess never graced the festive board; and he that has once eaten it, will wonder at the national taste, that prefers it to all other food, and declares that a dinner is not tolerable without it. All families in Spain, from the highest to the humblest, dine on *puchero* every day in the year; except that, on fête-days, in rich families, another horror, called an *estofado*, or a piece of beef stewed in garlic, is superadded; but the stranger will in vain try to approach the last; and it is not till sharp necessity compels him, that he can venture it within his lips. This was the dish which my Spanish friends declared was preferable to all the excellent preparations our dinner afforded. And I suppose we should never have heard the end of its merits, if a pie had not been placed on the table; and they

all opened at once, like dogs in full cry, at the *pastel* and the *pastelleros;* which latter is a *sobriquet* given to Martinos de la Rosa and his party, their politics being, as they say, thinner than a baker's crust.

It is remarkable to find, at a large city like that of Bayonne, where a vigilant police is supposed to exist, a Carlist club sitting almost in open day, and persons passing and repassing the frontier openly to it. It proves how hollow the French government is, and how gloriously it has bamboozled England in the quadruple treaty; and if any thing were wanted to establish the fact of its connivance, it is, that the frontier is all but publicly open, and any person, taking only ordinary precaution, can go and return from Don Carlos. I understood that an English merchant, partner in a large house in the city, went into head-quarters very lately; and when I proposed to go, no objection was made about my passport, which was backed most commodiously in general for Spain, without specifying any route; so that, without resorting to smuggling, or any underhand means to procure an entrance, you will be enabled to pass the French posts with a passport *en règle;* and of course you have arranged that the Carlists will receive you, before making the experiment.

CHAPTER III.

But I cannot leave Bayonne without saying a word or two more about it, even if it were only as a sign-post to those unfortunate strangers, who, like myself, may yet be cast away upon its sands.

The most remarkable circumstance which I found on the northern frontier of Bayonne, was the manner in which the damsels ride on horseback; they having found, without the intervention of pantaloons, and notwithstanding all the obstructions of petticoats, that the easiest and surest mode to get a firm seat, is cross-legged, like us, the Nimrods of the creation. The first lady I met in that way was old and ugly, and I fancied she took to the astride because she was too feeble to manage the side-saddle; but when I saw the young and the pretty also crossed in the same manner, I

blushed up to the eyes for them, and, being come to the age of sentimentality, could scarcely venture to look upon the ankle too far displayed, and the bundle of petticoats lapped over the pummel of the saddle, without feeling that the daughters of Eve in the Basque were carrying their prerogatives a little too far. In Turkey, the women always ride in the same fashion; but then their natural costume is suited to the task: here, where the under-clothing is framed on a different principle, it is shocking—it is immodest.

To the south of Bayonne, bordering on the Pyrenees, the fair sex have established a more convenient system, which is called a *cacolat*, and two of them, sitting in a chair or basket, are suspended at each side of the horse; a quantity of weight being added to the lighter, to make the balance even. Sometimes, a man and his wife take a matrimonial excursion, each hampered on the sides of old Dobbin; and numerous are the jests of the passers-by, on some dumpy lady sitting in the midst of her fat, while the husband is obliged, from his diminutive size, to take in a quantity of ballast to make an even poise with his baggage at the other side of the way. Except this fashion of equitation, I know nothing the Bayonne womenkind are remarkable for: as for beauty of face, they have none; and as to shape,

they are thin and meagre exactly where they should be showy; and it would take a large importation from the Rue Vivienne before they were fitted to the Dutch market.

I did not fail to visit the grave-yard, where the British officers, who fell in the sortie from the citadel, on the 14th of April, 1814, are interred. Every one knows that General Sir John Hope, intending to anticipate a sortie which the garrison was about to make, was surprised himself, and that he was taken prisoner, and several of our brave fellows came to an early grave. The surviving officers of the Coldstream Guards enclosed a small plot of ground, about twenty feet square, with a substantial wall of ten feet high, and there deposited the bodies of their fallen comrades, with a stone to mark the rank and name of each. Some years ago, Mr. Harvey, the British Consul at Bayonne, and who was wounded in the action, further erected a handsome tablet to the memory of his brother officers.

On the outside of the wall, a broad stone bears this record—

> "Burial-place of the British Officers, especially of the Coldstream Guards, who fell in action, near to this spot, on the 14th April, 1814, the night of the sortie from the Citadel of Bayonne."

And within, in the southern wall, a neat tablet is thus inscribed—

Sacred to the Memory
Of the undernamed British Officers
Who gallantly fell at the sortie made by the Garrison
from the Citadel of Bayonne,
On the 14th of April, 1814.

Coldstream Guards—Lieut.-Col. G. COLLIER.
Lieut.-Col. SIR HENRY SULLIVAN.
Captains—Hon. W. G. CROFTON.
W. BURROUGHES.
Lieutenant T. VACHELL.
W. PITT.
1st Regt. of Guards—Ensign W. VANE.
3rd Regt. of Guards—Captain C. L. WHITE.
G. B. SHIFNER.
Lieutenant T. HOLBOURNE.
6th Regt.—Lieutenant L. HAMILTON.

This Tablet was placed to the memory of the above-named Officers, by their friend and companion at the sortie,

G. V. HARVEY,
Formerly Captain in the Coldstream Guards, and since His Majesty's Consul at Bayonne. 1830.

At a short distance from this grave-yard, the large dépôt is to be seen, which received the bodies of the private soldiers slain in the action. It bears no record, and the mound of earth is nearly overgrown with fern and brambles; and it is with some difficulty that it can be made out.

Without affecting to be sentimental, I know nothing, abroad, which more forcibly recalls *home* to the mind of the traveller, than the tombstone of a departed countryman; and I stood an hour over these cold memorials of the past, thinking of the fate of these gallant men, born some to high fortune, thus fallen before their time, and imagining in what part of the world, removed from the wife of my love, and the children of my heart, I should find a final rest, perhaps without a record of my name, or a friend to breathe a sigh to my memory. Can man carve out his own destiny? Or why is it that we are made the sport of fortune, and, with every reluctance to embrace a particular course of life, that we are compelled to pursue it? Driven about the world against my will—separated, often for many months, from those I love, and who exist only to love me—it is when I visit the tombs of Englishmen, in foreign climes, that I feel there is perhaps a more cruel pang reserved for them and me; and that is, to have my bones laid in some remote spot, on which their tears can never

fall, nor over which their prayers can ne'er be heard. But what has the reader to do with me or mine? and if I bore him any further, it is possible that he may wish my book in the grave, and the writer to the devil, *à l'Anglaise.*

Having heard, while I was at Bayonne, that the Carlists were about to attack the *tête-de-pont* of the Bidassoa, where the refugee Christinos of Saint Sebastian had for some time past entrenched themselves, and professed rather to be buried in the ruins than surrender, I went down to see some of their fine speeches set to action. As we approached the spot, the day being peculiarly fine, a delightful and extensive view of the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay was afforded, and we were enabled to trace, on the different hills, the stations which the British army occupied on entering France in 1814. No point fixed more our attention than that on the summit of Mount Saint Marcial, where the Duke of Wellington stood and gave orders on the day of the battle of the Pyrenees, when Soult was so gallantly repulsed. The Spanish auxiliaries behaved well on that occasion; and the country was so well pleased with the fame which was gathered on the hill, that they elected Mount Saint Marcial to the rank of a Lieutenant-General in their army; and that Grenadier of a Crag has, I believe, even to this day,

the honour to be placed nearly at the head of the official list of general officers. After this, who can say that the nation is ungrateful?

The bridge over the *Bidassoa* crosses at the foot of the French village of *Behobia*, and touches Spain about half a league from the town of Irun; and when the Carlists overran the provinces, and drove the Christinos out of the frontier town, about two hundred of the latter took refuge at the bridge, and constructed a house, with some attempt at fortification, to protect them. This post has proved a great annoyance to the Carlists, as it cuts the high road to France, which would otherwise be open to them; and it is also injurious to France, as it arrests all the merchandise which would pass in, by that easy door, by nominal contraband; but the former have not been able to get possession of it, and the latter, with that doubtful policy which has characterized its relation to Spain, has given to it protection. The Carlists were, I found, masters of the whole country, and even of the houses which were within ten paces of the post; and if the French were neutral, no difficulty would be found in reducing it; but the general-in-chief had declared, that if a single bullet fell on his territory, he would reply in good earnest; and, as the bridge was so situated that any bullet which missed its mark must fall into

France, the Carlists had not been able to carry it, as they might do after an hour's cannonade; and the *tetê-de-pont* still remained, to their great mortification.

CHAPTER IV.

It was announced in Bayonne, that the Carlists were at last determined to force the bridge ; that a battery of three heavy pieces had been constructed; and that four battalions had entered Irun the day previous, which General Gomez had destined for the service,—which set the town into motion: and the Préfet, and Sous-Préfet, and General Harispe with two regiments and some pieces of artillery, set out to strengthen the corps of observation at Behobia, and to punish the Carlists in case the French territory was violated. The Carlists, finding that the French authorities were about to take a decided part, sent over a letter to General Harispe, undertaking, as I understood, not in the least degree to annoy his side of the river—to confine their operations solely to a short cannonade and assault, by the bayonet, of

the post; and entreating that he would preserve a strict neutrality: but the letter was returned unopened, and Gomez, whose orders from Don Carlos were strictly to avoid all source of discord with his neighbours throughout, was forced to abandon the project, and to withdraw the cannon from the battery. Indeed, the position of the Carlists in this respect was tantalizing; because, as the river wound very much, near Behobia, and the bridge was connected with a tongue of land, at each side of which the French territory ran parallel within a few yards, it was quite impossible to throw even stones at the post, not to speak of discharging cannon or musketry, without some of the missives falling into the fields of the other land; and the Christinos, it was said, whenever an attack had been made, had themselves thrown a ball or two into France, with the hope that the batteries would open, and force their enemies to retreat. This had so often proved the case, that all the houses between the hills and the river were more or less shattered by the French cannonade.

There were about one hundred and fifty Christinos in the fort, who were relieved every month from the garrison of St. Sebastian, and who were provided with food and ammunition from France—for payment, of course; and they amused themselves the whole day by popping at any Carlist

who might be visible in the neighbouring fields or the projecting crag which overlooked them. I saw one of their foes, whom they had been cracking at for half an hour without hitting, dancing in derision of their bad aim; and the abuse of his companions at the Christinos, in that Billingsgate so abundant in the mouths of the low Spaniards, could be distinctly heard at our side of the river. A large house, which was within a dozen paces of the Christino post, was filled with a Carlist band of observation. They were enclosed during the day; as, if a head were seen for an instant, a bullet was certain to be sent at it; but they communicated with their friends at night.

The Carlists complained, and with reason, of the French government; as it was certain, if they were allowed to attack the post without fear of the consequences of one of their bullets falling in France, they might carry it in an hour; and at present it sealed the high road to them. They proposed that the Christinos should be ordered away, as the possession of the *tête-de-pont* could not in any way aid the operations of their army; and they argued that they should not be tolerated in making a cause of quarrel between the French and Carlist troops, in carrying on a war, against which no reprisal could be made by even a superior force. The French officers admitted to me, in

conversation, the unhandsome dealing of their government; but always concluded with that *que voulez vous?* which terminates the reasoning of a Frenchman when his logic or rhetoric begins to fail him. With this exception, the communication was friendly, on the Bidassoa, between France and Spain, though the whole province was in the hands of the Carlists, and I saw men and women momentarily passing under the surveillance of the gendarmerie.

Our party had a permission to examine the post and the banks of the river, but on *parole* that we would not cross into Spain; as, in consequence of the expected attack on the *tête-de-pont*, all licenses were suspended for a few days: and I was amused by the conversation which took place between the chief of the police and the gentleman who had the kindness to guide us; as the latter was well known to make frequent incursions to Spain, sometimes with leave, and oftener by contraband. The policeman repeated to him the number of occasions on which he had crossed the frontier without leave, and the places he had stopped at, and the persons he had spoken to, on the other side; and proved clearly that a system of espionage in the French interest was established up to the head-quarters of Don Carlos; but added that, as the gentleman's business

was well known, provided he gave no hindrance to the policy of Louis Philippe, he should meet with every possible facility in future. The other replied in the same cool tone; and the most friendly intercourse appeared to subsist between this officer, whose business it was to entrap the smugglers, and this gentleman, whose known employment it was to make the contraband. The person in question afterwards explained to me the usual plan of proceeding when he wished to evade the law; but so strict an eye was maintained on our proceedings, that we were recalled from a walk along the banks of the river, lest we should have been tempted to wade across.

I met a variety of persons at Behobia, daily in communication with Spain, who agreed in the same account of the whole of the four provinces being in possession of Don Carlos, with the exception of certain large towns, and of the interior of them being organized, as if in a state of profound peace. They concurred in stating that Catalonia was in full insurrection, with no less than 20,000 men under arms, and that the Christinos were shut up in the cities, such as Gerona and Barcelona, where they were almost in a state of siege. This news, confirmed by Spaniards of both parties, and by the French police, startled me not a little; particularly after the ideas which

we had in London of the coming triumph of the measures taken by M. Mendizabal; and I began to anticipate another panic on the Stock Exchange, and a fresh day of ruin for the holders of Spanish bonds.

We met, on the road to St. Jean de Luz, a number of waggons, laden with provisions, to be embarked there for St. Sebastian, as that place was so closely invested that not a pound of meat nor a pint of milk was to be procured from the country, and every thing had to be sent by sea from France. Even the linen had to be washed in France, as the Carlists were determined not to give so much as a drying-ground outside the gates. Indeed, the inhabitants of St. Sebastian were, we were assured, in the greatest possible alarm, as the Carlists had taken possession of a hill which commanded the town, and had made preparations to bombard it, and as the garrison was confined to 500 men, and insufficient to make a sortie.

I found St. Jean de Luz, as well as Bayonne, full of Spaniards, who had emigrated in consequence of the civil war. They were, in general, families of the Queen's party, who had abandoned towns occupied by the Carlists; and they did not fall far short in number of 5000 persons. Many of them were poor, and undergoing much privation; but several were very rich; and I dined

at St. Jean de Luz with a young bride, who had brought, a few weeks before, a fortune of 60,000 dollars to her husband. The consequence of such an inroad of strangers made Bayonne very expensive: apartments and provisions were much augmented in price, and the poorer Spaniards were so far reduced, and unable to meet the necessary outlay, that families clubbed together; and I heard of seven or eight people occupying the same room. How they managed to exist without the beloved *puchero*, I could not imagine, as I found that the main article of *garvansos* was not to be procured in France, and was only attainable when the communication with the southern provinces was open. It is to be hoped that the coming of the Spaniards into France, like the inroads of the Moors into Spain, will improve, if not the blood, at least the beauty, of the Bayonne womankind; and that some of the soul of the dark eye and voluptuous person of the Spanish girl will be transmitted to those frigid damsels, who would be stocks or stones if they had not coquetry enough to give them some show of sensibility.

The rising contest between the French authorities and the Carlists was finally settled by both parties agreeing to dismount the batteries which the one had erected to protect their territory from

dishonour, and the other for the purpose of driving the Christinos from the *tête-de-pont.* Gomez, the general who commanded at Irun, declared, at first, that he had been ordered to take the post on the bridge at any price, and that he could not give up the undertaking without consulting with head-quarters; but General Harispe was very short with him, and protested that if he did not level his batteries within twenty-four hours, he would knock them about his ears: he at the same time explained that by treaty France and Spain were bound not to erect additional fortifications on the frontiers; and, as it was in virtue of that treaty he would act, he called down all the garrison of Bayonne, with a park of thirty guns, to Behobia, as a proof of the solidity of his intentions. The Carlist chief admitted that this was a new view of the case; but he adroitly turned it to his advantage, by calling on Harispe to level the works which he himself had raised, and to compel the Christinos to evacuate the post which they had formed at the foot of the bridge. Harispe admitted the propriety of his demand, and consented to remove his guns when the other had demolished all his works; but as to the *tête-de-pont,* that was an affair which he could not, for the moment, undertake to decide.

All these negociations tended to close, for the

moment, the route usually chosen by persons crossing into Spain in the open manner I proposed to do; and it was finally determined, after several days' negociations, that I should take the mountain road, by St. Pré and Sare, and cross at once into the valley of the Bastan, so often mentioned in the brief records of this civil war.

CHAPTER V.

HAVING provided ourselves with all that was necessary to clear the frontier, in the shape of private signals, and to defend our heads and feet from the snow and rain, and our passports being backed by the English Consul, and armed with a special authority from the French Sous-Préfet and the police, we started at break of day, on the first of December, to explore our way by the route usually taken by smugglers. We did not mount our horses within the town; but having sent them, with the little luggage allowed to be taken, a short distance in advance, we commenced our journey without any observation, and dived at once into the sinuosities of the Basque mountains. The road was little better than a bridle track, and only wide enough to admit the narrow cart, drawn on its creaking wheels by the little oxen of the hills; but the country about us, and the loveliness of the weather—I can say

loveliness, even though it was the first of December—made us soon forget the discomforts of the way. The Pyrenees were clear to the very tops, and lay before us in every variety of undulation, from the gentle hill to the bared crag, as if barring our passage; while all the lower elevations and the plain were studded with the white houses of the peasantry, looking as pastoral as a bright sun could make them. The fields bore the remnants of their abundant harvest; and the snugness of the villages, as well as the number of detached cottages, and the traces of culture, proved the providence of Nature, and that her gifts had not been allowed to languish unemployed. The houses of the poorest peasant were large oblong buildings, the main part being, if I may say so, at the gable-end; and a coarse wooden balcony ran along each range of windows, protected from the rain by the large projecting eaves. There were few handsome mansions; but the whole bespoke comfort, though many of them wanted that indispensable necessary of other climes, glazed windows; but habit reconciles us to every thing, and I understand a pane of glass is a luxury to which even people with some fortune do not aspire.

I was told that the Basque people had gained abundantly by the Carlist war; and such were the profits on smuggling men, goods, or

horses, across the frontier, that all had acquired wealth; and those whose lands were encumbered by mortgages had been enabled to clear them off. Don Carlos being obliged for a long period to procure every thing from France, a regular system of violating the frontier was adopted; and, notwithstanding the real or pretended diligence of the French custom-house and gendarmerie, muskets, powder, and clothing were daily passed across. The smugglers charged 75 francs to take in a man, and 100 for a horse; and they managed to raise the price of powder, by their charges, so that for a long time every pound cost as much as six francs. It is possible that the French government was not acting with good faith, and that the frontier was but badly watched; but it must be admitted that the total barring of it is a very difficult operation, and there are so many passes in the mountains, and so many means of evading a pursuit, that not only hundreds, but thousands, of men would be required to do it effectually.

We were not long on our journey before we found ourselves in the midst of the lesser mountains, and among a variety of paths which made it doubtful which was the true line; and our guide found himself, as often guides do, frequently at fault. On these occasions, our only resource was to make across the country to one of the cottages; and, if we had not taken the precaution to bring

a man who understood the Basque, we should have been much embarrassed; as few among the peasantry spoke French. Thus, breathing the pure air of the hills, and galloping over the open country, we filled ourselves with that delight which quick exercise and the charms of nature ever inspire, increased by the idea, that, had we remained in London or Paris, a fireside would have been our sole resource.

Driving about in this happy manner, we reached, at one o'clock, the village of Sare, which is the last on the French frontier, and where all the arrangements must be finally made to insure a safe deliverance into Spain. We were stopped by gendarmes, and underwent an examination by the military commandant, and had our servant and the three horses of the party registered at the custom-house, and security given for their being returned into France. We then got a good dinner—the last, probably, to be tasted for some days, and about three o'clock set sail again, hoping that no further impediment would be given.

The mountain soon became more difficult, and our little horses began to reel and stagger under their loads amid the rugged tracks, and we had in some cases to descend and lead them down the broken rock; but we moved on gaily, the day being delightful, and refreshed by the idea that the frontier would soon be cleared, and our steps

into Spain recognised by the Carlist authorities before nightfall; as we were naturally anxious for daylight and fair play, on account of the hatred supposed to be borne to England, in consequence of so many of our countrymen joining the standard of the Queen. Our vexation may therefore be conceived, when, at the top of a lonely mountain, we were stopped by two armed custom-house officers, who refused to let us pass; alleging, not that our papers were irregular, but that they could not read, and, consequently, could not decide whether they were right or not. In vain we pointed out to them all the seals of office; in vain we explained our passes and the custom-house receipts:—no; they were determined to bar the road, and presented their pieces when we made a show of moving on. We represented the folly of their conduct, and to what punishment they exposed themselves for arresting passengers whose papers were in rule; and we alleged the evident necessity of clearing the frontier by daylight. They were obstinate as mules, and said it was not their fault, but the fault of the government who employed them on that station, as they could not read, and that the custom-house should have sent an escort to pass us on. Our reasoning being in vain, we were by favour allowed to send the guide back to Sare, to entreat the commandant to send somebody to have us relieved; and we dismounted,

and sat down on a hillock, to vent our rage and cool our heels for more than three hours, until the shades of night, lying in the valleys, while the mountain tops were still brightened by the sun's rays, showed us that the very thing which we took so much precaution against, viz., travelling in the dark, must be our fate, even if we were released. At length, the messenger came, and we were set at liberty; and the two poor devils, finding they were wrong, earnestly besought that we would not report against them, and offered to conduct us as far as the frontier, to prevent another annoyance of the same kind.

As we wound up the hill, we caught a view of the village of Zugaramurdi, the nearest in Spain, towards which all the great smuggling is directed, and where a Carlist force of 1000 men was stationed, to protect and assist the contraband.

It was into that village that Don Carlos made his entry on foot; and it was likewise there that the Infante Don Sebastian also retouched his native soil. The manner in which Don Carlos passed in the open day is already before the public; but I am not certain if it be known that he, and the gentleman from Bayonne who accompanied him, met a gendarme soon after they got into the mountain track, and asked him, as a favour, to accompany them as far as Sare; by which expedient they removed all suspicion, and prevented questioning on the road. The Infante, after getting rid of his

companion, dined at the house of a friend who was prepared for his coming; and, as the night closed in, walked across the hill to the village above mentioned. He travelled under a Mexican name, and with a Mexican passport, which was regularly backed in France. As to Don Sebastian, who followed the same course, he stopped at the Hôtel at Bayonne for a day, and made good his ground under an English name and with a British passport.

Happily for our wanderings, the moon rose up, and we crossed the frontier without any difficulty, except that occasioned by the ruggedness of the track; and we took leave of our custom-house guides, promising not to report against them, and giving them some money in recompense for their escort. They refused the cash for a long time, but their scruples were overcome; and we afterwards entertained an idea that all their first severity was put on with the hope of inducing us to pay them for the passage, as, more or less, all the mountain guards make a profit of winking at, or assisting, the contraband.

Close to the frontier, we passed the ruins of an old house which had been converted into a fort by the Carlists, and which Rodil, when he overran the country, destroyed. It serves at present as a record of the brutality of that general, and as a better landmark for the frontier than the small angular stone which properly denotes the line.

CHAPTER VI.

We now entered Navarre, in the country of the Bastan, and could see by the moonlight the valleys, lying between the hills, which are renowned for their fertility, and which have been always tilled, notwithstanding the horrors of the civil war; and we pushed on with the hope of reaching the town of Lesaca at an hour early enough to see the Carlist authorities, and receive the passports necessary to our further route. We descended a steep and rugged track, and galloped across about a mile of level ground; then mounted another hill, and made another great descent; and were calculating upon an early arrival, when, suddenly starting on our road, two armed men rushed forth with the eager exclamation of "*Quien vive?*" If Lord Palmerston himself was there, or the four

ministers who signed the quadruple treaty, they must have done as we did, or got a bullet in the head; and so we gave the reply current in Navarre, and required by the discipline of the army; namely, "*Carlos Quinto;*" on which the party exclaimed, "*Halta!*" and one of them advanced and required the countersign. Now, this was a word or thing which I was not prepared to give; but my friend who accompanied me understood his business better, and, taking the speaker aside, repeated some sounds in his ear, which produced the exclamation of "*Amigo!*" and many hearty welcomes. We then requested him to escort us to Lesaca; but he declared he was under orders to get all strangers registered at Vera, another village near the frontier, and, with many apologies, requested us to turn out of our intended route, to save him from censure. We complied, of course; and he and his companion, running like greyhounds at our side, though loaded with gun and great-coats, kept our horses at the best pace their tired state and the mountain-path would allow. It was not very agreeable to change our plans, particularly as my friend was well known at Lesaca, and calculated on a good supper and good beds; but a soldier's duty could not be resisted; and we passed along the mountain-side amid a glorious moonlight, until the white houses of the

village and the light of the open cottages became visible. We asked our companion what was the news; and he replied, with animation, that the accounts from Catalonia were most encouraging, and that the revolt had communicated to every part of that province; and my friend pointed out that declaration to me as an additional proof of what he had been labouring some days to convince me of—namely, that the province of Catalonia was now the chief seat of the war, and from whence Don Carlos calculated to find the surest road to Madrid.

The entrance of the village was soon gained, and as the clatter of the horses' heels were heard on the pavement, a crowd of women and children, many of them holding pieces of lighted wood, thronged to welcome us; and we passed, among the hearty salutations of the people (who no doubt imagined that we were come to take service), along a narrow causeway, through a street of half-a-mile in length, until we stopped at the largest house in the village, where the commissioner of Don Carlos for the present resided. Some twenty *voluntarios*, as they are called, or local soldiers of the province, drew up before us, as a guard of honour or security; and the commissioner, and a nice fat old lady, and a pretty daughter, with a pair of dark eyes, descended to give us welcome. I inquired

from an old fellow, if this was the *fonda*, or inn; but he answered, with some pride, that it was not, but that beds and supper would be found us as cheerfully as if it were; and we were requested to enter and feel ourselves at home. The commissioner and my friend then passed into a separate room, where the private signals were given and received; and we were told we should be provided with regular passes and an escort in the morning.

We found in the same house two persons who had smuggled themselves in, a few hours before us; both were Frenchmen: one had married an Englishwoman, and was looking for service with Don Carlos as a mode of maintaining her; the other was a *cuirassier*, who had been compromised in the affair of April at Paris. Both had crossed without regular authorization, and the commissioner refused to let them pass on, until he had written, and received orders from head-quarters. He offered to pass them on our responsibility; but I, of course, declined meddling in any matter which concerned the civil war.

Our kind hostess stood high, it was said, in the good graces of one of the Carlist officers; but, though she could not return his affection, he would not despair, and his love seemed to grow upon her distaste. Who can explain the paradox? Why should this be? "I love

my love, because I know my love loves me," is a philosophical truth lighted upon by the author of an old ballad; but that the same result should arise from the opposite reason, is out of nature as well as logic. My fat dame was, however, very amicable, and prepared us a good supper, and then gave us a short chronicle of her life. She most prided herself on an acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington, who had once lodged in her house in this very village; and she recalled with pleasure the money she had made by supplying his army, when in the Pyrenees, with coffee, tea, and nameless other good offices.

The Duke was her first love; but Don Carlos was now her passion; and she descanted on his virtues and valour as long as her tongue or rather our patience could last. I could not help admiring the spirit of the old lady, and I took it as an earnest of the feeling which pervaded all classes of the people in these provinces in his favour. She had four sons, all of whom were with the Infante, one of them in his guard of honour, and she had just bought the horse and completed the uniform of the youngest, whom she was about to devote to the same cause. "I will give his *cuerpo*," (literally, his body, but meaning his life, as she expressed it,) "as a *regalo* (a present) to my king," she exclaimed; "I would give my own life to preserve

my child's, but all I have belongs to my king, and my purse and my children are equally at his service." She then took me through her well-filled granaries, where piles of Indian corn proclaimed that she was well off in the world; but she declared that she had no other object in life than to see Don Carlos prosper, and to believe that her family were advancing his cause. The daughter did not talk so much, but she did more, and placed a roasted fowl on the table and perfectly clean linen on the beds, and bade us good night with so sweet an accent, that we wished it to be prolonged till daybreak.

This was one of the villages which Rodil, in his fire-raising and exterminating campaign, treated more tenderly than many others, but still it bore marks of his ferocity, and the ruins of houses which he levelled are to be seen. General Oraa was here subsequently, and he is well spoken off, as he did no wanton mischief, and treated the people as if they were human beings, not savages. Eighteen months ago, the whole of this country was in possession of the Queen's troops, and the communication between the towns where they had garrisons was kept up by guerillas, who were called *peseteros*, from their receiving a *peseta*, or tenpence, per day. These fellows will be long remembered for their robberies and cruelties; and

when the Navarese wish to express hatred of any person, they compare him to a *pesetero*.

It was through these valleys that Don Carlos was hunted so closely by Rodil, and near to the village of Vera itself where he made so extraordinary an escape when his enemies had all but succeeded in catching their hare. The Christinos had lined the whole frontier, and occupied every village, and kept up a chain of posts on every mountain, so that Don Carlos was literally shut up in a trap; and Rodil made so certain of his prey, that he announced his good fortune to Madrid; and the authorities at Bayonne made so sure that Don Carlos would be compelled to flee across the frontier, that apartments were prepared for him in the citadel, and the Préfet, General Harispe, and the municipality, and a band of music, came down to Sare, to receive him with the honours due to his birth. At length, Rodil drew in his posts to a common centre, beating the bushes to find the Infante hid under one of them; but, to his surprise, the game had stolen away; and it appeared that Don Carlos had slipped through one of the passes, and was raising the war in the Borunda, while his enemies thought they had him safe in the Bastan. I apply the name of Bastan, in order to mark the country in broad characters; though, if I were to speak with strict correctness, this district should

be called *cinco villas*, or five towns, and the Bastan would properly commence a little more to the eastward.

It was near this village of Vera that Mina met his first check in that mad attempt of invasion of his, in 1830, when certain holders of Spanish stock in London made up a purse of a few hundred pounds, in order that they might advance the price of Cortes bonds, even for one day, by a flaming bulletin from him. He passed through the town, but was afraid to retain possession of it; and he took up a position on the neighbouring mountain, as the people almost unanimously refused to join him; but which he quickly abandoned for a retreat into France, when he found that a superior force was marching from Pampeluna against him.

CHAPTER VII.

We were, at the break of day, anxious to prosecute our journey, but the rain was descending in torrents, and we had the mortification of believing that we had protracted our excursion until the moment when the weather was to break up. Our fat landlady came to condole with us on the occasion, and her pretty daughter to administer the comforts of a cup of chocolate, which every one in Spain begins the day with; and the old lady commenced her Wellington campaigns, and vented her customary tirades against the Christinos, particularly those of her village, whom she described as *muy mala gente—malisima*—"very bad people—the worst possible."

The chocolate in Spain is administered in little cups, like custard-glasses, and is eaten with mor-

sels of toasted bread, which are sopped in it. Some persons find it nutritive and agreeable, while others complain that it produces the heart-burn; but he who wishes to travel comfortably through Spain must use himself betimes to it, as nothing else is to be had in the morning at any inn, and the strength of one's appetite must be reserved for mid-day. On descending, I found a party of twenty volunteers, among whom was one of our friends of the evening, lounging about the door. They were all well armed and comfortably clad, though not exactly according to the ideas that we in England entertain of what a military uniform should be. Every man had his warm great coat, though I cannot undertake to swear to the soundness of the under-garments. They all wore a kind of *mocassin* or sandal, (which all Spaniards delight in, as it is light and flexible to the foot, and does not press the instep like a boot or shoe,) and the flat cloth cap peculiar to these provinces, which has given rise to the title of *chapel gorris*, assumed by the Christino guerillas.

They were not classed in the army of operation, nor even bore the name of soldier, but called themselves *voluntarios*, and affected to have it believed that they were fighting only from a love of the cause, and out of their own free-will. There were

nearly four thousand of these men, we understood, in each of the four provinces, and they undertook to do all the internal duty, to observe the motions of the enemy, and, whenever any part of the army of operations came into their district, they were prepared to act in concert with it. They were in fact the peasantry of the country organized for mutual defence, and who, in the absence of military calls, tilled the fields, and performed all the rural work:—and admirably did they fulfil both duties, for a strict watch was kept by them on every station where a dozen Christinos could be found or might be expected; and the stubble of the Indian corn, and the winter traces of the summer cultivation almost to the very tops of the mountains, showed that the labour of the farm had not a moment been neglected. Their attachment to Don Carlos was proverbial; and the manner in which one of our party was recommended, made them believe that we all entertained sentiments similar to their own, and they bade us good morning with that warmth of manner which Spaniards display, above all other people, when they are disposed to like their visitors. I overheard a conversation amongst them about the war and the future chance of Don Carlos, which showed that they were well acquainted with what was going on. They were delighted with the favourable

accounts from Catalonia, and deplored the scarcity of cavalry in their army, which prevented it taking the field in good earnest, and marching on Madrid. They all agreed in abusing France and the French; and it appears that, though such close neighbours, there is a national antipathy between them and the Basque people; and my landlady informed me that there was scarcely an instance of an intermarriage at either side of the frontier. A messenger from Catalonia came in while we were in conversation, and his news was eagerly sought for. He was immediately forwarded on horseback towards head-quarters, filling the people's hearts with delight as he rode off with the details he gave of the progress of the revolt in that province.

At eleven o'clock, the weather promising to improve, we took leave of our hostess and her pretty daughter, and, furnished with an escort of three volunteers, started for Irun; as we wished, before proceeding farther, to see General Gomez, and to learn what were his intentions both as to the port at the bridge of Behobia, and the fort lately taken, commanding St. Sebastian. We took the lower road, which soon brought us to the banks of the Bidassoa, and we rode along that river—here but a scanty stream, at the base of the mountain, but on a most execrable and break-neck pavement. In every direction, the valleys between

the mountains were well tilled ; at least, the broken canes of the Indian corn were visible wherever a space fit for cultivation could be obtained ; and the flocks of sheep and goats, on the hill-sides, showed how well provided the interior of the province was, and how false are all the accounts which have been published of the scarcity of provisions and distress of the peasantry. A winter tour can nowhere be very inviting, nor can even the most fertile plains display the farmer's art in the month of December ; but no one could refuse the tribute of admiration to these varied mountains and smiling valleys, or avoid acknowledging the traces of industry which were visible on every side.

The road in many places was quite desperate, as it often abandoned the level of the river and clambered over rocks and hills ; and our little horses laboured hard to preserve their footing. Our Bayonne guide became alarmed, and dismounted, preferring to have his feet lacerated by the flints to the risking of his neck ; but our escort jumped like wild goats from rock to rock, and kept always in advance of us. It is quite astonishing the pace these brave mountaineers can travel at ; and he who has seen the springy step with which they clear every obstacle of the worst ground, will understand at once the superiority which they must have in warfare of this nature over regular

soldiers loaded with their usual equipage. The leader of our little party served in the war of independence; but he was as active as the youngest, and headed our horses even when they went at a smart trot.

At some distance from Vera, we met the eldest daughter of our little hostess conducting home the charger which had just been purchased for her youngest brother. She was a splendid girl, and sat on horseback like an Amazon, and spoke like one who had the courage even to go to the wars herself. She was attended by one of the *voluntarios* as an escort, and her maid-servant trotted on foot behind, carrying her shoes in hand, in the manner that the peasant women going to market do in Ireland. She parted from us with the air of a queen; and if beauty deserved a throne, she might put in her claims; and the sun having burst out, and the clouds altogether given way, we prosecuted our way with increased interest, startling the wild-goats—the *chamois* of this country, which scampered as we approached, and took refuge on the last crag of some over-hanging rock. One of our escort pointed to the *chamois*, as if in explanation of the warfare first adopted against the Christinos, when the Carlists, not being strong enough to stand their ground, fled to the almost inaccessible mountain-top, and laughed at their enemy toiling

below, as the wild goats seemed now to chatter at us. After two hours' labour we crossed the Bidassoa in a rude boat, guided from rock to rock by a coarse rope, and found a better road on the left bank, though that better was still very bad. We were not long without being challenged, and two men started from an old building with the usual *Quien vive?* and the regular response being given, which at Madrid would be treason, we were passed on with a thousand benedictions.

The country began now to improve considerably, and the range of the mountains to be less rugged, and numerous flocks of little black-nosed sheep were scattered on the hills, until we got opposite to that point where the French territory approaches the Spanish, and the Bidassoa divides the frontier. The French Basque farm-houses and white villages came into the prospect, and I am certain that the ride would well repay the toil if made at any other season; even now it was agreeable, and we breathed the mountain air with freedom, and felt not the fatigue.

We had not moved for any length of time in that direction when we had another proof of the admirable manner in which the Carlists watch the country, as we were hailed unexpectedly from the top of a steep crag, accessible apparently only to a *chamois*, by a party of *voluntarios*, who

recommended us to change the river track for the mountain one, as the route we were taking would bring us within musket-shot of the Christino post at the bridge of Behobia. We took the hint, and again climbed the heights, much to the discomfort of our horses, and soon reached the summit of those hills which the Duke of Wellington and the British army once occupied. It had, some months since, been the scene of a trifling action between the Christinos and the Carlists ; and our sergeant described the manner in which he and his companions dislodged the Queen's troops at the point of the bayonet. Whether he spake truth or not, I do not know ; but he was full of enthusiasm, and I took a delight in listening to his poetical and heroic recital. Another half-hour's ride brought us close to Irun, and we made our entry, much to the delight of a host of idle people, mostly military, who thronged to see the last arrival.

CHAPTER VIII.

IRUN was never a very fascinating place; and I did not suppose it could be improved under the vicissitudes of a civil war—some months ago held by the Christinos, and to-day by the Carlists; but there was one proof which made me believe that it was not declining; and that was, in lieu of a very bad inn, a very good one was established. An excellent dinner was provided for us without oil or garlic, and the house appeared to be full of business, arising no doubt from the number of persons daily passing under the connivance of the French government. We regretted to find that General Gomez and his division had marched from Irun as soon as the dispute with General Harispe, at the other side, was arranged, and when he found

he could not safely prevent his attempt at the fort; and my friend determined to follow him without delay, as our wish was to see something of the state of the army of operations, one division of which he commanded.

We waited, in the first place, on the Alcalde, for the purpose of having our passports backed, and found him and two clerks fully employed in the dispatch of business; and saw one proof of what I was informed I should find everywhere established, namely, the civil arrangement of the district being conducted with the same regularity as it was before the war. The Alcalde was an important personage, who spoke of Don Carlos as one quite secondary to himself; and he gave us a specimen of the harsh manner which almost all inferior Spanish authorities delight to exercise to those below them, in tormenting by needless formalities some peasant women who had just passed from France, and who perhaps were of more service than himself by aiding the contraband. The deputy Alcalde was a man of business and of smoke, and a violent Carlist beside; and while he forwarded our papers, he puffed at his little cigar, and abused the Christinos and reviled the French, who, he said, ever were, and ever would be, enemies of his country. He expressed a particular predilection for the Englishmen, partly

in return for the civility we evinced towards him, and partly for two or three *pesetàs* which he saw glistening in my hand; and he hoped that we would inform our friends that Don Carlos was the legitimate heir, and would, if we made him king, open his ports to our merchandise. "I know," said he, "what you want, very well; you want Bilboa and Santander to receive your cottons, and spread them over every part of Spain. I should like that very much, for we should get more *pesetas* for passports, and the king would like it, for you would pay him a small duty; and the people would like it, because they would get good clothes in exchange for their oil, wine, and corn; and we should be all content, and send the wife of Muñoz and the Liberals of Andalusia to the devil." The old boy had some meaning in what he said, or rather he lighted upon a strong truth by accident; but I fancy that neither Carlists nor Christinos will understand the logic, and we must be for a long time content with that contraband trade which, in spite of all prevention, provides Madrid with broad-cloth and fleecy hosiery.

The streets of Irun were full of troops, and we had a good opportunity of examining a specimen of Don Carlos's army. The officers were all well dressed in blue frock-coats, and the red Basque bonnet called a *Boyna*, with worsted or silver

tassels in the centre, according to the rank of the wearer. The men wore jackets and loose trowsers, some grey, some white, with sandals, and white or red Basque bonnets. The dress would not stand an inspection in Hyde Park, but it was good enough for mountain-warfare and for the climate, and every man was provided with a grey great-coat, which was either brought in from France, or taken from the Christinos. They all seemed to be light-limbed, healthy, and active; and I have no doubt better adapted for their particular service than troops who would show more handsomely on parade. They were laughing and singing, and receiving their rations of a pound of meat, a pound and a half of white bread, and a pint of wine, which were, I understood, served out to them every day with the utmost regularity.

The better families of Irun, of both parties, had gone to France, as who, with money in his pocket, would expose his wife and children to the vicissitudes of a civil war? But there were several good specimens of womankind left; and we thought them all beautiful after the meagre and affected damsels in the neighbourhood of Bayonne. The Spanish women are, it must be admitted, among the finest in Europe; and those of the northern provinces, if they want the grace and delicacy of the Andalusian *majas*, have full and well-formed persons,

and faces of great beauty. The eyes are not so malicious as those in the south, but they are large and expressive; and I question if a discreet man would not rather select a wife from Biscay, Alava, or Navarre, though his taste might be occasionally led astray by the wicked glances and fascinating manners of their southern rivals. The style of wearing the hair is peculiar and not unbecoming, and it at least adds to the open expression of the countenance which distinguishes the women of the north: it is divided on the forehead, closely combed behind the ears, and then plaited in one long tress, which falls down the back as low as the waist.

Having, as we thought, arranged every thing for the route, we set out, a party of four Englishmen, with two servants and one baggage-mule, and created no slight sensation as we rattled along the narrow streets, receiving *adios* and *ahurs* from all the pretty lasses who popped their heads out of the windows to see us pass. But we had not gone a mile on the high road, when an officer came at a hand-gallop after us, and requested that we would all return to the comandante of the place. This was a mortification to us, and one proposed that we should not pay attention to the summons; but our better sense prevailed, and, as we turned to the right-about, we perceived a party of *voluntarios* advancing at a quick pace to second

the remonstrances of the captain, in case we were refractory. We came back with less of glory than we had sallied forth, and the women received us as if we were *enemigos* in disguise; but we made our way to the comandante, and drew up in line before his house, while he advanced to the balcony, and examined us with one eye, a green patch hiding the light of the other, and with the aid of his pretty wife, who did not keep either eye idle as she glanced from one to the other, and made comparisons, we hoped in our favour, between us and the cyclops who stood at her side. The comandante gave us a military salute, and his wife smiled in answer to our profound courtesy; and he, with his heart softened, or perhaps at her instigation, descended to question us at the door, instead of causing us to dismount and ascend to him. His complaint against us was, that we had passed one night in Irun without presenting ourselves to him, as the law required; but we explained that three of us had but just arrived, and that the other, who, it was true, did sleep in the town, erred by mistake, and not from any desire to slight the dignity of so important a personage as the comandante. I fancy, a word spoken into his ear by one of our party had an effect in propitiating his worship; and we again sallied forth after a warm shake-hands from him to each, and a sweet adieu

from his helpmate, who, if I mistake not, saves him occasionally the trouble of examining refractory voyagers, by taking that duty on herself. The officer who had bidden us return, also came to pay us his adieu, and to apologize for the trouble he had given. He was a handsome gentlemanlike man, well dressed, with his Basque bonnet graced with a silver tassel. He was aide-de-camp to the comandante, and proves, I have no doubt, a useful person in his household as well as in the external duty of the department.

We were now on the high way from Irun to Victoria, and our little horses seemed to relish the difference between a good Macadamized road and the mountain-track which we had employed them on for the two previous days; and they trotted along merrily, while we felt all the delight attending exercise in the open air, in a picturesque country, and on a fine evening, as temperate as the days at the close of August in England. The peasantry were on all sides occupied in the fields; and we had another opportunity of contradicting the falsehoods published in England of the distressed state of the people, and of all the men being pressed into the military service. I know not how many different parties we came upon engaged in preparing the soil for wheat-sowing, in the manner so original and peculiar to this pro-

vince. Eight or ten men stood in a line, each holding a long two-pronged fork, which they drove into the ground together, and raised one long sod, which a woman who was in front immediately broke into small pieces with a kind of hoe, or rather adze, placed at the end of a wooden handle. Next came a person with his apron-full of wheat, and scattered it with a sparing hand, and then followed a harrow with a pair of little oxen. I do not know how far this process will meet the ideas of the English farmer; but I can tell him that the result is excellent, as the crops are always abundant, and the bread, even down to that of the soldiers' rations, is of a superlative whiteness. The hills were of a moderate altitude, and cultivation was visible even to the tops of many of them; while all the valleys were evidently as well tilled as any farm in England; and, notwithstanding the civil war, were under the process of wheat-sowing, or filled with the high stubble of the lately-gathered maize harvest.

Occasionally we met one of the country carts, drawn by oxen, and creaking like those of Portugal, on ungreased wooden axles, and the peasantry going to their homes, the women riding *cacolet*, as I have already described, and the men running at the horse's head. We were joined by one or two Carlist officers and a party of soldiers;

the former being well mounted, and the others capering along as active as mountain deer, not encumbered with baggage, and holding the musket by the muzzle, the butt-end being thrown over the shoulder. We also overtook a string of a dozen horses, which had been smuggled the previous night over the frontier, and were now going for approbation to head-quarters. An old Basque contrabandista accompanied them to receive his money, which I understood would be paid him at Onate, at the rate of 600 francs for horse, saddle, and bridle. There were no less than from ten to twenty, I was told, daily brought across; as Don Carlos was determined to employ all his ready money in equipping at least a thousand dragoons; as it was found that the only disadvantage he laboured under, was the inferiority and fewness of his cavalry in comparison with the Christinos. His partisans told me that the war in the provinces, where there was mountain-cover, was totally at an end, as his infantry was equal in number, and superior in moral as well as general efficacy, to the Queen's, but that the Christinos were enabled to move their large columns in safety in the plains, because they were protected by three thousand dragoons, while he had not more than eight hundred. It was by this explanation that Cordova's movements lately

were understood; and if the map of the country were consulted, it would be seen that he never ventured into any line where he had not a clear open space on his flanks, protected by his cavalry, and unapproachable for that reason by his enemy.

About a couple of leagues from Irun, near the village of Oyarzun, we got a peep between the mountains of the distant fortress of St. Sebastian and a clear view of the citadel hanging on a rock above it, and the lighthouse of the harbour—a steep crag at a short distance to the left—I should rather say, that which was the lighthouse; for the Carlists, who had possession of it, as well as of all the neighbourhood of St. Sebastian, would not allow it to be served, in order to annoy the Christino squadron in using the post at night. The village of Oyarzun was remarkable for the fact, that while the Christinos had possession of nearly the whole high road from Irun to Victoria, they could not retain the village for any time; it lay so conveniently open for attack or retrat from the mountains: and when I had passed the road, some eighteen months ago, I remember the Carlist custom-house levying a duty on our luggage, though the towns at each side were in the hands of the Christinos.

We continued to ride through a most picturesque country, full of swelling hills and smiling valleys,

with the clear blue tops of the mountains rendering the scene sublime, until the moon rose up, and threw an additional air of romance; and until the distant church, and white road-side well-known inn of Astigaraga became visible, and announced that a good bed and good supper were in waiting for us; nor were we disappointed. It is to be remarked that the inns on the line of road to Madrid are well conducted in these provinces; and it is not until the traveller gets into Castille that he is choked with oil and garlic, or starved unless he chooses to partake of messes filled with both. The nearer one gets to the capital, the worse is the accommodation; and after you have tasted the sweets of the *Posada Nueva*, at Victoria, you may bid adieu to any thing like comfort until you arrive in the metropolis. The inn at Astigaraga is one of the best on the road, not only by reason of the care of the old lady who owns it, but in consequence of the attention of one maid who speaks French, and of another who can only jabber bad Spanish, but has a pair of eloquent eyes which can be understood by all countrymen; and under their joint inspection a hot supper and tea were placed on the table, and white linen laid on the beds. We found several rooms occupied by a colonel and officers of one of the battalions under General Gomez, which is

always stationed in the village, for the purpose of observing the garrison of St. Sebastian; but there was abundant accommodation for all, and we were glad to find that the civil war had no effect in diminishing the larder. Now, this would not exactly be believed in London; and we amused ourselves, while discussing a roast fowl, in laughing at the credulity of John Bull, in giving credit to the stories vamped up for the interest of the Stock Exchange, of the reduced condition of the Carlist provinces.

I was awoke before daylight by the tattoo of a drum, and, opening the casement, saw the young drum-boy, with a red jacket and white cap, beating to arms; and I had the pleasure of witnessing the soldiers hurrying down the mountains and along the roads from the different cottages where they were billeted, and drawing up in line just before the inn. Their costume was the same as that I have before described; but every man was provided with a great-coat, which he had rolled up and slung across the back from the shoulder to the waist; and they formed parade with as much regularity as a regiment of more pretensions could do. The officers came down and called over the muster-roll, and inspected the arms with the usual strictness, and then dismissed the battalion, who scampered away over the hills

with the fleetness of greyhounds. One company, that was destined for distant service, came equipped in marching order; and we had an opportunity of again observing the advantage these men must have over formal troops in this desultory warfare—as they carried only the musket, a small cartouche-box, strapped round the waist (the box being in front), and a little sack with rations for the day.

We joined the officers after the parade, and found them to be well-bred and affable, and evidently gentlemen; each wearing a blue frock, with buttons bearing Carlos V. on them, and looking just as creditable as any military men could. I was told, when I expressed my surprise at this, for with our ideas of this contest I imagined to see the officers half bucaniers in appearance, with the beard grown and pistols stuck in the belt, such as those who were hired to kill at Oporto—that most of the officers who were with Don Carlos had formerly served in the Guards, and belonged to the best families in Spain; and it was very pleasant for us to find, as we sought for adventures, that the persons into whose hands we were fallen, were of honourable birth and character.

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING tasted the usual little cup of chocolate, we started on our third day's pilgrimage, and, after two hours' ride, came in sight of the village of Hernani and the heights of Santa Barbara, rendered lately remarkable for the threshing which the English auxiliaries received in their first sortie from St. Sebastian. So much has been said about this battle, and so much discrepancy prevails between the published accounts of the Christinos and Carlists, that I was anxious to ascertain the truth; and I was convinced, on examination, that the advantage was wholly on the side of the latter. The whole garrison of St. Sebastian, including the English auxiliaries, sallied out with the intention of possessing themselves of Hernani, and opening again the high road to Victoria, and of

forming a junction with Cordova; and, as the orders of the commissariat to the Alcalde can be produced, to have quarters for the troops provided, it is idle to pretend that it was merely a reconnoissance *en force*. They pushed the Carlists from an outpost half-way between the two towns, and from a second entrenchment; but they were met at the convent which flanks Hernani on the left, and at the heights of Santa Barbara which command on the right, with so determined a resistance, that they were glad to give up the enterprise, after several brave attempts on the part of the English to carry the convent, or turn it by the high road to Astigaraga. Evans, Alava, and Espartero, with the reserve, stood on a hill commanding the field of battle; and they at first made sure of success, as the Carlist general, Gomez, who felt all the advantage of his position, carefully masked his force, and did not display it until he found the Christinos in the valley. He then poured down upon them from Santa Barbara; and after each repulse, as they returned to the charge, he drew forth another portion of his reserve, the real poverty of which was concealed behind the rocks, so that the enemy believed, from the repeated fresh draughts, that a much larger body was opposed to them than was actually the case. The Christinos had but three pieces of artillery, and that appears

to be the radical error of the attack ; for the outer walls of the convent could not have stood a brisk cannonade ; and, as the Carlists had no guns, if once the convent fell, the town must be carried by the superiority of their numbers. The two flanks being so thoroughly protected, there was no mode of getting at the town, which lay in the centre, and, after four attacks gallantly made by the auxiliaries, the Christinos retreated in disorder, and were pursued almost to the gates of St. Sebastian.

It was no reconnoissance, for there was nothing to reconnoitre, Hernani not being fortified, and every stone of it being known to *El Pastor* and the Queen's officers ; nor was the sortie made for the purpose of dislodging the Carlists from a fort or post which annoyed the city ; and those positions from which the Carlists were dislodged so gloriously, according to the Queen's bulletin, were nothing more than advanced posts of about fifty men, which were of course called in when an enemy came out in force. It is to be regretted, as Englishmen have joined the Queen's army, that exaggerated accounts should be published of what they do, as we shall get laughed at as well as beaten ; and every military man at the clubs will ridicule the vain boast, of having driven the Carlists from two successive positions, when the plain fact was, that the outposts were drawn in

according to the practice of every battle, from that of the frogs and mice, to that of Waterloo. I should like to find in any of the Duke of Wellington's dispatches that he claimed a victory because an outpost of the French retired on the main body, particularly if it had been his fortune (which, thank Heaven! it was not) to have been beaten and to have run from an enemy he despised.

On our arrival at Hernani, learning that General Gomez was there, we went immediately to pay him our respects, or, more properly speaking, we accompanied one of the gentlemen of our party previously known to the chiefs of the Carlists. We found him in company with General *Montenegro* of the artillery, and General *Silvester* of the engineers, two officers well known in the Spanish army, and who had, not many months since, come over to Don Carlos. We were exceedingly well received; and Gomez, attended by Colonel Esterica, who was chief of the staff on the day of the attack I have been describing, explained the whole position with brevity and simplicity, and without any of that vain boasting so peculiar to the Spanish. Both these gentlemen gave the English every credit for their bravery in the attack, and declared it was their gallantry which saved the Christinos from being cut to pieces in the retreat; but they at the same time expressed themselves strongly

against our countrymen for meddling in a contest with which they had no concern, and fighting in the name of liberty against the free provinces of the North, where there has existed for centuries a representation and a constitution. They conversed freely on the state of the Carlist cause, and spoke with confidence of a favourable result; as all the late advices from Catalonia proved the insurrection was in full activity there, and that, as the candle was thus lighted at both ends, it must speedily take fire in the centre, which was Aragon. They made no scruple of admitting the weakness of their cavalry and the want of money, which compelled them to keep the troops two months in arrear, and the variety of obstacles which time must produce against them; but they were not only full of hope, but of confidence; and they appealed to the state of the country through which we came, as to the progress which they had made within the last twelve months—the provinces then militarily occupied by the Christinos being now entirely free. Gomez was a good-looking man, about forty-five, with a high forehead, a little bald, and an air of common sense, if not of great talent, about him. He was dressed in a blue frock, with the buttons of Carlos V. Esterica, the chief of his staff, was a tall handsome fellow, six feet high, with a pair of noble mustachios, looking

the true guerilla chief, with his *samara* and *Boyna*. General Montenegro was equally amiable; and he conversed without ceremony on the nature of the service and the plans which he had in view. He is a very small man, but with a sharp clear eye that promises much for his intellect; and the Carlists made public rejoicing when he joined them, not only on account of his great experience as an artillery officer, but because his well-known prudence was a guarantee that he thought theirs the strongest side. General Silvester was also a delicate-looking man, but full of knowledge, and eminent as an engineer. He wore his arm in a sling, having fallen from his horse in one of the late excursions. Our party was strengthened by Segastibelsa, the commander-in-chief of the province of Guipuzcoa, into which I have forgotten to say we entered at Irun, and by his second in command Isturitza, both with big whiskers and mustachios, and being fine specimens of guerilla chiefs, which they in reality were, more than regular soldiers.

We had thus, in the apartment of Gomez, no less than five general-officers, all practical men, with their staff of officers, of the best families of Spain; so that we had the opportunity of being convinced by our own eyes that Don Carlos was followed not by adventurers, but by gentlemen,

who, if they had not shown their devotion to him, might have remained with rank and pay in the Queen's army.

Having expressed a wish to take a peep at the fortress of St. Sebastian, so interesting to Englishmen, Gomez sent two officers of his staff, both colonels, to do the honours of the way; and we had from them another explanation of the late action, and examined with them the positions of the English and the Christinos. We soon came in sight of the citadel of St. Sebastian and of the bay, and paid a visit to the house where the Duke of Wellington had his head-quarters, and from whence he commanded that ever-memorable siege. We then passed along a road, open, though at a long range, to the fire of the citadel, until we came to the *Caserna*, as it was called, on the height of Arambara, within a few days taken from the Christinos, not a half a mile from the town, and overlooking it completely. It was the intention of the Carlists to plant a battery on this height, and to shell and shot the town with the hope of inducing it to surrender, as, though they could not keep it—nor did it enter into their views to do so—they might levy a good contribution, and seize arms and ammunition; and I believe if once they get in, the citadel, which could only be reduced by cutting off the water, or starvation, would be unable

to bring its guns to bear on the town: but they delayed operations until they reconnoitred the other points of attack, and had orders from head-quarters. A rude parapet was thrown up for immediate defence, and the walls of the burnt houses were left standing for protection to the troops, who were posted to observe the garrison, then reduced to one thousand men, including the Urbanos, and from whom no sortie was expected.

One of our party was a British officer, wearing a sash, which is only worn in Spain by general-officers; and two others of the staff of Gomez, remarkable for their red caps: and no sooner were we noticed from the citadel, than two or three guns were pointed at us; and I, neither soldier nor martinet, had all the soft enjoyment of a cannon-ball going over my head, and lodging a few yards in the field before me, where I was most innocently doing a bit of the would-be engineer. The Carlist officer, my companion, judged it was his red cap at which they aimed, and he sought cover without delay, to which I followed upon instinct; but our companions, who had got into an out-building for a closer view, were exposed to more prolonged perils, as the fortress sent some twenty shot at them, none of which went very wide of the mark, the range being not three-quarters of a mile. The Carlist soldiers were delighted at the fun, as

they had a strong-built angle of a house to get behind when the flash announced the coming mischief; and no sooner was the ball lodged, than they ran with mattocks to pull it out, as there was a premium for every ball brought into the dépôt. "I have got three," cried one, "but they are for them another time:" and then the others set up a shout, and commenced to revile the Christinos with every gross epithet, until another flash sent them scampering behind the wall. Notwithstanding this annoyance, we contrived to get a good view of the town of St. Sebastian, which, though small, is one of the handsomest in Spain, the whole being rebuilt since the siege of the English; and we could see the people walking within the fortifications, and anxiously looking up to the ominous height on which we stood—from whence Wellington once poured destruction upon their town, and from whence, it was evident, the Carlists intended to knock a few houses about their ears, as the hill looked into the very streets, and the mansions o'ertopped the walls. The convent of St. Bartholomew, outside the fortifications, was still occupied by the Christinos; but not a man dared to show his nose; and it was a question among the Carlists, whether they should take it before they played upon the town, as a battery from thence was still more fatal than from the height of Arambara. When I left

England, a week before, it would scarcely be believed that the renowned fortress of St. Sebastian was thus at the mercy of the Carlists.

It will naturally be demanded,—Must not the Christinos come in force to save themselves from such a disgrace, and to relieve the town? but the answer has been given some pages back; and, as the infantry of the contending parties are on an equality, the Queen's General will not venture among the mountains, where his cavalry cannot act.

We left the height of Arambara to return to Hernani, and we saw the peasantry busy in the fields, wheat-sowing, as if war was not in its immediate neighbourhood. We met, also, one monk —the first we had seen since our arrival—and half a dozen priests; the latter clad in long black gowns, and wearing hats, of a yard long, turned up at the sides, something like that of Don Basilio in the opera. We inquired about this scarcity of holy men in the train of Don Carlos, and we were given to understand that there was no extraordinary predilection for them at head-quarters, and the Generals on service gladly dispensed with their attendance. I was further told that the Church had not come forward as was expected, after the arrival of Don Carlos, and therefore that the Infante was far from being content; and, as it had withheld its

aid till the murder of the friars at Madrid by the Urbanos, and the burning of the convents by Rodil, it got but little merit for assistance given at the ninth hour, and evidently sent in more from self-protection than from a loyal impulse. Who could have believed this, also, in England?!

CHAPTER X.

We returned to General Gomez, to take leave ; but he insisted on our staying dinner ; and we sat down without ceremony, and with a soldier's welcome, with the five general-officers previously named, and the two aides-de-camp who had accompanied us to St. Sebastian. The dinner was good and plentiful, followed by coffee, dessert, confectionary, and liqueurs ; and two healths went round, which no one, of course, refused—to Don Carlos the King, and to his friends in England. One of the officers, who knew enough of English to make out the words Tory and Whig, made us laugh a good deal by his explanation of their politics to his party ; and he hoped that we would immediately order out a regiment of Tories to beat General Evans and his Whigs ; and then they all inveighed

against the mistaken principle of the liberals fighting against the constitutional provinces of Spain, and urged that oft-repeated point, of the Irish being, by reason of their supposed descent from settlers from Bilboa, free of the province of Biscay, and entitled to privileges there, which the Castilian or other Spaniard does not possess; with a comment on the ingratitude of those auxiliaries who came from thence. We then took our leave, after a warm shake-hands from all the generals and their staff, and expressions of delight that so many Englishmen were together, to witness the true state of the provinces, and the improved position of Don Carlos.

We found four heavy-wrought iron guns in the square, perfectly well-mounted, intended for the battery of Arambara, and a decent corps of artillerymen formed to work them, principally Frenchmen, and, as I understood, commanded by an officer of that nation. We were bound for Tolosa, where we intended to pass the night, and we enjoyed a most lovely ride through a most picturesque country, which only wanted the verdure of summer to be perfectly lovely. The road lay in a valley, skirted at each side by hills broken into every variety of shape, and affording, through the space between, views of the more distant and grander mountains. The valley was well culti-

vated, and extended fields of turnips relieved the monotony which we experienced from the Indian-corn stubble-grounds which attended us from Vera until there. Men and women were busy in the fields, and, if we had not been at St. Sebastian, there was nothing to remind us that the country was the seat of war.

As we jogged along, a woman, evidently deranged, started from a lone house, and threw herself into a wild attitude before us, and cursed us, as the English who had come to fight against the King, and in favour of the wicked Queen—*Malditos sean los Ingleses—los bribones que vienen aquí para la Reina infame, y contra nuestro Rey. Malditos, malditos sean para siempre!*—"Accursed be the English—the rascals, who come to serve the infamous Queen, and against our King! Accursed, accursed be they for ever!" She was not quite as picturesque as the wife of Rob Roy arresting the march of the Sassenachs; but her deep tones and awful curses made us uncomfortable, and we pushed our little horses to get beyond the sound of her anathema.

We soon came to the river Urumea, and pursued our way beside it, admiring the frequent cascades which it formed in its course over the beds of rocks, until we arrived at Tolosa, the capital of the province of Guipuzcoa, and as dull and as gloomy

a hole as any in Europe. The inn which we put up at was remarkable, some time since, for the chambermaid being the handsomest girl in the province, and still more so for her being a staunch Queenite in the midst of Carlists; but she had been accused of having attempted to poison three Carlist officers, and was dismissed and expatriated. The charge I was told was brought home; but the authorities hushed it up, and got rid of her, arguing, in my opinion wisely, that the publication of such a crime might lead to imitation. Tolosa, as you enter it at the north, is very dingy, but at the south it is clean and white-washed; for what reason, beyond the laziness of the residents of the northern streets, I cannot pretend to say, but in the centre it is gloomy beyond idea, and I defy the best-tempered man to smile once during his sojourn in it. It is a rich town, and the nobility of the province have several mansions in it; and there is a promenade on the Pampeluna road, and a hat-manufactory; and the barracks which the English occupied in 1814; and some three or four pretty dark-eyed damsels over the baker's shop, whose glances give more light than the parish-lamps after dusk. The general feeling was in favour of the Queen, and when the Christinos had military possession of the province, it was a favourite quarter; but it was given up after the siege of Villa Franca, and the

inhabitants, being left without protection, were glad to make terms with Don Carlos. A year ago, and every one who passed through remarked the pretty daughter of the postmaster and the excellent accommodation of his inn; but he fled with his party, and the business was transferred to the other house, where we put up, and from which, happily, the young lady who poisoned her political enemies was expelled. I did not understand that the inhabitants were more heavily taxed by Don Carlos than those of other towns, in consequence of their hostility to him; and I was told that he gave orders to forget and forgive wherever he entered. Indeed, so strong was the impression made by that wise policy in the neighbouring town of Bergara, that all the persons there notorious for their former love to the Queen were now his warmest partisans.

The *junta* of Guipuzcoa held their sittings at Tolosa; and I met the President and Vice-President (the latter a priest) taking their evening-walk outside the town, both with cloaks wrapped over the left shoulder, and looking as grave as the senators in 'Venice Preserved.' We got a good supper and clean beds, and started at the break of day, pursuing the high road parallel with the river, and enjoying the multitude of cascades which it formed in its course. The scenery presented the

same beauties of alternate hill and valley, and the land was under cultivation even half-way up the mountains. I believe it was between Tolosa and Villa Franca that we passed through the village of Ormistigui, where Zumalacaregui was born; and we looked at the lowly residence of his youth with that interest with which one visits the early traces of distinguished men. The people spoke to us of him with tears in their eyes; and they pointed to the hill, close to it, from whence he once drove the Christinos; and they reminded us of the bulletin of that action, in which he offered the victory to Don Carlos, in honour of his birthplace. I expected to hear that his remains were buried in the village-church, and that a handsome monument was erected to his memory; but I understood that his body had not yet been consigned to the tomb, but that it was embalmed and given to the keeping of his brother, and carefully concealed by him, until the termination of the war allowed it to be deposited with due honour and full security, lest the Christinos should again get possession of the country, and disturb the hero's grave.

An hour's ride further brought us to Villa Franca, a small and dirty town, rendered remarkable for having stood an eleven days' siege by the Carlists, and being the important capture which induced the garrison of Tolosa to fly to St. Sebas-

tian, and of Bergara and others to surrender. The five hundred Christinos who defended it shut themselves up in a large mansion at the extreme right, and Zumalacaregui planted on the hill in front of it the only two pieces of artillery which he then had—I speak of so late as June last, to prove how much the Carlists have progressed; but he was short of powder and ball, and was enabled to keep up merely an occasional cannonade. He made, however, a regular approach to a bastion that the Christinos had erected—mined, and blew it up; and sent round a strong party to storm the houses at the other end of the town, so as to cut off all assistance or retreat. The Queen's general, Espartero, marched from Bilboa to relieve Villa Franca, but he was attacked near Durango by the Carlists, and defeated with great loss; on which the officer commanding the town, finding all hope of being relieved at an end, surrendered at discretion. The officers retired to St. Sebastian, the men entered into the army, and the Urbanos were allowed to go to their own homes, under the promise that they would not take up arms again.

The consequence of this event was the abandonment of Tolosa, and the surrender of Bergara, and the total clearing of the province of the Christinos; and, with the exception of the disgrace at Bilboa, and the calamitous death of Zumalacaregui, the

cause of Don Carlos has gone on gradually advancing since that period. But so little were the friends of the Queen inclined to admit that truth, that, though not a Christino dare show his head a league beyond Victoria, nor in Navarre, except in large masses, one of their publications asserted lately "that now the triumph of the Queen must be considered as completely assured."

We met on the road several carts with shells and shot going to St. Sebastian, and heard that four pieces of artillery had passed through in the night; and we were spoken to by three officers of artillery, known to one of our party, bound from head-quarters to direct the intended cannonade from the height of Arambara. Our day's journey finished at the small village of Villa Real, where we found comfortable rooms at a capital inn, which, besides a good larder, can boast of one of the handsomest girls in the province—the daughter of the house. I had a long chat with the mother and the daughter, and soon saw they were decided Christinos, which gave me the opportunity of hearing what charges could be brought against the Carlists, since they obtained the exclusive possession of the country. But they admitted they had nothing to complain of, save the increased amount of contributions, which came to ten dollars a month for the whole of the concern, and

which, I contended, they more than received by the custom of the officers of the army, who were constantly stopping at the inn. They laughingly replied, that according to my own reasoning, I could not complain if they put a share of the contribution to our bill—to which, of course, I could not object; but they were too good and too honest to deceive, and the account, for three persons, with two servants and six horses, for supper, bed, and breakfast, was but thirty shillings. The girl wished much to know if we were about to enter the service of Don Carlos, and she asked me many questions as to the number and quality of the English who had joined the Queen; and she made use of a phrase which struck me as very remarkable, when she inquired if the General Evans and his troops were regular soldiers, sent by the British Government, or *hombres comprados*—literally, "bought men." I take it, that such is the proper expression; and, after all that has been said or written about the motives of those who have left their own country, to fight against men with whom neither they nor their nation had any cause of quarrel, I fear the world will consider them as "hombres comprados," since the term "mercenaries" is out of fashion, and the word *Condotierri* gives offence.

Madame *Jauregui*, the wife of the Christino

General better known as El Pastor, has taken up her residence at Villa Real, living, by choice, among Carlists, though her husband was their most violent persecutor; which is at least a proof—if not of her good taste—that there was some toleration among the Royalists. From Villa Real to Onate, the head-quarters of Don Carlos, there is a short mountain-road; but we made choice of the longer way, for the purpose of passing through the town of Bergara, one of the most considerable in the province; and we were well repaid by the magnificent prospect afforded of an immense extent of country, from the summit of the great hill which hangs above that place, and over which the diligence road has been constructed at amazing labour and expense. This, in summer, is one of the most beautiful prospects in Spain, as the whole of the high grounds are thickly wooded; but even in December it has its charms, and we felt a pleasure in contemplating the ever-varying line of mountains, with flocks of sheep feeding on the sides, or the marks of recent culture on every spot capable of being tilled. We could from it also observe the winding course of the river, broken at several points into cascades, with the valleys, through which it ran, green with the turnip-crops, which everywhere appeared abundant; or equally indicative of the fertility with the wheat-grounds,

dressed after the recent sowing. I have made the remark before, but I cannot help repeating it again and again, that the accounts circulated in England, of these provinces being impoverished, are totally false. Everywhere I turned, there were cattle, sheep, or tillage—not a spot of ground but felt the industry of man; and either there must be a surplus of population after that required for the army, or the land is dug and the seed put down by miraculous aid; and I rather doubt the latter, as the monks, whose prayers might have effected it, are not in favour at court.

Bergara appeared to be a handsome town, something larger than Tolosa, with about 5000 inhabitants; but, whether the better classes have left it on account of the civil war, or were in bed, or at prayers, we saw not, as we rode through, a well-dressed woman or man above the common class, except one officer, who had come over from the Christinos, and was wounded at the battle of Mendigoria. The streets were deserted, and grass was growing at one of the outlets to Bilboa; and an air of silence and *tristesse* prevailed, which made us gladly leave it for the smiling face of Nature and our pleasant ride along the banks of the river. We met a company of officers coming from Onate with the intention of penetrating through Aragon into Catalonia, to direct the

insurrection there; and we understand from them that the most favourable intelligence had been received at head-quarters from that province; and that forty thousand men were ready to be enrolled if they had officers to head them, and muskets to be put into their hands. These gentlemen were in high spirits, and parted with a thousand compliments, and hopes for a speedy meeting at Madrid.

CHAPTER XI.

About a league from Bergara, we abandoned the high way, and turned to the left over an old bridge, and entered on the road to Onate, which Don Carlos had chosen, almost since his arrival, as his residence, in consequence of its centrical position and facility of communication with all the provinces. It was to dispossess him of it, and to obtain possession of the heights of Bergara, by which the high road to Irun and Bilboa would be commanded, and the communication between Navarre and Biscay be mainly cut off, that Cordova sallied from Victoria, with all his force, on the 27th and 28th of October last; but he was driven back by Eguia, and again made to know that, among the hills, where his cavalry cannot act, he has not the slightest chance of competing with the Carlists.

A corresponding movement was attempted from Bilboa, with the hope of forming a junction of the English with Cordova; but they were forced twice back to their position, and obliged ultimately to take shipping for Santander, and make a long *detour* to arrive in safety at Burgos and Bribiesca, behind the Ebro; so that, after the boast contained in one of the early proclamations of the "hombres comprados," of having the power to march through the Basque provinces, wherever and whenever they pleased, they were very glad to borrow the legs of the Government-steamers as far as Santander, and abandon the provinces altogether for the safe position behind the river, and in the low grounds into which an army without cavalry dare not advance.

The road to Onate was narrow and dirty; but the valley through which it lay was skirted by hills as picturesque as those we left on the high way; and the country appeared to be equally well cultivated. We met two or three couriers going with dispatches, and a few military; but there was no other bustle on the road, and no one could imagine that it was leading to the residence of a Prince who claimed to be a King. About halfway we met a train of twenty horsemen, at the head of which I recognised the Infante Don Sebastian, who was but the other day smuggled over

the frontier, attended, after the fashion of the royal family at Madrid, by the body-guard, composed there of all the young grandees, but here of the sons of the gentlemen of the provinces, who found their own horses and equipments, and acted without pay. The Infante stopped as we approached, and welcomed us in the kindest manner, and recognised one of our party, with whom he had previously a slight acquaintance. The Infante then continued his ride, while all his retinue lifted their caps, and treated us with the full measure of courtesy, as if again to convince us that if Don Carlos was wrong in his pretensions, he had some of the best blood in Spain about him, to countenance his claims. At length, the tower of the church was seen on the hill, and we gradually approached the town, which contained the fortunes of a Prince equally amiable in prosperity and adversity, and on whose character it is impossible to fix a stain. The security in which he lived was proved by the fact, that not a single fortification had been erected; and the first post was no further advanced than the head of the principal street. There we found a dozen soldiers, dressed with the grey great-coats and red trowsers of the French infantry; but we were not challenged, nor were our passports asked for; and we advanced to the centre of the town, exciting the eager cu-

riosity of the people; and the soldiers, who thronged to see us, forming a thousand conjectures as to the motives of the coming of three Englishmen, one of whom, they argued, must be a general-officer, because over a military coat he wore a sash, which in their eyes was the *faja* of a brigadier. Several officers came forward; some dressed in the uniform of the Guards, others with the *samara*, but all wearing that most becoming round *berret*-like cap, which I have previously described as peculiar to these provinces; and a crowd of soldiers, the greater part wearing the grey coat and red trowsers, while others had the common jacket of the country, and, I must add, many-coloured pantaloons. We rode to the large house occupied by Don Carlos, which formed one wing of the little square; and one of our party ascended to the minister of foreign affairs, M. Cruz Mayor, to whom he was known, while we remained on horseback until a lodging was allotted to us. Our friend returned, bearing the welcome of the minister, and with one of the aides-de-camp, who was charged to provide us with quarters; and we were finally placed in the house of a nice old lady, who gave us three separate chambers and a handsome drawing-room. She told us to consider ourselves at home, as she was too much honoured by receiving the friends of Don Carlos, whom she called

her King, and offered to provide dinner for us; which we of course declined, as we understood there was a *café*, lately opened, where dinners, though not lodgings, were to be procured. We were immediately waited upon by several officers, and received numerous tenders of service; and we were paraded before the palace, and up the street and down the street, much to the edification of the people of Onate and of the native damsels, to whom a John Bull, with a fresh colour and without mustachios, was a treat among the crowd of bewhiskered and sallow Cupids they were accustomed to see for the last six months.

The town, on a first glance, appeared to be well built and rather pretty, and some of the houses we entered were not only capacious, but handsome; and there was a public walk and a university, and, above all, a warm sun, although the 5th of December; and we sat down to repose from our fatigue, well content with all that we had seen, and delighted that we had exchanged, for the conflicting accounts received at London and Paris, our personal observation of the state of the country.

Soon after our arrival, the Infante Don Sebastian returned from his ride, and the guard at the palace turned out to receive him with the same formality as at Madrid; and the bugles blew a

point of war, and the drums beat that horrid tattoo which all drums, with the exception of those of the British, inflict; the aim of every boy appearing to strike as loud and as strong as he can, unaccompanied by those fifes which are almost equivalent to a band in some of our regiments. I must say, the poor drum-boys were badly clad, and their garments were of various colours; and the drum-major himself seemed to be the least important personage, of that rank, I had hitherto seen; but their infernal din was kept up with all imaginable rapidity, and he preserved a proper share of that gravity, so indispensable for gentlemen of his profession, in common with young doctors and diplomatists.

The military music of Don Carlos, however, compensated our ears for their sufferings; and while he and the Infante were at dinner, a band, far superior in point of execution to many in our service, assembled in the square, and played pieces of the best operas and patriotic airs. We had heard that Don Carlos was tolerably well provided; but we did not altogether expect to find him thus established with all the forms of a little court, a retinue of gentlemen, and even the luxury of good music in his train. I expressed my surprise; but I was told to reserve a little for the further progress of my tour, as there was more

to be seen and to be wondered at before it would be concluded.

We were next addressed by a smart English boy in the service of General Marotto, who had been taken in one of the sallies from Bilboa. He told us he was well off and happy, and that there were twenty of his countrymen who had deserted from the Christinos then doing duty at Onate. Indeed, we found in the course of the day, that these same specimens of our country had just addressed a memorial to Don Carlos, representing that, as there were several Englishmen in his service, some of whom had passed over from the Christinos, and others who, being taken prisoners, had joined his army, they hoped he would embody them in one battalion, and give the command to an English officer; in which case they promised to be faithful and true, and fight like men of honour who had come from the Isle of Dogs.

Dinner was our next consideration, and we adjourned to the *café*, where it had been ordered, and we were well received; and General Pinheiro, a Portuguese, sent us from his quarters two bottles of some famous old wine; and we drank to old England, and to those we loved and who loved us. When we asked for the bill, we were informed that there was nothing to be paid, as strangers, friends to Don Carlos, were welcome to the best the house

afforded; but it did not suit our feelings to dine either at the expense of the Infante, or of the hospitable and amiable Dona Madelena; and we extracted from her unwilling lips a price which we forced her to accept.

I think I know the Spaniards well, and those offers of service which come from them with all their heart and of their own free will, from those which arise from ceremony or necessity; and I must declare that the reception we experienced at Onate was dictated by honest motives, and that the people really met us with affection, as they considered that we were well disposed to Don Carlos. They thought so, not from any knowledge of two of the party, of whom they had never heard, but because one had been frequently seen at head-quarters, and they supposed that our opinions and attachment were the same.

The day after our arrival being Sunday, Onate was more than usually gay, and the military and the ladies put on their best dresses. I do not assert that the former would altogether pass muster in Hyde Park, but I will pledge my reputation for the good looks and pretty feet of the damsels. They were all in black, with the *mantilla* and comb so truly graceful and becoming to the Spanish women; and I was glad to see that the innovation of the French hat, which has made such

frightful ravages at Madrid, and converted all the delicious Andalusians residing in that city into dumpy brunettes, has not destroyed the national taste in these provinces. The loyalty of the men to their *fueros*, and of the women to their fan and lace veils, is equally to be commended.

Don Carlos heard mass in the public church, and all these pretty dears attended him in his devotions; each sitting on her heels on the cold flagging, with a roll of twisted taper lighted before her, which had a strange effect. I could not understand the meaning of this ceremony, and so many figures in black squatted on the ground, with their heads hid in the closely-drawn *mantilla*: their twinkling lights, seen in the recesses of the long gloomy aisle, were calculated to excite astonishment in a stranger; but it was probably some favourite saint's day, and these candles were offerings in its honour.

The church at Onate is large and handsome, and the altar ornamented with massive pillars, highly wrought and gilded; and the magnificent ceremony of the mass was performed with a degree of pomp remarkable in so small a town; but I must protest against the sermon of the fat friar, who wheezed and droned out a long discourse, until his lungs as well as our patience was exhausted.

I think I may as well state here that Don

26926

Carlos' partiality to the Church is greatly misunderstood in England; and that, far from being a friend to friars and monks, he has a sensible opinion of the inutility of those gentry, in the present day. He is a conscientious and a religious man, but not a bigot; and he makes a just distinction between the parish clergy and the lazy friars. This feeling has been increased by the want of sympathy which they showed in his misfortunes; and though he could not in his position venture to say so, it is understood that he views without regret the steps taken by the Queen's government to convert those overgrown properties to the national use, as he hopes to arrive in time at Madrid to profit by the harvest which it is sowing. I have stated before, that the monks did not come forward to assist him, until Rodil's burnings, and the murders at Madrid, convinced them that their extinction was written if the liberal system continued; and even since then, though their very existence is at stake, the aid they have sent Don Carlos has been most inconsiderable. One fact is evident, and that is, neither monks nor friars are in his train; and from Irun to Onate I saw but one monk, and only one other here—namely, the fat preacher.

It is astonishing how far removed from the truth are our popular impressions in England; and while

every one believes that the Carlists are annihilated, and only venturing to peep from behind rocks, or to show themselves at the tops of mountains, they are, and have been, since June last, in undisputed possession of the provinces; while the Christinos dare not appear, unless in large bodies, and well defended by cavalry, and then only in the plains; and that, while every one asserts that Don Carlos is surrounded with monks, and singing psalms all day, he has no other religious professor near him but his confessor—a jolly fat priest, who is fond of his wine and a frolic, and cordially detests the cowl and the cell.

CHAPTER XII.

I WAITED on M. Cruz Mayor, the minister for foreign affairs, to whom I had letters of recommendation, and was received in a frank and gentlemanly manner. I found him busy with clerks, writing in an ante-chamber; and he told me that his avocations were unceasing, and that his correspondence was more extensive than could be supposed, considering the limited position of Don Carlos; but he offered to devote half an hour to me, and I had the pleasure of holding with him a very rational conversation on the state of Spain, and the nature of the resources on which he relied for ultimate success. I was pleased that he did not gloss over the difficulties which existed at present, or were likely to arise hereafter, and that he did not conceal the weak points of the army, or the want of money and cavalry; and I gave him

the more credit for sincerity, because, at the same time that he admitted a certain insufficiency, he avowed the most decided confidence in a fortunate result, and showed me the scale of incidents on which he depended.

There was no want of ammunition and of clothing, as the manufactories lately established produced all that was required, and arrangements had been made to insure the whole army being well provided by the first of January; but muskets and horses were deficient, and he admitted that, without a good supply of both, he could not move as he desired. The decided character of the rising in Catalonia was that which gave him the most hope; and he had established a dépôt of 200 officers, draughted from the army of these provinces, or from what are called the sacred companies, composed altogether of officers waiting for vacancies, who were to be passed into Catalonia without delay.

General Guererge, who had promoted the revolt, and conducted a convoy of arms there last August, had taken up a position on the frontier of Aragon, to facilitate that operation. He thus confirmed to me the intelligence already received at Bayonne, and on the route to Onate, that there were 16,000 insurgents in Catalonia, and that the aspect of the Basque provinces was becoming se-

condary to that district, and to Lower Aragon, which was equally well disposed to Don Carlos. M. Cruz Mayor is a small slight person, but with a good eye, and an elastic manner, not usually found in Spaniards. He is full of activity and unceasing in labour, and appears to have acquired the full confidence of the Prince, whom he is thus serving in adversity. He proposed that I should be presented to Don Carlos; but I frankly stated that I did not come to head-quarters out of any spirit of partisanship, but merely as an Englishman inquiring into the true state of affairs, and, therefore, I had no object in being introduced; but, if it would give the least offence, or be construed into disrespect not to wait on a Prince whose character I honoured from a due knowledge of his good qualities in Madrid, I should not only comply with his request, but ask the favour of being admitted. I added, that having been some months this year at Madrid, and on friendly terms with many who were his enemies, it might appear strange that I should thus, as it were, inspect his army, and the military and civil condition of the provinces; and I knew that, on my return to the capital, unkind things would be said of me, from having visited Navarre: but M. Cruz Mayor begged of me to believe that he duly appreciated my motives, and that he was delighted to receive

every English gentleman, and open all sources to them, in the hope that the truth would become known, instead of the glaring misrepresentations that were circulated among us.

He complained that Don Carlos was described as flying near the frontier, with the intention of escaping into France, and that the provinces were said to be exhausted of provisions, and the people in a state of want; and that the army was out of condition, ill clad, ill fed, and discontented; while the Christinos were alleged to be full of confidence and power, and at liberty to march wherever they thought fit. And he asked me to say if there was even a remote approach to truth in these accounts, and appealed to my own observation, since I came into Spain, whether the provinces were not freed from the Queen's army, the troops well fed and full of enthusiasm, the people happy, pursuing their usual avocations, the land well tilled, and no sound of war except on the confines, where the Christinos were in force. He inquired if the position of Don Carlos at Onate did not indicate security, as there was not even a breastwork raised to defend it, and the garrison did not consist of 500 men; and he begged of me and my companions to carry the same spirit of inquiry throughout our tour, in order that England, the country which Don Carlos loved, because it gave him an asylum,

should not be worked up to an unjust prejudice against him. It being then decided that I should be presented at six o'clock in the evening to the Infante, I took my leave, well pleased with the frank and manly tone of M. Cruz Mayor.

From the notes which he and others gave me, I found that the army of the Infante in the four provinces of Navarre, Biscay, Guipuzcoa, and Alava, was divided into two parts; one the army of observation, and the other the sedentary force. The first consisted of about 18,000 men, divided into three divisions; one commanded by Ituralde, a guerilla chief, formerly a captain in the army; another by Villa Real, also a Navarese; and the third by Gomez, an Andalusian, and a colonel of 1826. Each division was composed of three brigades, two battalions of 1000 men each, to which, if there were added about 1000 cavalry and 300 artillery, the whole army of operation would amount to 19,300 men. The sedentary, composed of 14,000 men, namely, 3500 for each province, who performed the internal duty and aided the army of operation as it passed from one district to another.

The whole force in the Basque provinces would therefore amount to 32,000, which was considered amply sufficient for all purposes; and the surplus, as it arose from enlistment or desertion, was draught-

ed as quickly as arms could be procured, to aid the new organization of Catalonia. In this calculation were not comprised 500 custom-house officers, engaged in protecting smuggling on the frontier, nor 300 of the guard, generally in attendance on the Infante. Gomez's division consisted principally of the natives of Castile, who have passed over from the Christinos, or have been sent in by the Curé Merino.

Each province had, independent of the military organization, a captain-general, who had acted in concert with the Generals of division, or independently of them in their absence. Segastibelza was commander in Guipuzcoa; Sarasa, in Biscay; Villa Real, *ad interim*, in Alava; and Eguia unites the two capacities of general-in-chief and viceroy of Navarre, having Elio as his deputy. The officers who were Generals in the Spanish service with Don Carlos are Montenegro, Gomez, Silvester, Urango, Marotto, Moreno, Casa Eguia, Cabanes, Masarassa, Valesco, Belengero, Sarasa, Zavala, Gaston.

The civil organization was restored to its ancient footing, in accordance with the *fueros* of each province; and it was altogether independent of the military. Deputies were appointed for certain towns and districts, who formed a junta, and they allotted among the inhabitants, according to their

respective means, the contributions which were imposed for the general defence; and, as they supplied all the rations required for the troops in that district, a balance was struck, on the last day of the month, between the contributions and the rations furnished at the current price of provisions; and when the rations were less than the contribution, they paid the difference in ready money; and when they exceeded it, the excess was carried to their credit in the next month: so that, in fact, the army, not being composed of strangers, but of the inhabitants of the provinces, the contributions went only to feed their own people; and, being delivered in kind, the soldier but ate with his regiment what he would have consumed in his own house. It is for that reason that the civil war has not proved a serious calamity to the country; for as the resident force, in the intervals of duty, till the ground, and get in the harvest, cultivation went on to the fullest extent that land was capable of; and, as the produce was not exported, but served out to the inhabitants in the shape of rations, no one complained. Indeed, a short ride through the interior convinced the most incredulous that war here did not leave its usual sting; and there was not only comfort, but superabundance, everywhere to be seen.

The Christinos who have emigrated, but who

have property in the country, received no injury beyond their steward, or, as he is called here, *Intendente*, being ordered to pay the contribution allotted by the junta, which was calculated according to a fixed scale, without prejudice to their opinions. In that respect Don Carlos has not only acted wisely, but honourably. Not a single property of his declared enemies has been confiscated, and several valuable pictures remain shut up in a nobleman's house at Villa Franca for the last year, which I am told would produce a great deal of money—that article so much wanted in all treasuries.

The juntas made the same arrangement for the transport of army-stores as for provisions; and as each village found mules from one station to another, credit is given against the contribution at the rate of three francs per mule, per day. The whole number of rations required in the four provinces were forty thousand per day, which, at the value of one real per ration, amounts to forty thousand reals, or £400 English. Manufactories of powder, ball, shot and shell, as well as of muskets, swords, and pistols, were established, and one foundry for cannon. The principal factory for arms was at Eybar, in Biscay, where excellent muskets were turned out for six dollars each, and good swords for the same. The shell and shot

were made at Ellorio, and the powder at Zudaria in the Amescoas; and, according as any article was finished, it was sent off to the quarter where it was required, or buried in the most wild part of the mountains, lest it should fall into the hands of the Christinos in case of a reverse; and it frequently happened when Rodil or Cordova overran the country, that the Queen's troops have bivouacked on the very ground beneath which stores of arms and ammunition were buried.

The secret of these hiding-places was known to the peasantry, but never betrayed; and not only in respect to these matters, but on all others affecting the safety of Don Carlos, there was not a single instance of treachery since the commencement of the war. At all the manufactories, boxes for mule-back were always held in readiness to be transported up the mountains in case of an unexpected attack; and at the several departments and offices of the junta, boxes in like manner, in which the most important papers could be secured at an hour's notice, were ready in the ante-chamber; so that if a strong column did find its way into any given station, stores of value or papers of moment would not fall into its hands. Don Carlos and his two ministers, M. Cruz Mayor and the Count de Villemur, are so well prepared for a reverse of fortune, that if Cordova made his way within two

leagues of Onate, they and all their papers would be hid in the mountains before he could make good his entrance.

The rations for the army consist of one pound of white bread, one pound of meat, and one pint of wine, with a real per day in cash, which was paid according to the fullness of the treasury; but the men were not discontented even if there should be some arrear, as they were convinced good faith will be kept with them. The greater part of the army, when I was at head-quarters, was two months in arrear; but their rations never failed, and they knew that new clothing was in preparation for them.

CHAPTER XIII.

At the hour appointed, I again waited on M. Cruz Mayor; and after he had gone in and spoken to Don Carlos, he returned to say, the Infante would be glad to receive me. I found a number of persons in the ante-chamber, some poor people waiting to present petitions, others of higher place expecting an audience, and a few ladies; as the rule of the Spanish court is, that all have a right to seek redress at the fountain-head: but they had to give way to me as a stranger; and I was received with the usual forms by the Marquis of Villa Vincencio, gentleman in waiting, and by him conducted to Don Carlos.

I found the Prince standing near a table covered with papers; and to those who knew his amiability of manner, and the natural sweetness of his dispo-

sition, it is not necessary for me to say that I was most kindly received. He hoped that my friends and I had been well treated on our journey, as it was his wish that Englishmen should meet every accommodation and facility, because he looked upon us as friends, by whom he had been protected in the moment of difficulty; and he assured me that orders should be given to open every source of information to us, as his only desire was, that the truth and the whole truth should be made known. He considered his claims founded in justice, and supported by the voice of the people; and as success had attended all his efforts since his arrival in the provinces, he had nothing to conceal, and our investigation would render him good, not harm; as it was only by honourable and unprejudiced men visiting his army, that the tales which had been circulated to his injury could be refuted.

Don Carlos then did me the honour to remember having seen me at Madrid, and, with a quiet smile, hoped soon to repeat that pleasure. I retired as soon as the Infante ceased to speak; and he bade me farewell in a most affectionate tone, repeating that orders should be given to facilitate my views in every respect.

Don Carlos wore a plain blue frock-coat; and it was his wish that every one should be presented

to him without ceremony, as his good sense told him that the forms of the Madrid court would be out of place at Onate, and in the midst of a campaign. He was looking thinner than when I saw him before, and fatigue and care had evidently put furrows in his cheeks; but his countenance was as usual—full of benevolence, and though not a handsome man, his dark full eye gave expression to his face; and the sweetness of his voice, and the gentleness of his manners, surprised you into loving him, whatever were your opinions as to his political rights.

Don Carlos's character is but little understood in England; and it is strange to find a prejudice there against him, when he possesses every quality which we prize, and consider indispensable in men of elevated station. He is just, humane, and generous, and so great a lover of truth, that he has never been known to break his word, or to allow an equivocation in his presence. He was the only member of the royal family at Madrid who paid debts, or preserved regularity in the household. The weekly bills were paid with the same exactness as in an English family; and while all the other inhabitants of the palace, to whom tradesmen applied in vain, indulged in dissipation, and disregarded increased expense, his system was so thoroughly maintained, that though he left Ma-

drid for Lisbon at a few days' notice, not a shilling remained unsettled.

Don Carlos was born the legitimate heir to the throne; and the law by which the succession was changed was not enacted (supposing that it were then enacted with all necessary forms—a matter we will take for granted, to prevent discussion about it,) until two years after his birth; so that he is the victim of an *ex post facto* law, and a principle has been adopted against him, which would not stand before any law-court in England, in case of an entail: and the additional cruelty in his case is, that even that *ex post facto* law was not made public for 40 years after it was enacted, and until a female child was born to Ferdinand. This is what may be called a hard case, particularly as no public or private reproach could be attached to the character of the person thus cut off; and if he had come to the throne, he would have been the father of his people.

The truth is, Don Carlos has endangered, if not lost, his claims by an excess of principle; for had he, during the life of Ferdinand, but given one slight hint to his friends, the matter was settled in his favour. But he repeatedly declared that, while his brother lived, he was bound to obey him as a King, and he allowed the Queen Regent to strengthen her position during the illness of Fer-

dinand: thus Don Carlos found the door closed, to which he had the key for so many years, and declined to use it. Don Carlos was wrong in going into Portugal on the King's mandate, as he weakened the attachment of his party, and gave reason for Spain picking a quarrel with Don Miguel, which it afterwards did. He was still more in error by remaining in Portugal, and preparing to make war from thence on Spain; as that justified the Spanish invasion of Portugal, and gave the English ministry, whose position depended on Don Miguel being dethroned, the pretext for making that renowned quadruple treaty, and of expatriating Don Carlos, not because they had any distaste to him, but because he identified himself with Don Miguel. But the Infante has redeemed his character by his subsequent brave and manly proceeding, and by putting himself at the head of those gallant Navarese, who fought for his name and for their own freedom. And he has displayed, since he came into their mountains, a courage, a patience, an endurance, which ought to make him valued by every Briton, to whom high qualities are ever dear, and heroic actions a passport.

Spanish history is full of romance; but its annals do not contain a story more pathetic and exciting than that of Don Carlos: and when I trace the mountain paths, and penetrate the rude recesses

where he has found an asylum, and find him one hour just ecaping his pursuer, and another wandering in the hills, and consider that we may yet see him on the throne of his forefathers, I fancy that I am carried back to early days of poetic fiction, and can with difficulty be convinced that such events belong to our age of hard reality.

An heir to the throne, according to a strict entail—full of virtues—without a stain on his public or private character—an honest, moral, and a liberal man—a good husband—a good father—humane and charitable; still he is a fugitive from his proper home, hunted by those who have fed on his bounty; and he may yet fall a victim to the malice of his enemies. Let us not discuss his claims, but render justice to his principles; and if he should succeed, let England believe that fortune has not favoured the unworthy; and if he should fail, let him at least command our sympathy and esteem.

The Infante Don Sebastian was willing to receive those who asked to be presented; but, lest I should be thought employed on some state affair, I did not ask that honour. I had, however, the pleasure to see His Highness more than once in the promenade, and was much gratified by his gentle and amiable manner to all who addressed him. He appeared to me to be a handsome young man,

looking to advantage in the *berret* of the country, which he had adopted to please the people.

My next visit was to the Count de Villemur, to whom I had letters, and I met the frank reception which a soldier and a gentleman of the old French school knows so well how to give. He has been long attached to the fortunes of Don Carlos, and was continued in the post more from his rank and from his known honour and attachment to the Infante, than from any great aptitude which he displayed for public business. But his post was not a very important one in reality, as the whole of the operations came into, and were decided upon, in the bureau of M. Cruz Mayor, who was immediately in waiting on Don Carlos, and lived in the same house. The Count was married to a Spanish lady; and as an additional proof of the security of head-quarters, Madame de Villemur was always with her husband; and she and the wife of General Aranda, and three or four other ladies, whose names I do not recollect, constituted a little court, where a resource can be found from the fatigues of duty.

I was addressed in the course of the day by several persons who had seen me at Madrid; and I was informed that civil and military officers were daily coming from the capital to offer their adhesion; and that among them were persons who have

taken out their passports for France, and wait on Don Carlos to explain away the part they were acting, and to promise that, should he come there, they will be prepared to receive him. I have often suspected the good faith even of violent declaimers at the Puerta del Sol; but I could not imagine that treason could be carried so far, and therefore I will not believe it until evidence of the fact be produced: but I saw with my own eyes, in the reception-room at the palace, two noblemen, one of them wearing his orders, who were in waiting to be presented.

The university is the only public building worth notice at Onate, but at present it was without masters and students, and the cloisters were employed as carpenters' shops for fitting up gun-carriages. Some stray pupils came occasionally to visit the scene of their former glories; but those I saw were ill-clad and poverty-stricken, with old black cloaks and rusty cocked-hats. The gown had yielded to the sword in the province, and many of the students were in the body-guard of Don Carlos, glad to exchange the matin-bell for the roll-call, and the church service for a charger.

During our short stay, there were one or two alarms at Onate in consequence of the movement of a column of Christinos from Victoria, and I had the opportunity of seeing the alacrity with which

the half-battalion composing the garrison answered the drum beat to arms. The two flank companies were composed of old soldiers, all well-dressed in grey coats and red trowsers; and the others were made up of younger men, whose uniforms were not quite perfect, but who went through the short parade in a creditable manner. Our military friend approved much of their alertness, and of the ease with which they performed the simple manœuvres they had been instructed in; and no one could doubt their sincerity in the cause, who witnessed the readiness with which they answered the call, and the excitement at the prospect of being employed. The fact is, that the greater part of the good clothing has been taken from the Christinos, and those without a warm winter coat were looking with impatience for an action, as the speediest mode of refreshing their wardrobes.

The alarm was without cause, as the Queen's troops did not venture so far as even the commencement of the mountains in advance of Victoria; but a serious fright was given to the old lady who provided our dinner, as she saw the soldiers who were dismissed running up the street to their quarters, and fancied that the Christinos were in close pursuit. She had her silver and linen packed up in a twinkling, and both her sons loaded with them, to run up the mountains; and

her daughter, who had her baby in her arms, was also equipped for a race, and the old lady made herself up for a short campaign. Though she was persuaded that her fears were false, she continued agitated during the day, and she literally sent us up a dinner without garlic, much to our delight, but which to be omitted by a Spanish cook is generally considered as a proof of lunacy, or a near approach to it.

Notwithstanding the civil war, the post from France came into and went regularly from head-quarters, and a correspondence with every part of Spain, as well as with all Europe, was kept up through Bayonne and London, and French journals were regularly received. The post was contraband, of course; but it was so well organized, that letters seldom went astray or were delayed. The private correspondence of Don Carlos, and all that which required great precaution, was sent to Tolosa by couriers, and from thence despatched to Irun. At Irun they were given to footmen, who went through the mountains to Vera and Zugaramurdi, and were introduced into France, and brought to Bayonne on market-days, to the agent of the Infante there. This was done with so much rapidity, that the letter of Thursday night was received at Bayonne on Saturday morning, and the peasant who took the

bag returned with the correspondence from thence, and passed it along in the same manner, until it reached head-quarters.

The conveyance for public letters and newspapers was from Tolosa, by Vera into France; and a M. Laherorgan, stationed at the former place, is a kind of postmaster-general, to superintend the whole route, and forward extra couriers, if required. There were six mounted post-boys at head-quarters; but a chain of men was kept up, over the ground where horses cannot move, at eight English miles' distance from each other, who run across the mountains with the swiftness of deer, and communicate to and from the army with amazing rapidity.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the death of Ferdinand, at the close of September, 1833, the royalist volunteers, in the different parts of the Basque provinces, were in possession of their arms; and no sooner was the new order of succession announced, than several members of the corps flew to them, determined to resist what they considered to be an innovation in the laws of the country, and because they were convinced that the Liberal party were the determined enemy of their *fueros*, or privileges. Valdespina, a guerilla chief, raised the standard of revolt at Victoria, and Zabala, another mountain warrior, at Bilboa. The same thing was attempted in Guipuzcoa; but the minor chief who led the way was killed in the first skirmish, and Lar-

dizabel proclaimed himself the deliverer of that province, and took his stand at Tolosa.

The insurrection had not yet extended to Navarre, and the Queen's general, Sarsfield, whether from disunion among the Carlist leaders, or because the people were at the commencement unwilling to engage in the contest, found no difficulty in apparently putting it down, and in obtaining possession both of Victoria and of Bilboa. General Castañon was the commander in Guipuzcoa, and, wishing to share in the honour of quelling the revolt, incautiously marched with insufficient force on the town of Aspeitia, on the frontier of Biscay; but there he was surprised by some mountain bands, and obliged to retire in disorder, into St. Sebastian's. From thence he sent to Pampeluna to demand assistance from Solar, the viceroy of Navarre; but that person refused to comply with the request, alleging that the state of his own neighbourhood occupied exclusively his attention.

This indication of weakness soon got bruited in Navarre, and Santos Ladron, so well known as a Royalist partisan, collected 500 men, and raised the standard of revolt in the kingdom, as it is called. He marched along the heights of the Amescoas, but almost destitute of food and clothing for

his people: and he was, soon after, surprised and defeated by Colonel Lorenzo, and made prisoner, his horse having been shot as he was effecting his escape. Santos Ladron was conducted to Pampeluna; and no sooner was his fate known to the people, so popular was he in the province, that every one crowded to the governor, and petition on petition came in to the viceroy, praying either that he would spare his life, or at least suspend the execution until he received orders from Madrid. The viceroy promised to comply; but the very next day, during the hour of promenade on the glacis, some shots were heard in the direction of the citadel, and it was soon made public that Santos Ladron had, in defiance of the promise of the viceroy, been launched into eternity.

The effect produced on the people was visible to the commonest observer;—not a word was heard—not a murmur explained their regret—but a dull cold silence proved that their feelings were touched; and so powerful was the impression, that no less than fifteen hundred young men left Pampeluna that evening, bound by an oath to avenge his death. These men went into the mountains, mostly unarmed; but on being joined, in a few days after, by the celebrated Zumalacaregui, then under surveillance, or as it is called, in *Cuartel*, at Pampeluna, they made up a subscription among

themselves, or procured money from their friends, and found the means to purchase arms in France, and to have them conveyed to them across the frontier. Ituralde, a wine-grower in the vicinity of Estella, and Don Pablo Sanz, formed guerilla parties; and a kind of organization took place, under the direction of Zumalacaregui—the young men most conversant with the mountain-passes, and evincing most resolution, being appointed officers—and by degrees the bands assumed a formidable aspect: and their confidence was increased by the appearance among them of Eraso, who, having escaped from Castañon into France, recrossed the frontier into Navarre, and insisted on serving under Zumalacaregui, though he was of superior military rank—he being a brigadier, while the other was but a colonel in the Spanish service.

About this period—namely, at the close of November, 1833—General Castañon finding himself without a sufficient force in Guipuzcoa, invited several emigrants from France; and, among others, the well-known *El Pastor*, or Jauregui, who organized a band of guerillas, called *chapel-gorris*, with the intention of employing them in the mountain warfare against the Carlists; but so powerless was the faction at that period, notwithstanding the alarm of the Queen's General,

that in reality it was kept in awe by about a thousand regular troops, and of two hundred of these *chapel-gorris*.

Castañon, either from enmity to the people, or according to orders from Valdez, who had replaced Sarsfield, as he subsequently alleged, in an evil hour issued a proclamation suspending the *fueros*, or privileges, and denouncing the punishment of death for the most trifling disobedience of his orders.

From that moment the spirit of revolt assumed a more serious character; and as the leaders under the wise orders of Zumalacaregui avoided all regular engagements with the Queen's troops, and only fought when sure of victory, and generally for the purpose of getting hold of arms and ammunition, the moral influence of the party daily increased, and as many men as could be provided with muskets joined their friends in the mountains; the feeling in favour of Don Carlos being powerfully strengthened by the violation of the *fueros*, which the people considered as their birthright, and will defend, as we in England should the Magna Charta.

Castañon was removed in consequence of his decided unpopularity, and General Butron took his place, who proceeded in the same intemperate manner; and by levying contributions on the

clergy, and exposing them to the insults of the returned emigrants, compelled a body of men, whose influence is well known in the Basque Provinces, and who had hitherto used it rather in favour of the Queen than against her, from their desire of ease and the quiet possession of their livings, to take a decided part in favour of the revolt, and to use that powerful arm of a superstitious country, the chair of confession, to stir up the flame of discord, and to animate the whole people against the despoilers of their religion and privileges. So powerful was this engine, that, after the Easter confessions in 1834, two thousand volunteers joined the faction—the greater part of whom were armed at the expense of the clergy, who had instigated them to act.

At length the outcry againt Butron became so great, that the Queen removed him to Estramadura, and Osma and El Pastor took charge of the province; the former understanding the people well, and they being gratified at finding one who felt and thought like them at their head.

Such was the state of things in the province of Guipuzcoa, in the month of March, 1835. At the same period, no progress had been made by the Carlists either in Biscay or Alava, as after they were driven out of Bilboa, the high road was held

by the Queen's troops, and they were forced to take refuge in the mountain-passes of Guernica and Aspeitia; and Zabala was compelled to hide himself in the wildest parts; and the occupation of Victoria and Salvatierra secured to the Queen the whole plain of Alava.

The true spirit of the contest was confined to Navarre, where Zumalacaregui organized his scanty forces; but he could not gain possession of the high road, nor of any place beyond the passes of his mountains, till the month of April, 1834, when he had the honour of striking the first important blow, and defeating the pompous Quesada, who, having succeeded Valdez, marched along the Borunda, and was tempted by an artifice of the Carlist's chief to follow him into the woods of Alsasua, where he was defeated disgracefully, and compelled to fly over the mountains to Villa Franca. Quesada lost several prisoners, the greater part of whom entered the Carlist ranks, and many officers of merit, among whom the young and the gallant Charles O'Donnell stood pre-eminent; and he and two of his companions, who honourably refused to change their service, were shot the next day at Echarri Araniz.

This act of cruelty, Zumalacaregui contended, was forced on him against his will by way of reprisal to a proclamation of the Queen's, issued in the

January previous, by which all persons taken under arms, above the grade of common soldiers, were ordered to be instantly put to death. The consequence of this defeat was the disgrace of Quesada; and Rodil, then pursuing Don Carlos in Portugal—and called by the Madrid Gazette the immortal Rodil, *because* he had not fired a shot,—was pronounced by public opinion to be the only person fit to be entrusted with the command of the army.

The Carlists went on increasing in numbers and moral, though several good officers were in arms for the Queen, at the head of whom may be classed Lorenzo Oraa and Linares; but the arrival of Don Carlos on the 9th of July, in the Basque provinces, gave a new turn to the contest; and from that day may be dated the commencement of the triumph which his army, up to the present hour, with few exceptions, has been attended with. It is remarkable that the nomination of Rodil, as commander-in-chief in the north, took place on the same day that Don Carlos crossed the frontier.

When the Infante arrived, the whole force of the Carlists did not exceed in organized men five battalions of seven hundred each; but there were from ten to fifteen thousand ready to join the ranks, if arms and ammunition could be obtained

for them; and as soon as it was known that he was actually come to share the dangers of the people, every place or village, not held by the Queen's troops, declared in his favour; but the want of muskets, and the continued harassing of the Christinos, retarded the general rising, which, without weapons, it was useless to attempt.

Rodil, previous to leaving Madrid with the army of Portugal, was honoured by orders and decorations from the Queen; and a grand review of his seven thousand hungry troops was held in a large plain outside the town; and all the inhabitants thronged to witness the parade, and to cheer the brave deliverers of their country on to death and glory. It was not at the time known, though the fact is undoubted, that the garrison of Madrid and the dépôts of clothing lent, *for that day only*, their uniform to cover the nakedness of those half-starved and tattered soldiers, and that, the same night, the wardrobes were returned, leaving the defenders of the innocent Isabella to march something in the same style as that celebrated brigade of *one* Sir John Falstaff was to pass through Coventry. A great number of the poor devils were put into the hospital from the parade, and the present of the cholera was given to Madrid by those brilliant specimens of the tail of the immortal Rodil.[c]

CHAPTER XV.

THE plan which Rodil proposed to carry into execution, on his arrival at head-quarters, was not ill-judged, and must have succeeded if backed by 50,000 good troops, but it was ridiculous, with his 15 or 20,000 men; and all the subsequent triumphs of the Carlists arose from the failure of a combination so extended as to be weak in all parts, and accessible to their guerilla parties. His plan was one of *occupation* and of *operations*; and he proposed, by occupying the high road, and commanding all the passes, and fortifying all the towns, to cut up and intersect the Carlists; and then, by following them from place to place, to kill, capture, and destroy, or force them across the frontier into France. With this end he raised temporary works at Salvatierra and Olazaquatia—the

latter at the foot of the great pass of the Amescoas, and both observing the Borunda, Echarri Araniz, and Irurzun—important as being the key of the Dos Hermanos, Los Arcos, Estella, Puente de la Reina—on the road from Logrono, Lodosa, Tafalla, and Larraga, in the plain, north of the Ebro, leading to Pampeluna; Elisondo, Urdach, Lasaca, Zuguramurdi, San Esteban, and Echella, in the Bastan; Irun, Tolosa, Hernani, Bergara, and Villa Franca, on the high road of Guipuzcoa; Sornoza, Durango, Eybar, Guernica, and Bilboa, in Biscay; and in Alava, Trevinon, and the Pueblo de Arganson; and he kept small columns in continued activity between Pampeluna, Victoria, and St. Sebastian, and these several posts.

He then divided the mass of his troops into two columns, with the one raising fire and putting to the sword, under his own proper guidance, and with the other, under Cordova, persecuting Don Carlos, and following him from place to place: and so intensely was this pursuit kept up, that Don Carlos has more than once slept on the bare heath in the mountains; and Cordova entered the village of Leiza about a quarter of an hour after the Infante had escaped. But the fidelity of the people, and their acquaintance with the rocky passes, saved him from his enemies; and, while they fancied

they had their hands upon him, he slipped away through some concealed crevice in the mountain.

At one period Rodil divided the army into several small columns, and each, marching upon a point where it was ascertained Don Carlos actually was, enclosed him within a circle, and made sure of his capture. Rodil came up the Borunda from Pampeluna; Lorenzo came down that valley from Salvatierra; Figueras had crossed from Guipuzcoa by Segura, and each believed that he had driven the Infante before him, and had caught him in the net. At length, the hunters arrived together at Echarri Araniz.—"You have him!" exclaimed Rodil to Lorenzo.—"No," replied the other, "I pushed him into your arms."—"Then you must have him, Figueras," cried both. "No, I handed him to you," said the last. The fact was, Don Carlos, early apprised of the combination, had slipped away during the chace; and, while his enemies were disputing which of them should have seized him, he was in security at the village of Aspeitia in Biscay.

While Rodil was thus occupied in pursuing Don Carlos, or in organizing his force, or in exasperating the people, Zumalacaregui was not idle, and, taking advantage of the neglect with which the immortal Rodil treated him, he occupied

himself in forming something like an army, and drawing clothing and ammunition for it from France by smuggling. He then ventured to attack Rodil's detachments, and, after a success nearly on the same ground where he had defeated Quesada, he blocked up the passes of the Amescoas, and established a manufactory for powder at the village of Sudari, and granaries in other villages—the Amescoas, as I described elsewhere, being an extensive table-land, full of life and cultivation, though at a great elevation, and approachable only by four most difficult *Puertas*.

In July, 1834, he also surprised Carandolet between Estella and Sudari, in the gorge of the same mountain, and took two hundred and fifty horses from him, and General Villa Emanuel prisoner, who, according to the barbarous warfare existing before the Eliot convention, was shot the following day. The same Carandolet was surprised again fourteen days after, near Vianna, where he lost three hundred horses; and by means of these two captures, Zumalacaregui commenced the formation of cavalry, in which Don Carlos is, however, still most deficient.

Hitherto, the Carlist warfare was confined to the mountains, because they were deficient in cavalry and artillery; but on the 27th of October, Zumalacaregui came down from the hills

and gave battle to Osma and O'Doyle, on the plains of Alegria, in front of Victoria, and defeated them with the loss of one thousand prisoners, three pieces of artillery, and the colours of the 6th regiment. The gallant O'Doyle, worthy of a better fate, and the officers taken with him, were shot, the following day. Fifteen hundred muskets were collected on the ground, and all the common soldiers, made prisoners, took service with Don Carlos.

Rodil, finding his position turning each hour more critical, and exasperated with the people for soiling the lustre of his immortality, extended his system of fire-raising and destruction; and he ordered every house where Don Carlos had slept in his wanderings to be rased to the ground, and laid heavy fines on the villages where the Carlists had found rations, or through which the Infante had passed. He also declared war against the clergy, and ordered the bells of the several churches not to be rung, under pretence that they served as signals to the enemy; and he burned the celebrated convent of Aransasua, a magical building, second only to the Escurial, where one thousand beds were made up,—placed, as if out of the reach of mischief, on one of the steep crags of the mountains near Onate.

The banditti, called *peseteros*, were charged with

this duty; and, as a retributive justice, all the prisoners of that body, since taken, are employed in repairing at the convent some portion of the injury committed by them.

The inhabitants of the provinces, already excited by the probable loss of their *fueros*, wanted only this further wrong to complete the measure of their ire; and finding on the one hand the mild paternal sway of Don Carlos, and on the other the ravages and murders of the Christinos, a settled and deep enmity to the Queen's name and her cause was imbibed, which, whatever may be the final result of this contest, will not be got rid of for many years; and the most offensive epithet which can now be applied among the Spanish Basques, is the friend of the wife of Muñoz, by which title the Queen Regent is best known to them. The name of Rodil is execrated in Navarre; and I never heard it pronounced by the women, who give the tone in civil warfare, without a loathing and a shudder.

During the panic which his success on the 27th of October excited, Zumalacaregui crossed the Ebro, disarming the Urbanos, and raising contributions; and he laid hands on a large quantity of cloth at Fuen Mayor, which was an acceptable present to his men on the approach of winter.

At length, the immortal Rodil shared the same

fate as his predecessors; and the complaints of the people finding their way to Madrid, and his repeated successes turning out to be all fables, he was recalled, and Mina—the guerilla Mina—was entrusted with the supreme command; the ministers of the Queen fearing that he meant to put himself at the head of a constitutional movement, and giving him this place to keep him out of their way; reasoning, like true Spaniards, that if he succeeded, he was for them—if he failed, he destroyed his reputation among the Liberals. It was supposed by others, that Mina's name would have aroused the country in his favor; but there never was a greater mistake: whatever feeling there might have been for him because he was a native of the provinces, it was erased in consequence of his foolish attempt at invasion in 1830, when he penetrated as far as Vera, on the confines of the Bastan, and was obliged to return into France, because the people refused to join him.

At this period, the Christino garrison, in Guipuzcoa, began to feel the inconvenience of their position; and the Carlist guerillas cut off the communications, except in large bodies, and even set fire to the gates of Tolosa, and turned the water from St. Sebastian, and made the situation of these isolated bodies so precarious that it became evident the system which gave them birth

must be abandoned, unless the Queen sent large reinforcements, so as to keep respectable bodies in motion constantly between them.

Biscay was perhaps the province where Carlism, though it commenced there, made least progress; and the people, hearing of the successes of the Carlists in Navarre, began to grumble at their own inactivity, and openly accused their chief, Zavala, of cowardice; and so far did the matter become serious, that Don Carlos found it necessary to go there, to assemble the Junta; and after hearing the complaints of his adherents, and the defence of the accused, both Zavala and Valdespina were removed — the former being banished to Italy, the other being sent to the head-quarters of Zumalacaregui; and Sarasa, the present commander of the province, was nominated in their place.

After this appointment, the war in Biscay took another feature. Sarasa, and the well-known guerilla leader, Castor, who, up to this moment, clings to the two banks of the river between Bilboa and Portugalete—though these places are in the Queen's hands—tried to straighten the garrisons in the small forts; and the system, so useful in Guipuzcoa, began to produce in Biscay the same fruits.

The operations of Mina were confined to his

bed-chamber and dining-room in Pampeluna, and the collecting of money transmitted as part of the produce of the Ardoin loan; and Zumalacaregui took advantage of that repose to organize his battalions, occasionally cutting off a convoy, making prisoners the garrison of Echarri Araniz, blowing up the fort of Oliguisetta, at the foot of the pass of the Armescoas, and by compelling the Christinos to evacuate Irurzun, Los Arcos, and Estella.

Mina was at length compelled to resign,—his humbug could be carried on no further; and Valdez, the Captain-general of Valencia, an honest man, one of the best generals in the service, and in whose favour all votes combined, having been made minister of war, determined to conduct the operations in person. For that purpose the army was recalled behind the Ebro, and there re-organized, and the *quinta*, raised for the occasion, incorporated with it; but to show into what hands the new commander-in-chief had fallen, the first day of his appearance at Burgos the whole of his baggage was stolen, and so audacious were the plunderers, that the soldiers offered in the streets the gold and silver lace which they had stripped from the officers' coats.

The arrival of Valdez at the army was hailed in Madrid by all the friends of the Queen, and those who before doubted of her success began to

give their confidence to the supposed plans of an honest and an active officer; and the first proclamation which he published was so well suited to the circumstances of the moment, that a speedy settlement of the question was looked to.

Don Carlos and Zumalacaregui calculated more wisely; and neither the one nor the other was alarmed at the name or the preparations of Valdez, and the chief of the Carlists quietly made his calculations to give the new general the same kind of reception which all his predecessors had experienced.

Valdez advanced with his whole force from Victoria to Salvatierra, at the opening of the Borunda; and, in order to prove his power over the country, determined to cross the Amescoas—an exploit which none of his predecessors had attempted. The Carlists allowed him to cross the most difficult *puerta* without any obstruction but that of nature, and to bivouac on the summit of the mountain, without any other inconvenience than that afforded by the snow, which, though in the month of April, fell in quantities; but as soon as he got entangled in the defiles leading to a descent, Zumalacaregui, who had slept with all his men under cover, and in full security, in the village close to the pass, while the Christinos had experienced the inclemency of the weather and the want of provisions,

fell upon the young troops in such number, that they broke in disorder; and the panic being communicated to the bulk of the army, a total rout took place—the fugitives never rallying until sheltered in Estella.

Fortunately for the English public, Lord Eliot and Colonel Gurwood arrived in the field on the day of the defeat; and, by their indisputable evidence, the true condition of the belligerent armies was, for the first time, well understood in London and Paris. No less than five thousand stand of arms were picked up on the ground. Valdez retreated behind the Ebro, and Zumalacaregui, finding himself clear of the mass of the Queen's troops, determined on taking the various forts in Guipuzcoa, and of again obtaining possession of the high road to Irun, and made a commencement by laying siege to Villa Franca in May, 1835.

CHAPTER XVI.

I SAY laying siege, for the honour of the noble art of war; but the whole of his artillery consisted of one mortar, which he had cast himself, and three field-pieces taken from the Christinos. The Carlist chief supposed that Valdez would attempt to relieve Villa Franca, and that another good occasion would be presented to measure strength; and Valdez did, in fact, advance as far as the Lecumberi; but Eraso came down by Leiza, and took up a position between Lecumberi and Tolosa, and the Christino General, fearing that a large force was in the rear, thought it more prudent not to advance, and Zumalacaregui carried on his operations without interruption. Espartero in the mean time had advanced from Bilboa, believing that Valdez would come on, and with the intention of putting the Carlists between two fires; but the retreat of Valdez had left the

whole Carlist force free to act, and Espartero was caught on the heights of Descarga, near Durango, and defeated with the loss of 1200 prisoners. The governor of Villa Franca, on being convinced of the disgrace of Espartero, surrendered; and three hundred of his men joined the Carlist ranks.

This event was followed by the evacuation of Tolosa, Bergara, Eybar, Ochandiana and Durango, in all which the Carlists found cannon, arms, and ammunition, so that, as was anticipated, their several forts turned out to be dépôts for Don Carlos. Valdez, fearing that the garrison in the Bastan and on the French frontier would equally fall into the hands of the enemy, ordered the whole to be evacuated, and took the ruins of the army behind the Ebro; and the Carlists became masters of the four provinces, with the exception of Bilboa, St. Sebastian, Pampeluna, Logrono, Viana, Puente de la Reina, Tafalla, Laraga, Lerin, and Victoria.

Zumalacaregui, against his judgment, and compelled by Don Carlos, next laid siege to Bilboa; but by gross mismanagement, and by his unfortunate death, the Carlists were repulsed with disgrace, and the hopes of the Queen's party, which had been long depressed, commenced again to be excited. Don Carlos took the command of the army on himself, in order to stifle the pretensions

and intrigues of the various aspirants to Zumalacaregui's place; but he named Moreno second under him, and that officer was beaten by Cordova at Mendigoria, and compelled to raise the siege of Puente de la Reina, which, as some compensation for the disgrace at Bilboa, was undertaken in the retreat. The discomfiture of the Carlists was owing to the imprudent use made by Moreno of his imperfect cavalry, and the want of ammunition, which was two hours behindhand; and Cordova, now confirmed as commander-in-chief by the Queen, wrote to Madrid that he had broken the spirit of the Carlist army, and that he would march through the provinces when and where he pleased.

Don Carlos also was compelled to change his plans; and the whole army crying out against Moreno, that officer was displaced, and Casa Eguia, an old officer of engineers, the friend and adviser of Zumalacaregui, was placed at its head; and he, with great talents for organization and discipline, set about improving the form and tone of the troops, with the intention of resigning in favour of Villa Real, when all his plans are concluded.

It must not be forgotten, that, after the defeat of the Amescoas, Cordova went to Madrid;—some say on his own account, as he aimed at being appointed ambassador to Paris; others, by order

of Valdez, to represent verbally to the Queen and the ministry the necessity of demanding fulfilment of the quadruple treaty, and an intervention both by France and England: but Martinez de la Rosa sent a courier to Valdez, stating that such a request must be made on his responsibility, and desired him to take the opinion of the officers near him on the subject. Valdez did accordingly hold a council of war, and a paper was unanimously agreed to, declaring that without the assistance of foreign aid the war in the provinces could not be got under.

The demand of intervention was then formally made, and as formally refused; but a side-wind compliance was given in France by handing over to the Queen the foreign legion at Algiers, and in England by suspending the mutiny act, and allowing men to be enlisted for the Queen. In consequence of these licenses, six thousand English auxiliaries were landed in the north of Spain from Santander to Bilboa; and in addition to the foreign legion, about a thousand men, under the command of a Colonel Schwartz, were passed through the frontier into Aragon, from whence the greater part have lately returned in the most deplorable condition.

It would appear that Cordova, on the arrival of the English, prepared to form a junction with them, and to regain possession of the high road to

Irun; and three thousand auxiliaries, aided by three thousand Spaniards, did attempt to force a passage from St. Sebastian at Hernani, on the 30th of August last; but not having succeeded, they went to Bilboa, and subsequently to Santander by sea, from whence, by a long circuit through Castile, they found the way to Burgos and Victoria. During their stay at Bilboa, they covered the retreat of Espartero and Espeleta, who had made an excursion from thence, and would have been cut to pieces by Sarasa, were it not for the timely appearance of the English.

About the close of September last, the revolt in Catalonia began to show itself in a decided manner; and, in consequence of the earnest remonstrances made by the deputies sent from that province for arms, a General and a body of troops to stimulate them with confidence, it was determined to comply with the request and an expedition of 4000 Navarese, under Guerege, a colonel promoted to a brigade for that purpose, was got ready; but, in order to cover the movement, it was necessary to amuse Cordova, who was in force at Logrono, observing the mass of the faction with Don Carlos at Estella; and accordingly Don Carlos passed into Castile, as far as Pancorbo and Miranda del Ebro. Cordova hurried after the Carlists, and Guerege then marched into Aragon,

going within five leagues of the fortress of Jaca, and levying contributions in Huesca, Barbastro, and finally entering Catalonia at the Conque de Tremps; on being assured of which, Don Carlos recrossed the Ebro and returned to his former quarters at Estella.

I should have mentioned, that, while the English auxiliaries were at Bilboa, an attempt was made to form a junction between them and the main body of the Queen's army; but, in order to save the shame of being obliged to take the outside of the circle, as was subsequently done, the following plan was proposed and attempted. The English, with El Pastor, were to march from Bilboa to Durango, thence by Bergara to Onate, destroying the manufactories and granaries by the way, and then to cross the mountains by Alzazua; and Cordova was to penetrate the Borunda by Salvatierra, and welcome his brave allies in that fertile valley.

If the Carlists were good-natured, they might have done so; but the English who came out of Bilboa on the 27th, finding the enemy in force at Arrigariaga, returned without risking an action; and Cordova, who slept in Salvatierra on the 27th, was glad to return to Victoria on the 28th with a small loss, his rear-guard being harassed by guerillas. The English then went round by San-

tander and Balmaseda, and Cordova having again reached the Ebro, the long-desired meeting was effected between Burgos and Victoria, where, on the day of my visit to the outposts of Don Carlos, the Christinos and the auxiliaries were: and on that day the rival forces occupied the following lines, in front of each other—the Christinos being at Saraga, Lerin, Lodosa, Viana, and Victoria; and the Carlists at Estella and the villages in advance of—bordering the plain—Salvatierra, Manqueta, and Guevara, and the villages extending to the high road from Victoria to Salinas. I speak not of the other points, because it was only here that the mass of the two armies was assembled, their lines being within two leagues of each other; and I can answer for the Carlists being ready for action, if the Christinos moved.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE interests of Don Carlos, and the probability of making a forward movement on Madrid, are so connected with the progress of the revolt in the provinces of Catalonia and Lower Aragon, that a brief notice of its rise and actual condition will not be out of place, as an addition to the foregoing sketch of the civil war. It is well known to all persons acquainted with these provinces, that, however numerous the friends of the Constitution and the Queen are in the large towns, the great bulk of the people in the interior, especially in the mountainous districts, are in favour of Don Carlos; and, as far back as April last, numerous small bands were organized under the command of persons who had borne arms in the Army of the Faith in 1823, or by

friars, who, persecuted by the Liberals, abandoned their cloisters for the field, and raised the enthusiasm and superstition of the people. According to the calculations then made, there were 4500 men under arms, divided into bands, none exceeding five hundred, others as small as twenty-five men. The various demands made by the Catalonians for arms and assistance induced Don Carlos seriously to turn his attention to that quarter; and in the month of August last a body of 4000 men, among whom was the celebrated battalion of Navarese guides, was formed in the valley of Ulzama in Navarre, and marched under the orders of Brigadier Guerege through Aragon into Catalonia; and the moment its arrival was proclaimed, the Carlists of the province assembled in large numbers, arranged themselves into three divisions, and placed at their head favourite partisans, Samso, Muchacho, and Albert.

At the same time appeared a chieftain, named Burgo, in whom the Catalans placed implicit faith; and it was to his guidance, more than that of Guerege, that they looked for a certain triumph of their cause; but they still required some one who united more pretensions than either of those persons—one who possessed the pride of birth as well as military experience; and the deputies to Don Carlos were instructed to say that the Conde de

España, so well known in the province, was the person best calculated to inspire the confidence of the nobles and the people.

Overtures were accordingly made to the Conde, then residing at Tours under the surveillance of the police, and he, having found means to baffle the vigilance of his guardians, arrived at Perpignan, where he was joined by Samso; and, a few days after, he crossed the frontier, Samso, who had previously gone in, and Muchacho, with a band of one hundred and fifty men, being prepared to receive him. The sequel of the Conde's story remains involved in mystery, and it is difficult to determine if there was treason, or who is the traitor; but of the fact there can be no doubt, that the Conde de España, the two chieftains, and the party of one hundred and fifty men, travelling close to the French frontier a few days after, were seized by a picquet of the French infantry, made prisoners, and conducted to Perpignan.

This untoward event made a great sensation in the province; and were it not that Burgo remained to rally the spirit of the people, it is probable that the enterprise would have been abandoned; but that chief kept the bands in motion, and though the progress was not so rapid as was expected, there was no want of fortunate events.

The cause of Don Carlos was further checked by the inefficiency of Guerege, and the discontent of the Navarese, who, finding that the Catalans were better paid than themselves, and frequently better fed, and reviving the old jealousy which exists between the inhabitants of the two provinces, determined on returning to their own mountains, and compelled Guerege to conduct them back; and the greater part lately arrived in the Bastan, after an absence of three months. During their stay in Catalonia, several strong points were seized, which are still in the possession of the native partisans; and one alone, a town on the coast, yields a monthly revenue of 1000 dollars, out of salt-works belonging to the Government, and which the Carlists laid hold of by the right of possession, if not of law.

The movement in Catalonia was responded in Lower Aragon; and Cabrera and Quelas organized several formidable bands, and by their activity replaced Carnicer, the former chieftain, who was taken in disguise at the bridge of Miranda, and shot; and, under their care, a force not far short of 10,000 men proclaimed Don Carlos, and have obtained almost exclusive possession of both banks of the Ebro.

In conclusion, it may be said that there are in Catalonia 12,000 Carlists, armed and organized;

and as many more in separate bands, irregularly armed; and in Lower Aragon, perhaps 8000 of the former, and 6000 disunited partisans; and it is supposed, when the expedition now forming of 4000 men and 200 officers, under General Marotto, at Mondragon, enters the provinces, that a more serious character will be given to the revolt, and the road opened to Madrid in a quarter for which the Queen is not prepared.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HAVING remained two days at Onate, we determined to prosecute our journey to the headquarters of the army; and, after an affectionate leave of our kind host and hostess, and being furnished with passes from the Infante, and orders for rations, if necessary, both for ourselves and the horses, we started at break of day, on the 7th of December, for Estella, where General Eguia then was. It had rained during the night, and the clouds were resting on the mountains over which we had to go, and our route had a gloomy and ominous commencement; but, scarcely had we crossed the first range of hills, than the atmosphere cleared up, and a scene of glory opened on every side. The mountain, cast into many fantastic shapes, appeared to close about us; but

as we climbed the track, smiling villages were seen between them; and if we looked back, we saw the sun brightening the summit of the immense sierra of Durango.

In some places there was nothing but furze or heath, but in others cultivation was carried beyond the reach of ordinary industry; and fields of turnips, or the young wheat-grounds, were found in places almost inaccessible, while flocks of sheep, picking the scanty herbage, were scattered over the hills, where culture could not be carried. On the right hand, the rocky mountain where the Carlists were accustomed to take refuge when attacked by El Pastor, whose head-quarters were for a long period at Bergara, almost overhung Onate; and, on the left, the chain of hills gradually broke off in the line of Villa Franca, opening large tracts of table-land, where ample crops of Indian corn had been reaped in September, and where young wheat was now laid down, as one of the recommendations of Don Carlos to the Juntas was to encourage the sowing of wheat as much as possible, to provide for the next year's wants. The road was desperately bad, and our horses floundered through the mud and broken stones; but we kept them to their work, and hill after hill was vanquished.

Our guide on foot led the way, and sprang like

a wild deer over any obstacle of the road. He was a well-made, active Navarese; one of the men in attendance on Don Carlos and the Generals, called *confidantes*, in whose good faith unbounded trust is reposed, and who, when there is a chance of their being intercepted by the enemy, bear the orders and communications by word of mouth; and there is not an instance, since the commencement of the struggle, of their having betrayed or neglected their duty. They are men of better habits than the soldiers or the peasantry, and are well paid, as the safety of the cause depends frequently on their prudence; and I found that the person who now attended us, was more reserved in his manner than the guides generally are, and rather declined than favoured that conversation which Spanish escorts invariably keep up, and which to refuse participating is a great offence. The *confidante* acts in the provinces the same part which the Tatar fulfils in Turkey; that is to say, he represents the highest authority, and at his demand horses or rations are provided for those whom he convoys; and if robbers are on the road, which will happen in the best-regulated districts, they avoid meddling with his party, as the certain vengeance of government would pursue those who interfered with him.

The first hour's ride in the mountains, near

Onate, shows you the whole nature of this civil war, and the strength and security of the Carlists; and the mode is immediately explained by which a beaten foe was enabled to come together again, and to exist in defiance of their opponents. In the first place, hills succeed hills, so that every one of them affords a defensible position; and they are so numerous that a few men can spread themselves about, and oppose the entrance of a great number. Then supposing those points are forced, an easy refuge is at hand in the great mountains, which can only be entered by passes, where 100 men can act against 1000; and within those passes are valleys abundant and fertile, where an army can find full resources until the enemy are obliged to abandon the points, from the want of provisions, or the inclemency of the weather. If the passes be secured, there is no danger; and those valleys, full of cattle, sheep, and corn, and extending for several leagues, can only be compared to an immense city surrounded by impregnable fortifications.

It was thus that Zumalacaregui sustained his men, when compelled to fly before the Queen's superior force; and until the Queen shall have sufficient men to stop all the *puertas*, and march through the intermediate valleys, she must despair of either destroying the resources, or weakening

the moral of the Carlists. For instance, the valley of the Borunda extends nine leagues—thirty-six English miles—in which are numerous villages, and the soil is fertility itself; and it is protected by the range of the Guipuzcoa hills on one side, and the Amescoas on the other, and defended with facility at the few passes which those desperate hills admit of. But should the Christinos descend into the Borunda, which with an overwhelming force they occasionally have done, and may by possibility do again, the Carlists have the Amescoas to fly to, where they may defy any power that the Queen can collect; because there are but two passes to these mountains, each a mile from the base to the summit, so rugged and so steep that a good horse will suffer in the climbing, and at every twenty yards of which are positions which a few men can maintain against a thousand. At the top of the Amescoas there is a table-land, extending as far as Estella, about twenty miles, within which are villages without number, and abundant stores. If the Queen had possession of all the rest of Navarre, the Carlists could hold out for many months in the Amescoas.

A ride of three hours brought us to the summit of a lofty mountain, which we contemplated with awe from the base—so far did it over-top the lesser hills which we had crossed; and as we

descended a short way on the other side, we obtained a magnificent view over the fertile valley reaching through a range of hills from Villa Franca, which was green with turnip-crops, or brown where the wheat had been just covered over. Far away to the left we got a glimpse of Villa Franca; on the left also, but more to the eastward, the village of Segura; and as we went on, making a turn to the right, the little hamlet of Cegama was seen nestling among the crags, half way down the mountain. Here the road became very bad, and we were obliged to dismount and lead our horses, who were unable to keep their footing with our weight; and our servant, a great Basque monster of sixteen stone, who accompanied us because he contracted for the horses and spoke the *patois* of the country, amused us not a little by his cursing and growling as he laboured through the mud. François was a perfect comedy throughout; and whenever the road was dull, we amused ourselves by tormenting him, as we soon found that he was a most arrant coward, and fancied every bush a Christino or a robber. He had some months before accompanied a person through the provinces, who had given offence to the government at Madrid; and Cordova swore, if he caught him, he would hang him at the first tree. The gentleman alluded to now formed one of our party; and

François, whose avarice and whose tears seemed to sustain a perpetual struggle, was ready over and over again to relinquish his engagement, when he found that we were approaching a dangerous post. On these occasions we galloped forward if the ground admitted, and left him in an agony to follow as fast as his little gelding could carry his great bulk, heedless of the cries and entreaties which he sent after us to stop; and when he did come up, he was generally in a palsy of fear, muttering curses against his own folly, and against us if he dare. The *confidante* was the only one of the party to whom the road was not painful; and he, though he carried his gun, passed lightly from crag to crag, and always kept in advance.

The continued descent brought us at length to Cegama, the hamlet above noticed, where we stopped to refresh and give the horses corn. The little inn was miserable, the windows without glass, and nothing but boiled beans to be obtained; but our sack contained a couple of fowls and some bread, and the *venta* furnished us with excellent wine and dried grapes and apples.

CHAPTER XIX.

We were now fairly in Navarre, and had the opportunity of comparing the peasantry of the kingdom, as they called it, with those of the provinces we had passed through; and we fancied that we saw their decided character in their sunken eyes, hard brows, and rugged features. They appeared to be less amiable in their manner than the people of Guipuzcoa, particularly the women, who were coarse and hard-mouthed; and however much we admired that pertinacity with which they continued a contest for their ancient *fueros*, we saw but little inducement to abide long amongst them.

The Spaniards are in general the most amiable people in the world; and no one ever passes an-

other on the road without wishing him good day, and without lifting his hat to those of better appearance; and they are nowhere more so than in the province we had just left; as, since our entry into Spain, every Spanish soldier and officer gave us a friendly welcome. Even the women did not omit the usage; and in the close of the day, as we passed through the villages, it was pleasant to hear the sweet *adios señores! vayan ustedes con Dios!* But we found a harsher tone in Navarre; and every man passed his way with that sulky independence which a true John Bull is taught from his youth to attain. In one respect, the peasants of Navarre differ from other Spaniards, and that is, they seldom wear hats or caps, and each binds his head with a coloured kerchief, the hair being so cut as to form a fringe all round. It is not a very becoming *coiffure*, and, as may be supposed, adds to the wildness, if not ferocity, of their appearance. The rest of the dress is unbecoming, as it commonly consists of a brown jacket and breeches with grey woollen stockings, about which, from the ankle to the knee, are wound the strings of their sandals or *alpargatas*.

While mounting our horses at Cegama, the crowd which gathered round us from curiosity talked amongst themselves of the probability of our being robbed, as we had to pass through a very bad

wood where some *ladrones* had lately harboured; and though three of them had been taken and shot, enough remained to cry "stand" to a good man. This we did not regard, as our *confidante*, we knew, was security sufficient; but François fell almost into convulsions, and entreated us to change our route; and he swore at his own folly, in having resigned himself and his horses to follow three mad-headed Englishmen, one of whom had his life already bargained for. We soon got into the wood, and heard him chattering behind us; and he endeavoured to induce the *confidante* to lag with him, instead of heading the march, as was his duty and custom. On those occasions we called up the guide, and sent him on to reconnoitre, pretending great alarm; while François, as far as his curses would allow, repeated prayers, and urged his little horse as close to our sides as he could. Unnecessary fear is at all times ridiculous, but particularly so in a great able-bodied fellow, full of health and youth, with strength more than double that of ordinary men; and we could not understand how Nature had placed the heart of the hare in the frame of a giant.

The night drew on before we cleared the wood; and it is probable that we should not have been able to extricate ourselves from the various tracks, had we not overtaken a peasant with two mules, who

consented to direct our way. To add to our discomforts, a heavy rain began to fall, and we waded through the deep ruts and broken tracks more by the sound of the leading mule's feet, than from any perception we had of the route. In general, the first horse is provided with a string of bells round the neck, which serves to cheer and guide the others, who follow to the sound; but a late order of Don Carlos prohibited these bells, except for the purposes of the army. At length, a twinkling light was visible for a moment in front of the dark high mountain which seemed to bar our road, and the horses, which were failing from great fatigue, began to mend their pace, both being sure indications that we approached our night's place of rest. We soon after entered the village of Alzazua, and stumbled through its broken streets and narrow footway in the dark, until we came to the high road from Pampeluna to Victoria, which skirts the hamlet, and where we found a capital large inn, whose gates where speedily thrown open; the alarm of strangers having been given by two deep-mouthed mastiffs.

Our horses were provided for on the basement floor, as is the custom throughout the country, and we followed an old talkative dame and a bare-legged waiting-maid to a well-furnished apartment, at each end of which were two bed-rooms,

arranged in a style of neatness not usually met with on these roads. The old lady soon explained the causes, as Don Carlos and Zumalacaregui had slept in both; and as they had also been occupied by Lord Eliot and Colonel Gurwood, who are known over all this country as the Ambassadors, and, I must add, remembered with kindness. She was determined to render them immortal, and for that purpose had hung them with all the white muslin in the parish. I had the honour to occupy the bed of Zumalacaregui, and am ashamed to say, fatigue was more powerful than romance, and I slept without devoting a thought to the memory of that hero, the scene of whose greatest victory was close at hand. The hostess was proud of having had Don Carlos and his great captain under her roof; but I think she was prouder of having lodged Lord Eliot; and she begged of us to inform her when England was to send another ambassador, particularly one who laid in a good store of sausages and fowls, and would pay for them like the last. Lord Eliot, whom I have not the honour of knowing, will, I hope, excuse the introduction of his name; but as in every part of the road I found that he had made friends in consequence of his amiable manner and compliance with local customs, I could not avoid saying that the people do not forget him. We found in the

village four pieces of cannon and one mortar, which had been brought across the mountains from Estella, and were intended to strengthen the battery at St. Sebastian. I should not omit to say, that our landlady did not forget to add to her bill the honour of sleeping in beds occupied by great personages, and we had to pay double the usual price—the pleasure of cheating the English being an epidemic, which rages wherever one of our rich countrymen has been.

We were on horseback at daybreak, and had a delicious view of the valley of the Borunda, in the centre of which we were; and we pursued with our eyes this long strip of the most productive land, guarded by the hills we had last night crossed, and the Amescoas, which were before us, like a deep river between two rugged banks. The white villages were discernible in its long extent; and we were convinced of that which we had often heard but with incredulity—now by personal observation—that as the Borunda and the Amescoas were in the hands of the Carlists, with a few exceptions, they never had been without abundant food and comfortable quarters, even in the worst of their embarrassments.

Having ridden along the highway for half an hour, we came to the village of Olazagutia, a part of the church of which Zumalacaregui blew up, in

order to dispossess the Christinos of a post which commanded the pass of the Amescoas ; and then, turning to the left, we began to ascend that celebrated defile which bears the name of the village. The rain was falling heavily, and the track was filled with mud and broken stones ; and we made but a slow progress ; but we had the advantage of perfectly comprehending all the difficulty—nay, the impossibility—of an attacking army being able to make good its way. One narrow cleft had been cut in the mountain by some convulsion, but projecting rocks, or broken hillocks, impede the opening thus made by nature, and every step was commanded. The track was throughout bad ; but occasionally it was so desperate that the horses were unwilling even to be led up, and our Bayonne ponies refused it more than once. A mountain-stream dashes down the cleft, and at one part a ledge of rocks, formed in a half-circle, command the whole ascent ; and twenty men posted behind it might arrest the march of a large force. The clouds hung half-way down the mountain, and the rain and mist added to the obscurity of our route ; but an hour's toil brought us to the top, and then we had leisure, while we walked the horses, to admire the natural fortification which guarded the liberties of the Navarese.

This is the pass of the Amescoas, through which

Valdez was allowed by Zumalacaregui to ascend; in the hope, as afterwards turned out, of catching him at a disadvantage in the descent at the other Puerta, when his men were fatigued and unrefreshed; and Valdez was weak enough to be led into the snare, from the vain desire of writing to Madrid that he had crossed these mountains—a task which no General had attempted. The mountain is crowned by a table-land, of several leagues in extent, crowded with villages, and in many parts most fertile. The Amescoas may be called the citadel of the Borunda; and, as it can only be approached through two passes, and is abounding in quarters, and stored with provisions, the Carlists have found it of invaluable service; and it was there that Zumalacaregui organized his men, and prepared them for those admirable projects which he shortly after put into execution.

CHAPTER XX.

LOOKING down from any part of the pass of the Amescoas; a distinct view is obtained of the scene of Quesada's defeat on the 22nd of March, 1834, which was the first great check received by the Queen's troops, and the prelude to the subsequent almost continued success of the Carlists. Quesada, marching along the high road from Victoria to Pampeluna, saw a Carlist lancer on one of the three hillocks which are at the foot of the pass; and, sending on a party to reconnoitre, he was informed that a battalion of Carlists occupied the high way. He gave orders to advance, without the precaution of sending out the light troops to observe his flanks; and Zumalacaregui, whose object was to draw him on, broke in apparent disorder, and, abandoning the main road, turned to the left, through the village where we slept last

night. Quesada, who is a brave or rather a rash man, impetuously followed, until his men got entangled in the woods, and in the midst of an ambuscade which his wily opponent had prepared for him. The Carlists came down on every side; the Queen's army abandoned its discipline; the flight was general. Quesada rushed across the country towards Villa Franca, but it was three days before the fugitives were re-united there. The brave Charles O'Donnell fell, with several other officers, into the power of the Carlists; and, according to the bloody compact of giving no quarter to all above the rank of soldiers, first proclaimed by an order of the Queen's General, he was shot, having nobly refused to save his life by entering the service of Don Carlos. The common soldiers taken, readily changed sides, and Zumalacaregui formed part of a battalion with his prisoners from the Royal Guard.

The land at the crown of the Amescoas may be compared to the Downs at Brighton, and we cantered on the green turf, on a dead flat, for some leagues, though at an immense elevation. The weather became clearer as we ourselves disentangled from the defiles of the mountains, and we again felt the influence of the pure air, and the excitement of visiting the scenes of remarkable events.

At length a narrow pass opened before us, and we got the first glimpse of the ground where Valdez lost his fame and the Queen's army on the 22nd of April, 1835, and of the villages at the foot of the mountain where the Carlists comfortably slept the night before the action, while the Christinos bivouacked, without food, in the midst of inclement weather, on the heights. The trees cut down, and some half-burnt, still show the places where their fires were made.

Valdez was full of confidence; and, as I have before stated, his march across the Amescoas was unnecessary, and merely done that he might boast to the Queen that he accomplished a feat which no other General ventured on; and, finding the first great Puerta, where he expected to be attacked, was not defended, and not an enemy to be seen on the crown of the mountain, he made sure of accomplishing what he had proposed. But no sooner was he fairly entangled in the descent, than the Carlists opened a close fire, and the young troops of the *Quinta*, who had just joined, broke in a panic, which in an instant communicated to the rest of the army, and the whole gave way in disorder. The rout was so complete, that the Carlists were tired with victory; and, as their numbers were but half those of the

Christinos—not more than 7000 having defeated 15,000—Zumalacaregui could not follow it up as he desired: he, however, took 400 men, in one body, prisoners, who had retreated to a rising ground on the opposite hill, but who laid down their arms on seeing themselves surrounded. No less than 5000 Christino muskets were picked up on the ground, which the young conscripts threw away in their flight.

We stopped to refresh the horses at the village of Sudaria, and there had a fine picture of the domestic manners of the Navarese. An immense kitchen served to receive all classes, and one long table as an eating-place for all comers; and as hungry men disregard ceremony, we were glad to get something in company with *voluntarios*, soldiers, and muleteers. The fire-place extended the whole width of the kitchen, and innumerable little earthen pots simmering on the hot ashes round the fire contained the various stews of oil, garlic, and beans, which were to refresh the motley company about us. The hostess was a cross old crone, who growled as she stirred up her infernal messes; and she seemed to consider it a favour to serve her customers, particularly us, who, in our character of Englishmen, were supposed to be hostile to Don Carlos. Her daughter was pretty, but also a vixen; and, what between the old cat and the

kitten, every one got a tart answer. I inquired for the husband, but I found he had been gone for years;—he died of his wife's tongue. François took a great dislike to her, and she abused him as a Frenchman, against whom she had an inveterate prejudice; and she frightened him so much, that he took it into his head that she would poison him; and, though savage with hunger, he refused to eat, and his countenance was a study for a painter; the mouth watering as the steam of the hot soup and stews ascended, and inclination almost overpowering his fears. One of the muleteers, a wicked-looking fellow, was very desirous to ascertain our route for the next day; and this gave François a fresh occasion of alarm, as he instantly concluded that the man and his companions were a band of robbers, who proposed to waylay us; and he begged of us, in Heaven's name, to come away, in order that we might reach Estella before night-fall.

The road from the Venta to Estella skirted the river Agra, and passed through a succession of olive-grounds, which formed an agreeable change after the mountain tracks and wild scenery we had come through. The village of Iturmendi was seen in the distance, as well as several other villages, where the Carlists had established manufactories or dépôts of ammunition. The country

though much tamer than that we passed by from Onate, broke occasionally into sublimity, and picturesque views on every side abounded.

We had not gone far before we came to another scene of Zumalacaregui's renown, where he surprised Carandolet, and took three hundred and fifty out of five hundred of the Queen's cavalry. Carandolet was deceived, as all the other Generals were, by the Carlist chief presenting a small force, which the other hastening to disperse, was caught in a defile, and knocked to pieces before Figueras, who commanded the infantry, could come up to his relief.

Our object was to visit General the Count of Casa Eguia at his head-quarters, and to see the mass of the Carlist force, to observe its state of discipline and efficiency; and for that purpose we had brought a special order from Don Carlos: but what was our regret to hear from an officer, whom we met in the centre of the Amescoas, that the General had left Estella for Salvatierra, as it was understood that Cordova had left Lerin for Victoria, and there was some idea of a new combination of the Christinos being at work.

A council of war was therefore called by us on the top of the immense table-land, and the question to be decided was, whether we should continue our route, or retrace it as far as the high

road which led to Salvatierra. For the former was offered the necessity of visiting the Carlist lines, and of seeing what corresponding front was made by the Christinos; and it was thought that our excursion would fail in completeness if we did not visit Estella and the borders of the Ribera; for the other, it was maintained that Cordova and Evans having formed a junction at Victoria, and having in hand twenty-five thousand men, an attempt would be made by them to force the high road to Irun, and relieve St. Sebastian, and that the movement of Eguia indicated that he was describing an inner circle, and watching the operations of the other, with the intention of defending with all the force he could muster the pass of Salinas or Bergara; and that as our object was to see an action, we were more likely to find fighting by joining Eguia, than by going to the extreme lines.

While this discussion was going on, another officer came up, who informed us of a report being in circulation that Cordova was recalled to Madrid; and this having, for the moment, settled our differences of opinion, the word "forward" was given, and we were not long before the town of Estella, lying on the banks of the river Agra, in a pleasant valley, came in sight. We took up quarters at an inn, which proved to be the worst we had yet

encountered, though men in a campaign had no reason to grumble, as we got clean beds, and fish, fowl, partridge and cutlets for supper, with an abundance of the strong wine of Navarre—not to mention white napkins and silver forks. In truth, we had become saucy on the road; as the inns where we expected to be ill lodged and worse fed, had invariably been provided with all that reasonable men could demand, and we never dined or supped without soup, fish, fowls, and a good dessert.

So much for the state of destitution in which, it is said, this country has been left, after two years' civil war! The wine of Navarre is desperately strong, more so than Port or Sherry prepared for the London market with brandy, and a few glasses will overwhelm one who has not tasted it before; but the Navarese can drink one or two bottles without feeling ill consequences; and such are their heads, that, though each swills a quart at a meal, a drunken man is never seen; and the same horror prevails there, as in the other parts of Spain, of a *borrachio*. In the vicinity of Estella there are large plantations both of vines and olives; and it is one of the peculiarities of this country, thatextreme ruggedness and fertility are conjoined, and that, while the mountain is topped with snow, the valley is teeming with wine and corn. Truly, it is a country worth fighting for.

CHAPTER XXI.

ESTELLA is a town of more than 8000 inhabitants, well built, and full of industry, if not of wealth. It is famous in the north for its factories of cloth, and its tanneries, and places for washing wool; and its narrow streets are in a continued bustle of mule-drivers and peasants, who come there to make their market, since Pampeluna has been occupied by the Christinos. The principal square was full of buyers and sellers, and the damsels stood behind their baskets of fowls, beans, or chestnuts, but everybody else seemed in haste; and the shops displayed the last fashions; and the arrival of three Englishmen, one with a long sword and a sash, which in Spain denotes the general-officer, was not a matter that the people had time to notice. If they did look at us, it was

but to say, "Here are the *embaxadores*;" for since Lord Eliot passed through Estella, no other Englishman had been seen there; and the conclusion was, that all who do come must be ambassadors. Indeed, I cannot say much for the good taste of the young ladies of Estella; for the remark which they made on the military person of our party, a very fine young man, was, that he was well enough for an Englishman. Nor can I speak well of the old ladies; for the Patrona of our inn was a shrew, and tormented us with asking questions. Nor can I speak well of the men, for they were coarse and ill-favoured; and I must reserve my eulogy for the mules, which are expert animals, and quiet to ride, and safe to drive, and will do more work than horses, and last much longer.

We visited General Iturralde, one of the first chieftains who raised the standard of revolt, and who had the manliness to yield the command to Zumalacaregui, though a junior officer. We found him a plain man, without the marks of much thought or character; but he has a high reputation in Navarre, and he is, perhaps, the only man the people will follow out of the province. He is a native of Navarre, and acquainted perfectly with the temper of this strange people. They call him the *father*, and approach him with a kind of veneration; and, whenever he is present, they will

fight like lions to merit his approbation. He is, therefore, valuable in this quarter; and in his hands Casa Eguia left the care of Estella and the advanced posts, when he was called away to watch the movements of Cordova.

When we visited Ituralde, he had just concluded dining with some of the members of the Junta of Navarre; and we conversed a short time with the president, Signor Redondo, an advocate—a man with piercing sharp eyes, and a head of a thousand contrivances. He spoke French; and, fancying there was some mystery in our coming, endeavoured to fish it out by the hooks of logic: but we told him the plain fact, which, of course, he would not take; for a true Spaniard, when once his suspicions are aroused, the more truth you tell, the less he will believe you. Ituralde was also a little out of sorts; and we understood the Junta and he had disagreed on the subject of money; and an old priest searched us with cold looks, and we were half-inclined to show our papers from Don Carlos; but Ituralde's good sense prevailed, and he gave us a friendly reception. Another priest was at the table, trying to draw a refractory cork out of a huge magnum of old wine, and he tugged, and tugged away; his eye on the dessert which was just placed on the table, his thoughts absorbed in the wine contained in the bottle, and

his whole physical qualities employed in removing the swollen cork, which stopped the current of his joy. The sharp, shrewd, hatchet face of the Abogado finely contrasted with the self-contented blubber of the Padre.

We met in the *Plaza* a fine veteran Faccioso, the confidante of Zumalacaregui, who attended him in all his expeditions, and was the bearer of his most secret instructions. His breast was bare, and brown from exposure to the weather, and his grizzled hair hung down his neck and shoulders, but his face was full of expression; his dark eye, broad forehead, high nose, and short upper lip, bespoke the man of good faith and firm resolves; and, I understood, his character for prudence and courage was such that Don Carlos now retained him near his person, to be employed only on trying occasions.

One of our party had been the friend of Zumalacaregui; and when the old man saw him, his eyes glistened with joy, and he embraced him as a father does his child; and then he spoke with much feeling of his former master, and of the last time he had seen him with the gentleman in question. We afterwards entered into conversation with the brother of the Conde de Liñares, one of the Queen's Generals, and this Carlist officer deplored the civil war and its consequences, which

armed the members of the same family against each other. We had also a long chat with the person who first raised the cry of Don Carlos, on the 8th of October, 1833, in Estella, and was with Santos Ladron when he was taken prisoner, and shot a few days after. One hundred and eleven men then composed that band, which has since swollen into an army in consequence of the ill-conduct of the Queen's troops, or rather of her Generals. From him I further understood that at a small place in this vicinity there were no less than eighty-five Christino officers prisoners, while all the Carlist officers of the Navarese battalions in the hands of the Christinos were three; and from that great disproportion he argued that the Eliot convention was altogether in favour of the Christinos. He likewise maintained that the Carlists were losers in another sense by the treaty, as the men, who knew their lives were forfeited, fought desperately, and often effected wonders when entangled with their enemy; whereas now they were tempted to cry quarter if the odds were much against them. I suggested that the same argument would apply to the Queen's troops; but he could not understand my reasoning, as the Christinos always fled, in order to avoid fighting, or being shot when made prisoners. In fact, a Navarese can only see at one side; and though we

spoke for half an hour, this gentleman would admit nothing short of an exclusive right for Don Carlos, and that the Carlists must win.

We left Estella in the morning, and after a delightful ride along the banks of the river, over downs from whence occasional vineyards and olive-grounds were visible, arrived in two hours at a village called Oleitza, the last point of the Amescoas, and the advanced post of the Carlists, placed to observe the Christino garrisons at Laraga and Lerin.

The village stands on a tongue of land, at the base of which begins the valley of the Ribera, and the view from it is extensive and magnificent. It took in a circuit of many leagues, sweeping round from Mendigoria, beyond Lerin, towards Lodosa. It was elevated as much as the terrace of Windsor above the plain, and therefore the beauty of the position, as well as the power of its survey, can be understood. We found two battalions of Carlists receiving their rations in the market-place, few of them well clad, but all bearing that variegated narrow blanket, a rug so peculiar to Spain, and worn by all those who cannot afford a cloak, as it answers the same purpose of covering the chest and mouth.

We found the sentinels posted, and the officers on the look-out, and saw for the first time since we

crossed the frontier, excepting the affair of St. Sebastian, the rival forces before each other, and the actual presence of the war. General Eliot and Pablo Sanz, in the absence of Ituralde, had charge of the position, and they introduced us to the balcony of the house from whence they held their reconnoissance; and from thence we could see, by the aid of glasses, the Christinos drawn up in two lines under the church of Laraga, as well as the town of Lerin, where they had a force of four thousand men. The whole character of the contest was now displayed before us, and I think a brief explanation will make it understood also by the reader.

The immense chain of hills, within which are fertile valleys, comprising nine-tenths of the four provinces, are encircled with a belt of open and level country, running from Pampeluna by Puente de la Reina to Logrono, and then following the Ebro, extending to Victoria, and wheeling round Biscay to Balmaseda. The Carlists are in possession of the whole of the inner circle, while the Christinos have only the surrounding plain to move through, where their superiority of cavalry protects their flanks and secures their march. The Carlists live about upon the plain; and at the side which I am now describing an advanced post responds to the towns where the Christinos

are in mass, prepared, in case of any serious demonstration, to give the alarm, and allow time to reunite a force equal to that advancing. Within the whole inner circle there is peace—agriculture flourishes—the seed is sown, and the harvest is reaped—the civil administration pursues its ancient routine—the traveller journeys in safety, and the citizen and the farmer sleep in quiet in their beds. It is only on the extreme points that the sound of musketry is heard; and these are so well protected, that an opinion may be safely hazarded, that all the levies which the Queen from her own resources can collect, will be unable to face and retain a passage and conquer the provinces.

If hordes of foreigners come to her assistance, whether as sent by the French and English Governments, or as *soldados comprados*, "bought soldiers," a different result may take place; but I speak now of the army as it is, comprising the auxiliaries, with as many men as can be actuated by the magic hand of the new minister. I speak of the contest as confined to the four provinces, not taking into account that Catalonia and Lower Aragon are fast organizing, and that a powerful diversion will there be made; but if the spread of the revolt be also considered, the result affords but a scanty crumb of comfort to the Queen. If, moreover, the Carlists could procure cavalry, in

which arm they are most deficient, they would not hesitate to push the Christinos from the places they now occupy at this side of the Ebro, and make that river the frontier line; but they have but 600 really efficient horses, and the rest are poor jades, imposed on them by French dealers, which could not be trusted in a charge.

Twelve months ago, the Christinos marched through the whole country, occupied the high road, and the Carlists, for the most part, were confined to the mountains; but to-day the Christinos, though they may be in force at Laraga and Lerin, suffer an advanced post of 900 men to overlook them, and will think some time before they venture to attack it.

No one can have an idea of these provinces who has not passed through them; and though I have been for some time employed on Spanish affairs, and imagined that I had correct information on the subject, I frankly declare, that they surpassed all my previously-formed opinions, and placed the Carlists' superiority on a point far beyond my expectations.

Our military friend asked one of the officers if they took advantage of this repose to drill the men, and give them some idea of scientific manœuvres; but he told him, that so far as the Navarese were concerned, they would admit of no

discipline but that to which they had been accustomed. They were brave, even to temerity, and seldom calculated odds; but if their General had their confidence, and their officers led them on, they would march to the cannon's mouth; but they had a traditionary mode of fighting, and it was useless to ask them to forego it. They neither attacked in column nor in line, but when they came in presence of the enemy, they sent out one company, then two, then another, and so on in succession, if necessary, through the whole battalion, who acted as guerillas; and if the enemy wavered, they dashed among them with the bayonet. They would not resist cavalry, or form square, alleging that they could run faster than the horses, which answered the purpose just as well.

CHAPTER XXII.

We found the persons on duty at the advanced post most gentlemanlike; and it was accounted for, on inquiry, by the fact, that the greater part of the officers belonged to the army in the time of Ferdinand, and that they preferred taking service with Don Carlos than with the Queen. In England it is imagined that Don Carlos has an army of wild mountaineers, commanded by men of low lives and vulgar manners; while the truth really is, that the Carlist officers come from the best families in Spain, and are better bred, and certainly as well dressed as many of those I have seen of the Christinos at Madrid.

The day previous to our visit, a column of 4000 men had marched out from Laraga, and crossed half-way the plain,—and it was supposed, with the

idea of attacking the post; but it returned without firing a shot. I asked the officer what were his intentions if the Christinos had come on in force, and he frankly told me that his orders were to fall back and cover Estella; and he pointed out the positions which, with even a small force, fully insured the town. I learned at the same time the manner in which that town came to be occupied by the Christinos on the 17th of last November.

It was thus:—Oraa marched from Pampeluna with the intention of going to Lerin, and, hearing there was no garrison at Estella, determined to enter; and Garcia, the Carlist officer employed to watch him, disobeyed his instructions, which were, to throw himself into Estella, and defend it until Eguia came to his relief. Garcia, who had but a handful of men, on the contrary, retired when he heard of the march of Oraa's column, and the Christinos slept in the town. Early the next day, Eguia came forward, but Oraa would not fight, and he abandoned the town, pursued by the Carlists as far as the open ground in front of Lerin. The Christinos, I understood, had not time to levy a contribution; but they took away twenty women of the best families most attached to the Carlists, with the avowed purpose of detaining them until a given ransom was paid; and the

Carlists retaliated by declaring, that whatever sum was procured in that manner, would be levied on the families supposed to be in favour of the Queen in the town, and they sent one of those persons to the outposts to communicate the determination. Whether it was in consequence of that message, or that money was sent, I could not learn, but I found that sixteen of the twenty women had come back.

The Patrona of our inn said she paid four dollars monthly contribution to Don Carlos, or rather to the Junta, to carry on the war, and that sometimes these contributions were collected twice or thrice in the same month; but it was evident she was taxed heavily in consequence of possessing a large and profitable establishment. She was a violent Carlist, at least her tongue said as much; but still she desired peace, and begged of us to tell her when it was likely to take place. I answered, the main difficulty in the way were the *fueros;* but she instantly replied, that the Navarese never would give up their birthright. Theirs, she added, was the kingdom of Navarre, and that they owed no allegiance to Spain. The sovereign of Spain was King of their country, but that they knew nothing about Queens; and they would only obey him as long as he respected their liberties, and fulfilled the contract by which the two crowns

were united. Our old lady was a thick-and-thin patriot; and while we were at supper, she stood by the table, recounting the prodigies of valour which her countrymen had performed, and wishing to ascertain if Navarre was not finer than England, and Estella handsomer than London. I know not if the other ladies of the town possess the same frankness before strangers; for in the morning of our departure, having risen somewhat earlier than usual, she had not time to put on her stockings, and she deliberately managed to arrange them before us while she counted up the bill, and gave orders for our coffee.

At length, the señora's stockings and our saddles being in their places, we started from Estella at break of day, and retraced our former road as far as the Venta of Sudaria. A smart frost had set in during the night, and the cold wind cut us as it came down from the mountains; and we were glad to dismount and walk in advance of the horses, in order to keep up the warmth of the frame. A passenger by the Devonport mail will have a contemptible idea of our progress; but it must be remembered that the horses came from Bayonne, and were at the best unable to make more than four or five miles an hour; and one which our military friend had bought of a smuggler on the road near Irun, proved to be a poor

broken-down beast, which always retarded the order of our march.

At the Venta we again ascended the Puerta, and toiled nearly an hour before we reached the summit of the Amescoas; and then turning to the left of our former route, we made towards the Puerta of Andaya, which would bring us out at the extreme end of the range of mountains which ascend from the plains of Alegria, and the town of Salvatierra. To our discomfort we found the whole table-land of the mountain covered with snow; and our confidante informed us that, though he was acquainted with the track in ordinary weather, he could not be certain of it when covered with snow, and when those marks by which he was usually guided were hid. This was pleasant intelligence, as we might in such case roam about the mountain for three days without hitting upon either of the two Puertas which led from it; and as the Christinos, in their march over it last spring, had burned all the detached shepherds' houses, and as the cattle went down to the valleys on the first dash of hard weather, we had not the chance of stumbling on any person to set us right. And, as if to put us still more at ease, it was found that the compass-ring, which one of the party had brought from Bayonne, had been forgotten at Onate. We desired the confidante.

not to be afraid, but to strike boldly in the direction of Salvatierra; and we began to calculate by the sun the course which we ought not to deviate widely from. A week before, and the sun was so warm at Onate that I gladly sought the shade at mid-day; and now, on this *plateau*, it was freezing and snowing, and winter putting on her garb in the most inclement manner.

The snow was not very deep, but the masses of clouds on the neighbouring peaks of the hills gave us reason to expect another continued fall; and we pressed on as fast as we could, our guide always in advance, till we got among the burned huts—a certain proof that, up to that time, we had not gone out of the road. We then became entangled in a wood, the thick branches of the trees loaded with snow, occasionally intercepting our progress, when, fortunately, we met a peasant, who had come with his mule the road we proposed going, and whose footsteps served us direct the rest of the way. At length, the rugged chain of rocks which form the last barrier of the Amescoas over the Borunda came in sight, and soon after we began to descend the Puerta, amid a slush of snow, mud, and broken stones, which tired equally the footing of our horses and our own patience, till, slowly working a passage, we got clear of the first ridge, and stood upon a lesser mount to

survey the grand prospect opened before us. The sun was shining over the plain, and all was fresh and green, contrasting finely with the winter track we had just quitted. There was not the least appearance of snow in the valleys. Victoria was to be seen in the far distance; nearer to us, Alegria and Salvatierra, and several other villages of lesser note it would be tedious to recapitulate. We, in fact, completely overlooked what are called the plains of Alegria, where Zumalacaregui once measured his strength in the open ground with the Christinos, and made prisoner their General, O'Doyle.

The mountain formed the boundary of Navarre; and we now entered into Alava, and stopped at Salvatierra, which is placed a little in advance of the opening of the Borunda, which incorporates itself, a league farther, with the plain of Alegria.

The town of Salvatierra had been but lately abandoned by the Christinos, and the Carlists were occupied in destroying the walls and temporary fortifications the others erected in it; as it does not suit their plans to shut themselves up in fortresses, where they may be enclosed by a superior force. The gates were also thrown down; and as we entered the ruined porch, as night closed in, and were not challenged, a suspicion arose for an instant that the Carlists had been

driven out, and that the Queen's troops were in possession: but we found, on inquiry, that the Carlists took no pains to protect Salvatierra, as it is advanced too far into the plain, beyond their regular lines; and it is held as a kind of neutral place, open to all parties, and influenced by none. So far does caution prevail, arising from the constant change of tenants, that when I inquired to what party the sick men who, I heard, were in the hospital, belonged, our hostess answered, "she did not know, but she would send a person to inquire."

Nothing could be more desolate than the appearance of the village; and we went from street to lane in search of a lodging, and were about to apply for rations and rooms according to the orders of Don Carlos, (a privilege we had not used, and were determined not to use, except in case of absolute necessity,) when a certain Doña Ramona opened her mansion of two rooms and a kitchen; and there we were in clover—our supper being made close to the kitchen fire, where it was cooked, and our beds, as they always are in Spain, being provided with clean linen. We were waited upon by the comandante of the place, as the rumour had gone round that English officers had come from Victoria on a mission, and he wished to do the honours to the ambassadors;

and he was followed by three other officers, who chatted with us till bed-time. From them I learned the particulars of the affair of the 27th and 28th October, which made such a row in London, in consequence of the postmaster of Tolosa having sent a report of a victory to Bayonne, stating that 9000 men had been destroyed, out of 12,000 Christinos, and that said report being incautiously transmitted to Paris and London. The fact simply was, that the Christinos did come out with a large column to feel their way into the Borunda, or, probably, to cross the mountain, and turn the pass of Salinas, and get on the high road from Villa Franca; but, finding the Carlists prepared on both sides, they returned to Victoria—their guard being a little annoyed by the guerillas, and a party of thirty or forty men cut off.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAVING heard that General Eguia and the bulk of the Carlist army would be at Salvatierra, and finding now that there were not fifty men there, and that Eguia had returned to Onate, a sad misgiving came over our minds, and, for a moment, we suspected that the eighteen thousand men existed more in imagination than reality, and we fancied that some delusion had been played off against the credulity of John Bull. We had cut the Amescoas line, crossed the Borunda, gone down to the Ribera, and now had reached the plain of Alegria, in quest of the commander-in-chief and the army, without being able to meet with more than three thousand men; and we determined to return to Onate and put the question in plain terms, whether there was an organized force in

existence, or not. While we were debating the hour of starting, and repining at another day amongst the snow, an officer came in, who told us the head-quarters of General Villa Real were at Guevara, a village on our right, and he recommended us to abandon the idea of passing the mountain, and to take that village on our way to the high road at Salinas, which would conduct us equally well to Onate. We determined to follow this gentleman's advice, and, as usual, were on horseback at daybreak, and bade a long adieu to the most desolate town in the world.

Our way led along the base of the mountains, through rich land everywhere cultivated with the young wheat above the ground; and found small advanced posts on the left, whose duty it was to watch the movements at Victoria, and present something like a blockade. I say something like a blockade, because in reality a constant communication was kept up between the province and the city; and the woman at whose house I lodged offered to send in there for some article which we wanted and could not procure in Salvatierra.

The plains of Alava were most fertile, and one is astonished, as long as the Christinos hold Victoria, that they should allow them to be organized by the Carlists; but the truth is, that the inhabitants

were to a man in favour of Don Carlos; and though a column of the Queen's army may occasionally traverse the flat, they could not retain it while all the numerous mountain slips which run into it are commanded by their enemy. So far as a short tour could embrace changes of weather and of scenery, we were successful; and after experiencing the vicissitudes of heat and cold, of sunshine and frost, of hill and of valley, we had now on one side an open level plain as far as the eye could reach, green with the rising crops or with pasture-ground, and, on the other, a range of wild mountains or brown rocks fringed with snow, like the lace tucker of a Nubian beauty.

The first village we came to, I believe called Murgietta, was filled with soldiers, and the other contiguous hamlets were equally well stocked; so that, before we got to the head-quarters of Villa Real, we saw about seven thousand men, all fine hardy fellows, with their arms in good order, and we began to understand the plans of the generals, and to be satisfied that the army did in reality exist. Having reached the village where General Villa Real was lodged, we prepared to wait on him, but one of his aides-de-camp told us that he was still asleep; and as the hour was an unreasonble one to pay a visit, we contented ourselves with leaving word that we had called to present our-

selves as strangers before him. We then passed on, and found the whole of the village at the base of the mountain literally crammed with troops,—fine hardy fellows, with their arms piled, and ready at five minutes to make a flank movement either way, and cover the entrance to the Borunda and Navarre on one side, or the high road to Guipuzcoa on the other, and disposable within twelve hours to run across the mountain, and strengthen Sarasa's division in Biscay, if Cordova made an attempt in that way. In short, we saw enough to convince us that the army was in an efficient state, and that the Queen, with double her present force, had no chance to penetrate the provinces. Some of the men were ill clad; but these hardy mountaineers are not particular, and few from their infancy have been accustomed to a perfect suit, and as one of them answered Lord Eliot in the same words which the Northern Indian replied to the missionary, when his lordship asked him, how he could bear the cold on his uncovered leg—"that his thigh was all face." Others, and I will say a large proportion, had on their new clothing, consisting of a grey coat and moreen trowsers, such as the French troops wear, and with which the whole army was to be provided in this month, as the tailors of Estella turned out three hundred a-day—the cloth being all smuggled in from France. I speak

of these matters with certainty, because I have seen the men and visited the workshops.

The cavalry was posted nearer to Victoria; but we met on the road some of the lancers, and we were told, on authority, that about two hundred and fifty had just come in from Castile, being recalled from the Curé Merino. The arm in which Don Carlos is really deficient is cavalry, and until he procures one thousand horses more, he cannot venture on a descent into the plain; and he is compelled to allow the Christinos to manœuvre in the open country, and march in a circle round the provinces, protected by their horse, against which he has no equal body to oppose, and to receive which his mountain troops are not sufficiently disciplined. He is also weak in artillery, but not so feeble as in the other arm, as he has seventeen pieces mounted, some of large calibre and fit for any service, and perhaps thirty more which are buried in the mountains until the carriages can be prepared, or the occasion for their use arises; for as the war has hitherto been conducted, the artillery has not been often called on.

In these villages we found the Navarese, Guipuzcoan, and Alavese battalions doing duty together, and the best understanding appeared to subsist between them. The Navarese are the

most daring, but the two others are the steadiest; and while the former will only act as guerillas, the latter will fight in line or advance in column, and two battalions of Guipuzcoans lately formed square and repulsed two charges of cavalry. I had a great deal of conversation with French gentlemen, who had taken service here since the revolution of 1830 and the last affair in La Vendée; and though some of them complained that, owing to the Spanish pride, which is always repelling the *estrangero*, their promotion did not go on as fast as it should, they all spoke well of the troops, and agreed in their several accounts of the manner in which they conduct themselves before an enemy.

Having satisfied our curiosity as to the efficiency of this division of the army, we stretched again across the country until we came to the high road leading to Salinas, to which we gladly returned, fatigued with the mountain walk, and the rugged by-ways through the fields. The road was in capital order, and our little horses trotted merrily along, until we ascended the well-known pass of Salinas, over which the road has been carried with great labour, and looked down upon the little village of that name, suspended in the midst of the mountain like a bird-cage on a crag. Here we were joined by an old woman and her son who was going to join his battalion,

and she, who had provided him with new clothing and fully equipped him, was determined to present her only child at head-quarters as her offering to Don Carlos, whom she called her King. The Roman mother who put a shield into her young hero's hand, and said, "Return with it or on it," was not animated with a warmer patriotism than this poor Alavese peasant; and I could judge from what she was doing, as well as from what she told me, how deep the natural feeling of independence was among her class. She looked upon it as a disgrace not to have her child enrolled, and she told me such were the opinions of all her neighbours; and though there were not arms for all, nor place for all, every one had his name set down in the regular battalions or among the *voluntarios*, and, while he tilled his fields until called for, was delighted with the moment which placed him in the ranks. The truth is, the army had been so admirably managed by Zumalacaregui, that its confidence and enthusiasm were at the highest. He took care never to risk an action unless he was certain to win; and the wild mountaineers, seeing the disciplined soldiers fly before them, fancied themselves invincible, and hailed the moment when the drum called them to arms. That confidence still remained; as the only place where they had been repulsed was Mendigoria, and

there the actual balance of men killed was against the Christinos: and as Moreno, who led them on that day, had been removed, to make way for the Count of Casa Eguia, whom they looked upon with reverence as the adviser of Zumalacaregui, and were attached to, because he was a native of the province.

The road from Salinas to Irun is one of the most picturesque in Europe, and it winds the whole way through a valley or ravine, protected on each side by hills or mountains clad with timber or cultivated nearly to the summit. We found ourselves again between long ranges of turnip-fields, or ground with the young wheat bursting into life; and as the cold was moderate, we enjoyed our ride and the scenery, and speculating on the beauty which it must unfold in May, when the young leaves are on the trees, or in October, when the autumnal tints give glory to the foliage.

It was at this pass of Salinas that the French, in the war of independence, lost so many men and convoys; and as it cannot be turned, (for the mountains right and left are almost inaccessible, except to guerillas,) it is evidently a barrier which can be defended by a few men against large numbers. If the mountains at each side do not rise laterally from the high road, there is but a short space of broken ground which will give cover to light troops;

and when it is considered that the army which, by great resolution and great good fortune, forces a way through the defiles as far as Salinas, will there be met by an almost impregnable position, with no other retreat than that through which the advance has been made, the prudence of the Queen's Generals will be commended, which keeps their post along the lines of the Ebro, or in the valleys through which it runs.

We got a capital dinner at Salinas; and the Patrona complimented the ambassadors with a bottle of old wine, and we were visited by a French officer who was acquainted with one of our party; and after dinner we saw a battalion of Navarese drawn up, and a squadron of lancers. Let it not be supposed that the battalions of Don Carlos are wild troops met together out of a spirit of independence, and unwilling to submit to discipline; as they are in reality perfectly organized, with the full complement of officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, and they are regularly drilled and efficient in the simple manœuvres necessary for the service: and as to their submission to discipline, we had unhappily a specimen; for a man who had been tried by a court-martial, and convicted for disobedience of orders, was punished in the middle of the square before us. He was tied over a drum, and six men

beat him for almost three minutes with canes as thick as the little finger—the sentence having been read before the battalion, and the drums sounding during its infliction. He was then admonished, if the offence was repeated he would be discharged the service, which is a disgrace most dreaded by a Navarese. Punishment, as I understood, seldom takes place, but a crime is never passed over, particularly that of robbery of a peasant, which is met with instant death. Indeed, the Spanish soldiers are the best-conducted possible, and the crime of drunkenness, which leads our men into so many scrapes, is unknown to them, and it is with horror they speak of the cruel floggings which the *soldados comprados* are said to receive almost daily at Victoria. The lancers were a fine set of fellows, and the officer of our party, who had belonged to the Life-Guards, said he had seldom seen men of better form; and if Don Carlos could get together a couple of thousand equally as good, he would try his fortune in the plains.

Our road led through two large villages, before we reached Mondragon, where we understood the commander-in-chief actually was; and in each we found a battalion in marching order, with its ammunition in the process of being taken out of the magazines, and loaded on mule-back. Those regiments were fully as efficient as the others I had

seen, and the greater part were provided with their new clothing; but the muskets of all were in good order, and if some were but lightly clad, they seemed to regard it with indifference, as there was no want of rations or wine. The officers were gentlemanlike men, most of them of the Madrid *Garde-de-Corps*, or the Royal Guard, in Ferdinand's time; though there were some few mixed up with them, who were guerilla chiefs, and who had attained rank from having well deserved it, by keeping the country before Don Carlos came, and when their cause was almost hopeless.

These battalions included, we had not seen, since the morning, less than from ten to twelve thousand men, nor, within three days, under fifteen thousand, all organized and fit for action; so that our doubts about the army were set at rest, as, allowing for the division under Sarasa in Biscay, the whole number of eighteen thousand regular troops, independent of the *voluntarios*, for the internal service of the provinces, which had been given to me at head-quarters, was fully and substantially made out.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HAVING reached Mondragon, where the commander-in-chief for the moment was, before going to visit him, we asked at the guard-house, at the entrance of the town, where the English soldiers, of whom we understood there were 14 or 20 in the village, were to be seen, and we were informed that one of them was then on duty at that post. Having desired him to be called, we heard a voice exclaiming for the *Muchacho Ingles*, "the English lad," to stir himself; and, soon after, a man, about forty-five, rubbing his eyes as if just awoke from sleep, and staring wildly about him, on hearing his language, came forward. He was dressed in an old frock coat, with a great rent in his trowsers, his mustachios and hair out of order, his whiskers running to seed, and, in fact, looking the true pic-

ture of a soldier who had escaped from discipline, and forgot his self-respect. The following dialogue passed :—

'Are you an Englishman?'

'To be sure, your honour,—from Dublin.'

'Where do you come from?'

'Oh! your honour, from Ireland.'

'Very true; but where were you taken? or are you a deserter?'

'Deserter indeed! I was made prisoner at St. Sebastian, one day that I went to the sea-side to wash my face.'

'How do you like the service?'

'Mighty tolerable, your honour; only I don't see much of their money.'

'Do you get rations?'

'Why not? Both lashing and leavings.'

'Do you get wine?'

(With a grin.) 'Only a pint, your honour.'

'Do you get brandy?'

'When I get 'kasion (occasion), your honour.'

'Do they pay you?'

'To tell God's truth, the cash runs short somehow.'

'Do the men behave well to you?'

'Oh, the souls! they are mighty obliging.'

'Are you fond of them?'

'Indeed we come on very agreeable.'

'And the language, Pat?'

'Oh, Sir, I larned it three-and-twenty years ago, at the siege of Badajoz, and do you think I 'd forget it now, when it 's of use to me?'

'And the *Muchachas?*'

'Oh, your honour, God bless you! don't be funning me, *'tisnt* of them I 'm thinking.'

'Do you ever get drunk?'

(With a grin and wiping with the end of his coat the corner of his eye.) '*Arrah*, Sir, you make my mouth water.'

'Here are three pesetas; and give the guard a glass of wiau.'

'High my jewels!! long life to your honour! good luck attend you!'

'Where are the other Englishmen?'

'I 'll run and call the sergeant; we are eighteen Englishmen in all, Sir; but fourteen of us are Irish.'

He started off, and in a few seconds returned with two of his countrymen, one of whom had been a sergeant of marines, and the other a soldier; both well dressed and of very creditable appearance. I was surprised to see men of such good manners, and apparently of good conduct, deserters; but it was not safe, where we then were, to express our opinions of their unworthiness, as there can be no excuse for desertion, and they should, if dissatisfied, have found their way home to England, and not gone over to fight

against their own countrymen, as it appeared these fellows had done at Hernani. They justified themselves after their own fashion; but we gave them no countenance, and said our only motive in seeing them was to ascertain how many Englishmen were in the service of Don Carlos. They replied, that there were more than thirty, and that eighteen more were daily expected, and that they had petitioned Don Carlos to embody them together, and give them an English officer to command them. They admitted they were well fed and well treated, and had no other complaint but the irregularity of their pay, which was then two months in arrear. They asserted that many of the auxiliaries wished to come over, particularly the Irishmen, as they were Roman Catholics, and were well received by the people; but that a strict watch was kept over them, and the shooting of two men who had strayed from Bilboa had frightened them very much, as it was supposed Don Carlos's order, to put them beyond the Eliot convention, would be acted on. From them I further learned that the band of one of the English battalions had been taken, and was now in attendance on General Sarasa at Biscay; and the English boy we saw at Onate, as servant to General Marotto, was the son of the first clarionet-player. They also confirmed the account given me by the French

officers, of the conduct of the Carlists in action, and said it was impossible for men to fight with more courage.

We next paid a visit to the commander in-chief, and were cordially received by the Conde de Casa Eguia, though he was suffering under an attack of the gout, to which he is a victim; but he said he could not think of declining to see us after the long detour we had made to call on him. The Count is a fine old gentleman, at least sixty-five years of age, with large grey eyebrows, and grey whiskers, and white hair; but his appearance was anything but military; the gout having flown to his head, it was bound round with a kerchief, and his eyes were much inflamed. His whole frame exhibited marks of a desperate attempt made on his life when he was captain-general of Galicia in 1828, by means of detonating powder enclosed in a letter: his left arm was amputated, his right hand was short of two fingers, and his body, altogether, received twenty wounds more or less serious. The author, nor the motives, of the horrid design, have not been discovered. He was one of the Duke of Wellington's aides-de-camp during the war of independence, and speaks with gratitude of the Duke's kindness to him, and with admiration—and who does not?—of his great military talents; and he said he made it a rule to imitate the decision and

promptitude which marked all the movements of his great master.

The Count is a native of Biscay, but holding property in Navarre, and having connexion in the other two provinces ; and his character is so much respected in all, that, while he remained at Bayonne, Zumalacaregui wrote to him earnest entreaties to come in and assist him with advice, and finally declared that he would throw up the command if he did not do so. Thus pressed, he crossed the frontier, and Zumalacaregui would not undertake any project without consulting him ; and, as a proof of the estimation in which the Count holds the memory of his friend, all his personal staff are those chosen by Zumalacaregui. After the death of that hero, Don Carlos took on himself the command of the army, and appointed Moreno second under him ; which was, in point of fact, placing the war in his hands : but the troops were not satisfied,—first, because he was an Andalusian, of whom the Navarese hold a slight opinion ; and next, because all the chief officers declared that the European character of Moreno, whether well or ill deserved, unsuited him for the highest post; and, as the battle of Mendigoria was lost by him, and as the cavalry which Zumalacaregui always reserved, because he knew its weakness, became disorganized by being pushed forward out of time—Don Carlos

was obliged to yield, and he entreated Casa Eguia, who would have excused himself from age and infirmity, to replace him. It was understood, however, that the appointment was only temporary, and that when he has placed the troops in their highest possible efficiency, and organized the cavalry and artillery, he would resign the command to Villa Real, an excellent officer, and on whose fame public opinion has decidedly pronounced itself.

The old Count complained much that he could not bring Cordova to an action ; and he assured us that he had repeatedly offered battle within the last three months, which the other declined ; and he appealed to us if the flank march, which had been made almost under our eyes, did not give sufficient opportunity to the conjoined Spanish and auxiliary troops to attack him if they dared, their numbers being so superior to his. He further instanced that when lately he passed men into Catalonia and Aragon, he brought down a moderate force into the plains, almost under Lerin and Laraga, where the Queen's army were in force, in order to mask the movement which he was making on his left ; but nothing could induce Cordova to try his hand ; and all that the Queen's General could boast of since he (the Count) had taken the command, was the chance occupation of Estella by

Oraa; and even there that General was afraid to stay more than one day, and hurried in disorder to Lerin.

The old Count spoke with enthusiasm of the conduct of the troops, and wished much that an action would take place, in order that we might witness their daring courage; but he admitted that, until he procured more cavalry, his hands were tied up, so far as any forward movement was concerned. He was doing all he could to remedy that defect; he had called in 200 horse from the Curé Merino, and he had 800 good lancers, on whom he could rely; but it was necessary to double or treble that number before he could march in security on the plains. He would gladly fight, because his troops, certain of victory, desired nothing better every day; but the inaction of the Christinos gave him time for organization, and he was availing himself of it in such a manner that in three months he would be quite at ease. He spoke of St. Sebastian, and did not seem pleased with the bombardment of it; as there was no chance of taking the place, and the motives of the cannonade would be misconstrued; and, instead of being viewed merely as a demonstration of power on the part of the Carlists, and as a stratagem to draw Cordova and Evans into the mountains, it would

be set down as a deliberate siege, and a consequent failure.

Casa Eguia then confirmed all I had been previously told about the progress of the insurrection in Catalonia and Lower Aragon, and he assured us that there were 16,000 men in the former, and 10,000 in the latter, all armed and organized, and well officered and disciplined; and that 40,000 men were ready, if he could give them muskets. Seeing how much the veteran suffered from the gout, we took our leave; and he expressed himself much flattered by the visit, and offered every assistance in his power to our further researches. The night having come on, an escort of three lancers was provided; and under their guidance we soon found the way to Onate, having interchanged the *Quien vive?* at the advanced post, and were again hospitably welcomed, after eight days' absence, by our former kind host and hostess.

A good supper being a suitable finish to a hard day's riding, we adjourned to the *café;* and the beautiful mistress of it, and her old mother, almost embraced us with delight; for, independent of the attraction of three Englishmen setting the fashion at her house, there was the sum of ready money at the end of our visit, which, if I mistake not, was very acceptable.

The kitchen-fire being more comfortable than an apartment with the pan of ashes called a *brasero*, usually given to warm a room, we had our table laid before it, and superintended the cooking, and took care that our universal order, on entering every house, "*ni ajos ni cebollas*,"—"neither garlic nor onions,"—was attended to. The old woman put on fresh wood, and the young one her best smiles; and several officers, hearing of our return, flocked in, and we made a parlour of the kitchen, much to the discomfort of the Señora, but to the satisfaction of the Señorita, who thus had all her admirers grouped about her. This young woman was beautiful both in face and person; her manners were excellent, and her character without blemish, as all the Frenchmen in the service admitted. Indeed, she entertained the general distaste of her country towards that nation, and turned away from the compliments of these gay cavaliers to the sober talk of the Ingleses, whom, she said, were "*gente mas decente*"—"more respectable people." Her great curiosity was to discover the object of our visit; as to her all the gossips of the town flocked to hear the news; and she put her questions with all the ingenuity of an Old Bailey barrister. She told us that the general report was, that our military friend had come forward to offer Don Carlos a battalion of men,

equipped at his expense; that another was charged by friends in England to prepare the same; and that we were enormously rich, and ready to give two or three millions to the Infante, if he would condescend to accept of it. She also said, that the common soldiers and people did not like our visit to head-quarters, as we were coming now to offer assistance when the battle was won, and no aid was wanted; but that the people with *cabezas* (with heads), who reflected, contended that money, whether given early or late, should never be refused, and that good uses might yet be found to which it could be applied. In her own opinion, we were ambassadors sent to arrange the affair with Don Carlos; and she hoped we might succeed, as peace was better than war; but that no other condition would be listened to, than Don Carlos being placed on the throne at Madrid.

CHAPTER XXV.

This young woman was a good specimen of the Spanish female character, and of the equality that prevails among them, from the grandee to the peasant; she was composed in manner, and ready in reply, and listened to a compliment with as much ease as if bred in the palace; and her education was the same as if such had been her lot—it being confined, even in the best families, to a little embroidery and music, and a very little reading and writing. It is astonishing with what a slight stock of accomplishments a Madrid lady sets up in the world, and how admirably they can sustain conversation and inveigle hearts. A fan is her alphabet, and a *mantilla* her dictionary; and with these she can speak all the languages in

Europe; at least, I defy any man, from Archangel to Naples, not to understand her. The first lesson she receives is in the art of pleasing, and the first example she sees in her mamma is, how a lover is to be caught and managed. Nature teaches her the rest; and she sets up, at the age of sixteen, an accomplished coquette, and soon picks out a husband and a lover.

The kitchen was made up of all sounds and smells; and what between the bubbling of the *puchero*, the hissing of the frying-pan, the crying of an infant, the heavy foot of an Asturian underwench, the clang of an officer's sabre, the thump of a soldier's musket, the breaking of dishes, the yelping of a cur, the mewing of a cat, the jabbering of Basque, Spanish, English, and French, there never was such a riot since the days of Babel; and what between the steam of garlic and onions, not to enter more into particulars, since Apothecaries' Hall was opened, there was not such a combination of perfumes.

While we remained at Onate this was our club; and the French officers met us every evening to talk over the war and every thing in the world. These gentlemen were expatriated in consequence of their attachment to Charles X., and from having taken arms in La Vendée, and they belonged to the first families in Britanny; and I could not

but admire the gay temper with which they supported all the discomforts of a Spanish campaign, and the coolness which the people regarded them with, and Don Carlos was compelled to assume, in order that the ire of Louis Philippe should not more sensibly be excited. I found them all men of education and polished manners, and full of information on every thing connected with the service; and had many discussions with them, in order that I might be still more assured of the justness of the survey which I had just concluded in the provinces. Two had just returned from Catalonia and Aragon, and they astonished me by the accounts which they gave of the Carlist ascendency in both provinces. They assured me they traversed the high roads when and where they pleased, and entered into every town; the small Christino garrison generally retiring as they approached; and that they had even more comfortable quarters than in Navarre or Guipuzcoa. The Catalan nobility had all taken up the question as one of principle, and made subscriptions to pay the troops; and a spirit of emulation was arising between them and the Basque provinces, as they were determined to find the road first to Madrid. I earnestly begged of these gentlemen to confine themselves to facts, and rather to under-

rate than overstate the force; but they repeated, that I could depend on every word they said, and that Catalonia and Lower Aragon were, if possible, more Carlist than Navarre.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On Tuesday, the 14th of December, I left Onate, for the purpose of making a short tour in Biscay, and thus concluding the survey which I had originally proposed of the four Basque provinces. The morning was cold, and the roads were hard, in consequence of a severe frost which had fallen the night before; but we laid in a good provision against the one by means of a capital breakfast, and our little horses seemed to approve of the latter, in comparison with the broken ruts they had passed through on the mountains. We parted from our friends the evening previous, and received a thousand kind wishes for our happiness; and our beauty of the *Posada* was inconsolable at so soon losing her *Embaxadores Ingleses*, and prayed of us to return very speedily;

and she pressed our hands, particularly those of our military young friend; and I have suspicion that her peace of mind was rather benefited by the change of air which he, not she, was about taking.

I had a conversation with M. Cruz Mayor, the previous afternoon; and, as a proof of the frankness with which he is acting, I must mention that, when I said "I am going to Madrid, and I may be asked by diplomatic personages what your position here is; and though I can only speak the truth if I do give an answer, I can be silent if you think it necessary to require it, as no man has a right to come amongst you and carry away information for the service of your adversaries; and therefore be so kind as to tell me what you wish to have done;" he replied, "We have nothing to conceal: the greatest favour you can do us, is to speak candidly of all that you have seen. The King—of course, every one at Onate terms Don Carlos the King—is delighted to receive Englishmen like you, whose motives cannot be suspected. His cause is founded on truth; and by the truth being made known, it can be best served. You have seen more perhaps than any other stranger: you are at full liberty to speak of all you have seen." I had also the honour to take leave of Don Carlos; and cannot fail to remember the gracious manner in which he bade me a good

journey, and hoped that I had been well received in the excursion through the provinces. I know not what the capacity of the Infante may be for great affairs; but his courage and determination are proved by his present position—his love of order and capabilities for a good administrator, by his former life; and certainly for gentleness of manner and suavity of temper, five minutes in his society are sufficient to convince you of his possessing them in an eminent degree. I had the honour to take my leave, deeply impressed with a regard for his character, and with sympathy for his misfortunes; and I will gladly hear of any arrangement being come to for an amicable settlement of a question which now appears likely to be protracted for years.

It is to be feared, however, that the pride and enmity of both parties will repel all propositions for an accommodation; and I regret to say, that while I found at Madrid a determination not even to guaranty the *fueros*, I met at Onate an indisposition to listen to any terms short of the whole order of succession being continued. A marriage seems to be the only practicable mode of terminating the civil war, but that is attended with many difficulties, and Don Carlos will insist on his son reigning, not as King Consort, but in his own right; while the Regent Christina will require that her

daughter shall be Queen, by the repeal of the Salique law. If the parties to the Quadruple Treaty would take the matter seriously in hand, and, instead of dealing out such partial assistance as affords a momentary but not effectual strength to one, join in concluding the contest by a marriage, and give notice to both parties that an actual and sufficient intervention against one or the other must result in case of refusal, the existing strife might be appeased, and Spain opened to new institutions, consistent with the spirit of the age and the peculiar character of her people.

A short distance from Onate, we met the commander-in-chief, Casa Eguia, coming to head-quarters. He seemed still to labour under the effects of gout; and his head was wrapped up in a style not very martial. He was attended by three lancers, and appeared to manage his horse well, notwithstanding the only hand he had left was so much mutilated. We stopped and spoke; and after those ceremonies which Spaniards never fail to pay, and which must not be omitted with them, we passed on our way until the town of Mondragon came in view. While going through the main street, we were hailed in English by another of our brave auxiliaries who had come over. This rascal said he had been an upholsterer; but he had more the air of a London pickpocket, and

he told us, without shame, that he had taken the bounty of forty shillings, intending to desert, and that he had, in fact, made his escape, two days after his regiment's arrival in Spain. He begged some money from us; but while our military friend gave him a *peseta*, because he was a countryman, he let him know our opinion of his dishonourable conduct; but the fellow took the money and the abuse with the same composure, and, while he forgot the one, was not long in liquidating the other at the wine-shop. The Irishman I have previously mentioned was willing to come forward; but, finding from the tone of our voices that we were not complaisant to-day, he turned the corner of the street with a "God bless ye, and good bye, yere honours." We found at Mondragon one of the battalions of Castile receiving its new clothing, and several officers who were preparing for the expedition into Catalonia, then being organized, which, it was understood, General Marotto was to command.

The division of four thousand men which Guerege had taken into that province, in August last, were all Navarese; and they, not agreeing with the Catalonians—a feud existing for ages between these two people,—they were recalled, and a new body ordered to be collected, of six thousand men, from the battalions of Castile, which are com-

posed of either the men sent in from the Curé Merino, or from deserters or prisoners made from the Queen, and who have entered into this service. It will scarcely be believed, that there were eight battalions with Don Carlos, none of whom belonged to the provinces, and the greater part of whom were deserters or prisoners. Don Carlos sees that he cannot submit to true military discipline the mountaineers of Navarre, and that, even if they do pass into another district for a time, they will not cordially remain there; and therefore he is organizing the men of other provinces for a forward movement, which he calculates on making through Catalonia and Lower Aragon.

Guerege, though he performed one part of his mission well, allowed his men to become insubordinate, and several of them, who divided into small parties, were made prisoners, and therefore he is not to be again entrusted with the command; but Marotto is to replace him, and I am given to understand that the army is content with the selection.

We were accompanied by two French officers, one of them a gentleman of La Vendée, and belonging to a celebrated family, who volunteered and received permission to make a little tour with our party; the other, a captain of artillery, who had the superintendence of the foundry at Ellorio, and was now bound thither to hasten the supply of

shells and balls to St. Sebastian. This officer had great difficulty in getting out of France, being arrested twice or thrice; and even after he had made good his passage, he was suspected by the Carlists and kept in confinement for some time, until he was enabled to prove his rank and character. He attempted to cross the frontier first by contraband, but he was laid hold off by the custom-house officers and conducted to Bayonne; then he attempted to go from Behobia by sea, but he was stopped by a gendarme; and having declared that he was on a mission to the Christinos at St. Sebastian, his passport was sent back and regularly signed by the Spanish consul, as well as by the French authorities. He arrived at St. Sebastian, but suspicion having been created, the governor determined to arrest him; but his landlady got notice of what was in agitation, and in consequence of her hints he found means to escape from that fortress. But he was again stopped by a *Pesetero*, at a place called Porte Rouge; but he prevailed on this man by a bribe of twenty francs not to detain him, and as he alleged that he was a Frenchman, belonging to the men-of-war then lying at Passages. He then turned to the mountains and soon fell in with a Carlist party, who conducted him to their chief, by whom he was passed on to another; but there suspicion of his

being a spy having arisen, he was put under arrest, and it was not until his case was strictly investigated that he was admitted into the service. He has since been elevated to the special confidence of Don Carlos, not only from his gallant conduct in action, but from his scientific acquisitions, and he now rode a horse and wore a sword which the Infante had presented him with the day previously.

The road from Mondragon wound round and finally almost ascended to the top of that sublime sugar-loaf mountain which we had so often looked at in our journey; and we saw with surprise that, while the very summit was but a peak of craggy rock, the sides, even to a great elevation, were tilled or fit for pasture; and the view it now afforded us of the plains and hills of Biscay, was one of great magnificence, and varied from the kind of country which we had hitherto passed through; as, while Navarre is plain or rock, Guipuzcoa a succession of undulations, and Alava a flat, Biscay is a combination of hill and valley, of abrupt mountains towards the sea, and of smiling dales in the centre. Production was everywhere visible, and the whole land green with the young wheat; and flocks of sheep or herds of cattle gave assurances of the rural wealth for which this province has been long renowned.

I am quite satisfied, though thick the population of the four provinces is, that a full crop of one year must be equal to three or four years' consumption; for, as the hills are fertile, and even the mountains under cultivation, and as they rise closely to each other, like the waves on an agitated ocean, the surface must be, moderately speaking, four times as much as if the country were a plain. And it is only by a conviction of that fact that the present abundance of the provinces—after two years and a half of civil war, and after the immoderate supply of rations to both armies, on an average eighty thousand a-day when the Christinos held the high and the Carlists the mountains, and forty thousand, daily, at present—can be accounted for. It will be further remarked, that the content of the people now arises from the circumstance that they have only one army to feed; and, though they desire peace, and would gladly welcome an arrangement, they do not complain of a state which is comparative happiness with what they before experienced, and in which they have security in their houses, employment for their sons, and the pride of independence and of conquest. During the year of Rodil and Miná's burnings and extortions the condition of the inhabitants was deplorable, and the feeling for their ancient privileges must indeed be deep,

which enabled them to hold out against his power and contributions.

It not unfrequently happened that the Alcalde of a village has had to provide two thousand rations in the morning for the Queen's troops, and two thousand in the evening for the Carlists, in the neighbouring mountains; and there are many instances where the poor Alcaldes have been punished for having supplied the other party, though he had previously complied with the full demands of the power in whose hands he was at the time. Indeed, the post of chief-magistrate became so hazardous that none of the better people would accept of it, and the Queen's Generals were obliged to make it a compulsory election; and the poor devil was shot if he had not greatness thrust upon him; and fined, and sometimes shot, if he complied with the demands made on him in virtue of that honour.

The wealth of Biscay consists in cattle, as well as of tillage; and I saw many droves still—good beef in prospect for the Carlists—though the supply of rations had for so long a period been unceasing.

I should not omit stating, that while the country has been enabled to bear up against the civil war, the towns have suffered severely, and they will long have to lament the consequences of the contest. In the

first place, every wealthy person, whether Christino or Carlist, removed his family to France; and their houses are to be seen closed and deserted, with the broken panes of glass giving assurance of desolation; and in the second, the usual traffic and bustle of a country town has been suspended, particularly those of Biscay, which drew supplies of English goods from Bilboa, and distributed them over the country, at prices, I may say, lower than the London retail shopkeepers; as, even now that the usual communication is suspended, silk handkerchiefs, similar to those I had lately paid five shillings for in Regent Street, were offered me at a dollar in Ellorio.

The Spanish country towns are, at all times, notoriously sombre, as the women do not appear in the streets, except on holydays *(dias de fiesta)*; and, perhaps, a person who passed through these villages, three years since, would not perceive a difference now: but one who takes the trouble to examine, will find the truth of what I say, and that, while the agricultural parts of the provinces are uninjured, the towns feel seriously the civil war. It will also be found, on investigation, that the principal families in the cities were in favour of the Queen, as they would gladly submit their politics to convenience, and were satisfied to ac-

quiesce in the existing order of things; but the country, to a man, is for Don Carlos; and the very same thing, on a more limited scale, occurs here as in England—the city interest is opposed to the agricultural.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE French officers, our companions, were attended by a young *Chouan* from La Vendée, who, from former instruction, seemed quite at home in this warfare, and took his part in all the mountain excursions of the Navarese. Nature and early habits are powerful, and the young fellow preferred leading a wild life among the hills, with the risk of being shot, to the comfortable berth which his friends had procured him elsewhere, because in it he had been compelled to rise at five o'clock in the morning.

We met several peasants in their best dress, as this was a holyday; and though there was no rain nor snow, nor any appearance of either falling, every one of them was provided with an umbrella; that appendage being supreme *bon ton*

in the provinces, and no rural exquisite venturing to show himself at church without it. Such is fashion—in Regent Street a cane—in Biscay an umbrella.

We soon arrived at the snug village of Ellorio, where I recommend the *Posada* as superlative in the articles of chocolate and sweet biscuits, and the houses as remarkably neat—the property of cleanliness and order being indispensable in Biscay; and, after an interchange of compliments between the landlord and our party, we left the horses to bait, while we walked a short distance from the town to the foundry. We found the men at work, making cannon-balls, and heard from them that business proceeded daily without interruption, though at a snail's pace—not more than sixty being turned out each day—and that two mortars had been cast lately; and they are able, if required, to cast large cannon. There was a good stock of charcoal and material; but money was wanted to push the operations to their full extent.

There was not a soldier at Ellorio, nor within some leagues of it; and it caused some surprise, when we found that the Christinos were at Victoria and Bilboa, and that this manufactory lay within a few leagues of both, that they did not attempt to cut off and destroy the works, and that the busi-

ness of the foundry went on in the most perfect security. These are the extraordinary points connected with this contest, which are so little known to the people of England and France; and one must really pass through the province, as we did, in every direction, before he can be convinced how absolute the power of the Carlists in them is.

After a short stay in this village, we passed on to Durango, so well known for its military importance in covering Bilboa, and so useful in this war as the centre of the great roads from Victoria, Bilboa, and Tolosa, and having, in fact, by the possession of it the whole command of Biscay. The English auxiliaries were so convinced of this, that they attempted to get possession of it twice, but they were on each occasion obliged to return into their lines. It was from Durango that Espartero set out in June, this year, with five thousand men, to relieve Villa Franca, then besieged by Zumalacaregui, and when he was so certain of success, that he abandoned the high road and took the shorter way by the mountain of the Descarga; and it was to this place that he fled in dismay the next morning—his men being surprised by the Carlists, and no less than one thousand of them made prisoners. The great captain escaped by jumping out of a window of a farm-house, and his people arrived here in

the greatest disorder; and the news of his defeat having been conveyed to the town he intended to relieve, it surrendered at discretion; and the great moral blow, which led soon after to the abandonment of all the line of forts, struck against the Queen, and in favour of Don Carlos.

It was also from Durango, that while the Carlists were advancing against Bilboa, the officer who held it fled in terror, and by which Zumalacaregui was enabled to make his approaches at ease towards that place, (afterwards so fatal to Don Carlos, not only by the death of that chief, but by the repulse he experienced,) and in consequence of which the Carlists have ever since been enabled to keep a corps of observation at Galdacano, about two leagues from Bilboa, and now to push their outposts under the very nose of the town.

Durango is the birth-place of the Count of Casa Eguia, the commander-in-chief, and it appears to have been a smart bustling place in former times; but the usual nourishment is cut off, which it received from Bilboa, and it languishes like a sickly child. It has a public walk for the day, and another for the night, and many pretty women, and a large market-place, and a church of great extent, and an inn where the French paper is rotting on the walls, and the landlady is going to ruin, and where you will get a bad dinner

and a heavy bill. Finding that General Sarasa had only two battalions with him observing Bilboa, and that no operations were going on in that quarter, further than the occasional interchange of shots by the outposts, we did not advance closer to Bilboa, and we took the road to the right with the intention of retracing our steps and gaining the high way to Irun.

We accordingly set out on a line of country not often visited by strangers, and through which Nature has been still more bountiful than in the other provinces, and where a capital road had three years since been constructed over the highest mountains, that might frighten the soul of even a Wade or a M'Adam. Our first visit was, however, to the town of Eybar, so well known in Spain for the manufacture of pistols, as Toledo is for swords, and where Don Carlos has at present his chief dépôt of muskets. We went through the works, and found the process going on, though not with the activity I expected; and the utmost yet turned out appeared to be six hundred stand of arms a month, though the foreman assured me he would deliver one thousand in this December. The guns were fabricated in five different establishments, and sent to the neighbouring town of Placencia for the last polish, and to wait the orders of Don Carlos.

This town was the most Christino in the province, and at the commencement of the struggle it armed all the people capable of carrying arms, and raised a fortification, and withstood a siege; but Zumalacaregui carried it without difficulty, and all the Queen's manufacturers are now converted into operatives for the other side. Many of the best inhabitants have gone away, and some fine mansions, particularly one outside the town, are in decay; and I fancy that few places have suffered so much from the civil war as this.

After leaving Eybar we entered the chain of hills over which the new road to Tolosa has been carried. It is impossible for me to do justice to the scenery, even seen to disadvantage while putting on the cold garb of winter, and it would require a far more romantic pen when the trees were in full leaf and Nature rejoicing in the strength of her summer beauty. I need only say that hills succeeded hills, swelling one from the other, all covered with the young corn and spangled with the white cottages of the farmers, and broken occasionally by some desperate crag, to improve by contrast the softer charms of the lesser elevations. It is perhaps the most poetical as well as the most fertile district in the four provinces; and the whole army of the Carlists, forced from their present positions, if they could hold this, might for

months find within it sustenance and shelter. The line of hills runs from Biscay into Guipuzcoa, and it is difficult to say which portion is the most beautiful; and I passed through it with the more satisfaction, as it is out of the beaten track, and only visited by the few adventurous persons who have not been terrified by the name of civil warfare from making the excursion.

I have another hint to give to my younger brethren of the road; and that is, not to hurry through the town of Ascotia, as we his seniors did, for it is famous for the beauty of its women; and I will pledge myself that whenever a fair Biscayna is met with more lovely both in face and person than the others, she has come from Ascotia. We saw, as we passed, some charming specimens; and any three *Ingleses* who clatter through as we did, will find it an excellent receipt for bringing all the damsels to the balconies; and as poaching is fair in this country, it will depend on their talents whether they can bring any down at a long shot. They appeared to me to be finely formed, with full eyes, dark hair, and that proud pouting expression, half love, half disdain, which none but a Spanish woman, however tender her heart may be, habitually assumes, with the exception of those of Cadiz, who pride themselves on being what we term *graciosa*, which means amiable.

I should not have left Durango without mentioning that the town of Guernica lies a little on the left, and it is worth being visited from the circumstance that Don Carlos, as Señor of Biscay, the title by which the Spanish monarch is known in that province, there subscribed the declaration to observe the *fueros* in the old pastoral manner required by custom; namely, under the few branches which are left of an old tree, and surrounded by all the notables of Biscay in their full gala. It has been described to me as one of those touching ceremonies which throw the memory back an age, or recall the good old times, when in the open air, and in face of the whole people, the chief selected as a ruler swore to observe the forms and freedom which had till then been handed down as a birthright, and from which they would never be alienated.

It was in this province, where the people are thus warmed into an attachment to the soil by the open promulgation of the charter of their liberty, that the standard of revolt against the Queen was first raised; and though the character of the people is not so bold as that of the Navarese, it is possible that it may be the last where it shall be overthrown. Zavala, in October, 1833, after the death of Ferdinand, lost not a moment in proclaiming Don Carlos at Bilboa; but the train not

having ignited elsewhere with the rapidity which he expected, he was forced to give up the town, which from that period the Christinos have succeeded in holding. Such was the certainty of success with which the first attempt was made, that a guard of honour was raised to receive Don Carlos, and a uniform prepared, which now may be seen in neighbouring villages, worn by those persons who have been compelled to fly to the country on the arrival of the Queen's army.

The people of this province are said to be less courageous than those of the other Basque districts, and there are few feats to be recorded of them in the progress of the warfare ; but I understand that any inefficiency which may be observed arises from want of the organization of their superiors, rather than from any absence of head or heart; and the men who have been draughted into other battalions have shown themselves always in the right place. The province has been, from the commencement of the struggle, mal-administered, and it is only now, that, under a new arrangement, the resources of it are brought forth, and the people left at their ease ; and Don Carlos looks to it both as a pasturage and granary, where he is certain to find abundance, though his re-

sources fail him elsewhere. Guernica also comes in for its share of honour in this warfare, as one or two battles have been fought there to the disadvantage of the Christinos.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BETWEEN the towns of Ascotia and Aspeitia we got a fine view of the celebrated convent of Jesuits, built in honour of the founder of that order, and close to the house where he was born, which house is now incorporated with the main building. The church and the monastery are very extensive; and if the original plan were completed, which of course is now abandoned for ever, would have been enormous; but one whole wing is without a roof, and only the basement of another perfect. Ignatius Loyola, the celebrated founder of the Jesuits, exchanged on a sick-bed at Pampeluna the libertine principles of a military rake for the severe aspirations of a monkish devotee; and that bed is now preserved as a relic in the convent, where, if all that is said of Spanish monks be true, the con-

versions have been of late years all the other way, and many a seeming saint has changed into a certain sinner. However, Rodil found means to thin the order, and out of fourteen brethren he sent thirteen to Madrid ; and the only one who now remains to do the honours of the house is an old Jesuit of seventy-five, whose age and incapacity found favour in the eyes of the spoiler.

This church and convent are more renowned than in my opinion they merit: the interior is less rich than many of minor fame, but the exterior, seen particularly from a distance, where the incompleteness of the parts is not visible, is magnificent; and the impression of that view is so predominant that the beauty of the whole is taken for granted ; and, as the traveller approaches or parts from it, he does not cease to wonder at the immensity of a structure thus cast away among the mountains from what he has been accustomed to consider the civilized world. The convent dates about 110 years after the death of Loyola. The interior was seen by our party by a bad light, and all the declamation of the clergyman who acted the cicerone was thrown away, as none of us responded to the panegyric which he lavished on every morsel of marble or of gilding ; and, while he went over every part in detail, our attention was occupied by the interior of the great dome and

the general effect of the whole, rather than the decoration of any particular point.

The gentleman who took so much trouble to please us was the parish priest of a neighbouring village, and he told me that when Rodil carried fire and flame through the country, he and all his friends of the district fled to the mountains, and remained there, often under great suffering, until the despoiler went his way. The parish clergymen of Spain are a class altogether distinct from the monks and friars, and they are a public benefit, while the others are a nuisance; and every stranger travelling through the country, who finds himself in difficulty, should apply to them, as he may be certain to be well received and assisted. Their stipend is miserable, seldom exceeding one hundred pounds sterling a year; but their management is so good that their houses are the most comfortable and orderly in the villages; and the French officers I met with informed me that they always made it a point to secure a billet on the curé, certain of finding a good bed and good food.

It was in this neighbourhood that Zumalacaregui was once so nearly taken by Espartero and Jauregui. He had made a show of fighting, in order to draw one of these generals into a disadvantageous position, and then hasten down a superior force upon him, according to his usual tac-

tics; but the other came up unexpectedly, and the Carlist chief found himself at nightfall shut up between two armies, who only waited for the morning to pounce upon their prey. In this dilemma his confidence and calmness did not desert him; and, while the Christinos thought they had him secured, he threaded his way, with all his battalion, through a mountain track, till then deemed inaccessible.

Before we arrived at Aspeitia we met General Montenegro coming from an examination of the batteries which he meant to open against the fort and harbour of Guetaria on the following day, and we subsequently found in the village two long 36-pounders, one eighteen, and a howitzer, with a thousand balls, which were on their route to the scene of action, having been removed from St. Sebastian, against which it was intended to keep up only an occasional fire; and we heard the fire of the Christinos against the works which were preparing for their reception. The General was glad to meet his late companions, and he talked familiarly with us as to the state of the army; and he then pushed on to hasten up his ammunition, as the reduction of this little port, and that of Legeitio, was reckoned indispensable in order to cut off the Christino communication along the coast. The Queen's people, aware of the pro-

ject, had strengthened the forts with English artillerymen, and a supply of shot and shell, and a continued cannonade was kept up to derange the Carlist operations; but the ground is so favourable to the covering of an approach, that the latter worked in safety, and would have mounted their battery on the following day.

From this we looked back, and took a long leave of Biscay, charmed, however, with the short survey of it, and convinced that without an increase of force the Queen had no chance of wresting it from Don Carlos. The south and east of this province were secure; and the troops observing Victoria, and commanding the pass of Salinas, could be brought in a few hours to meet any mass which might attempt to reach Durango, which is the point most valuable as a centre; but the western road by Balmaseda was to a certain extent open, and the Christinos by the aid of their cavalry had the means of marching into Bilboa when they pleased. Sarasa, who had the command, does not employ more than three thousand men—the other battalions being added to the army of operations; but if Cordova and Evans were to strike at any point, Villa Real could come to his relief, and the outside movement of the Christinos be anticipated by a cross march of the Carlists.

Aspeitia is a smart village, and we were well treated at a snug inn, where two pretty girls and their old mother did the honours of the house; and we made a family party by the kitchen-fire, which we were glad to resort to, instead of the vile *brasero*; and we made our own coffee, and overlooked the cooking of our supper, to the great delight of the womenkind, and of three brave *voluntarios* who were about to offer their services to the expedition destined for Catalonia. We also heard a maternal harangue delivered by the old lady to her son; she intending him for a curé, while he aspired to be a captain; and to the ingenious arguments which he brought forward in favour of the sword against the church: and by it we were enabled to understand another characteristic of the people of these provinces, and the anxiety with which they devote their children to the altar, because of the position which the clergyman holds in the community—the station of the family is advanced with his. "You will have the best house in the village," exclaimed the mother. "I will have the best horse in the squadron," replied the son. "You shall be a bishop," rejoined the old dame. "I will be a General," cried the son. "All the souls in the parish will be in your keeping," said mamma. "The only souls worth having are those of the girls," responded young hopeful. "*Caramba!*"

said the dame. "C——," swore the son. The mother began to weep, the sisters to moan, the young soldier to laugh, and we blew up the fire till the water boiled, and then we had our hot coffee and tea, and made what is called in Ireland a *cozy* party.

The next morning at break of day we continued our route to Tolosa and Astigaraga, where we were well received and kindly welcomed by our former hostess.

The following day, while I remained at the inn to bring up my journal, my friends made a short excursion to St. Sebastian, and they found that the Carlists had, after getting possession of the convent of San Bartolomeo, made approaches as far as the suburb of San Martin, on a level with the town, and within three hundred yards of the ditch. They had established batteries both on the hill of San Bartolomeo and on the lower ground; but they were not mounted, and it is even doubtful whether they will be, as the Carlists had no idea of sitting before the town in form, and their object was merely to give a proof of the power which they had in their hands, of throwing at their pleasure shot and shell into the strong fortress of the Christinos, or to induce Cordova and Evans to come to its relief; in which case they could draw on a battle, with the ground in their favour, which advantage is indispensable as long as their cavalry is imperfect.

The convent was terribly cut up—first, by the fire of the Carlists, in dislodging the Christinos, and now by the shell and shot of the fortress in trying to annoy the new occupiers; but all the smoke was without a result, as not a man was lost—only two were wounded, and the state of the ground favoured so much the approaches, that the men worked the whole way under cover. The Carlist young troops did not mind the cannon-balls, or rather they rejoiced at hearing the gun fired, as the shot was soon picked up from where it fell, and the premium of a *peseta* claimed on finding it; and they showed their collection of 200, made since they took the hill, with great glee at the prospect of having to return them upon the devoted town within a few days; but they were frightened by the shells, and the bursting of one above their heads, or amongst them, occasioned great dismay. Many of them at first were ignorant of their properties; and a young soldier who escaped unhurt by a kind of miracle, though the shell burst in the convent while he was trying to extract the fuse, fancied that the devil had come in an iron pot to blow the house about his ears, and spoke of it as if the thunder, lightning, and a tempest had accompanied Satan in his journey; and I think it would be doubtful if the men would stand to their work, were the supply of these infernal machines more abundant.

It was stated that when the Carlists first advanced against St. Sebastian, there was not a supply of ammunition in the castle; but Colonel Arbuthnot and a regiment of auxiliaries had come by the steamer to its relief, and brought a sufficient quantity of what was wanted. As one proof that the conduct of the war was not wholly destitute of humanity, it was with pleasure observed that the *Casa de Misericordia*, or alms-house, of St. Sebastian, was distinguished by a black flag, and placed beyond the line of fire, and that the daily supply to it was passed from the city by permission of the Carlists. About two hundred shot and shells had been thrown into St. Sebastian, which, if they did not effect much mischief, produced a great panic among the inhabitants; and the French steamer, the Meteor, and the Queen's steamer, the Reina Gobernadora, were engaged in conveying them by hundreds to St. Jean de Luz; and it was stated that no less than two thousand six hundred persons had been passed in three days. These unfortunate people, some with money, others with a small pittance, were distributed in the villages of the Bayonne road and in Bayonne; and so far were those places crowded, that twelve persons occupied the same chamber in more than one instance.

We arrived at Irun at mid-day, and prepared to

cross the river to the little port of St. Jacques, and we were neither troubled with civil or military authorities in so doing; all the torments of that nature being reserved for the French side of the river. Indeed, during the whole of our excursion in Spain, we were asked to produce our passports only once, and we did not in the most lonely part of the route meet obstruction or insult; and the servant of one of the party, who did not speak either French or Spanish, and went always in advance, often late at night, with the muleteer alone, was neither robbed, ill-treated, nor imposed upon; and perhaps I may say, *that these provinces are the only parts of Spain in which a traveller may pass on his way without being robbed.*

We met at Irun a French lady of distinction, who was about devoting her only son, a fine youth of nineteen, to the service of Don Carlos; and she had gone to great expense, and provided him with a thousand things unnecessary for such a campaign. I am pretty well acquainted with the enthusiasm of the French royalist families, and of the high-mindedness which has induced several in place, and loaded with honours, to abandon their interest, rather than violate their principles, but I have rarely seen it carried so far as in this lady; and I saw her rich, loving her only son with a mother's pride, devote him to a cause where he

would at the best be but coldly treated, because she believed that the principle of legitimacy which her friends so unsuccessfully fought for in France, hung upon the fate of Don Carlos in Spain.

I am not an admirer of these romantic expeditions; and the French Carlist, who leaves his country to fight for Don Carlos, and against the Queen, is exposed to the same reproaches which are urged against the *soldados comprados*,—auxiliaries of the Queen; but many of them have the defence that they have been exiled from their own country, and compelled to seek an asylum in another. Be this reasoning wrong or right, the lady in question cared little for the argument. In her mind the principle of legitimacy was a sacred one, to forward which all the members of her family had devoted their lives and fortunes; and she was now coming forward with the last stay of her house, the pride of her age, to place him on the altar of an imaginary country.

The young man was delighted at the prospect of a campaign; and what young Frenchman is not? and we bade adieu to the Marchioness and her son, wishing him a safe deliverance from the Christinos, and her the happiness of again embracing him. We then went down to our boat, attended by the French gentleman who had so kindly accompanied us from Onate, and for whom

we shall ever entertain the most friendly recollection, and were soon received at the French side of the river by the custom-house officers and gens-darmes, and escorted by two of them to the police at Behobia, by whom our papers were examined, and passports granted us for Bayonne.

We had been absent eighteen days, and we now came back delighted with our excursion, and having no reason to complain of any one incident in the whole course of it. We had been well received throughout, and every facility given to our investigation; and I believe few strangers have had the advantage of seeing so much of the country, or the privilege of inspecting in detail all the resources of Don Carlos as we had; and we returned with the full conviction that the truth is but little known, and that the Basque provinces are more exclusively devoted to Don Carlos than any one we had previously spoken with imagined.

We had visited every post, examined every scene of action, conversed with the peasantry and the troops, inspected the army and its materiel, crossed and re-crossed the country, and we all agreed in the same judgment, of the great improbability of the four provinces being reconquered by the Queen; nay, the impossibility of such an occurrence, unless the Carlists fall into that apathy so inherent in the Spanish character after success.

An army of 50,000 men, well appointed, and commanded by a General acquainted with the country, would be required even to make an impression; and not less than 150,000 could, by a system of occupation, as well as of operation, effectually get them under; and it is clear that all the resources of the Queen are insufficient to combine that strength.

But let it be granted that Cordova and Evans, with the aid now proposed to be given, can penetrate the provinces and occupy the high road, the warfare is but thrown back to the same state it was in May last, when the Queen commanded Biscay by the possession of Durango, Guipuzcoa by the high way from Irun to Victoria, Navarre by Pampeluna and posts in the Bastan, and Alava by Salvatierra and the villages in advance of Victoria; and when the Carlists from their mountains cut up the army in detail, and supplied themselves with arms, ammunition, and clothing from the Christino convoys and dépôts. The country, with the exception of a few persons in the towns, is wholly in favour of Don Carlos; and so deep a hatred to the Queen has been engendered by the atrocities of Rodil, Mina, and Quesada, and the attempt to extinguish their *fueros*, that the people will never submit to her rule; and if Don Carlos were to

abandon them to-morrow, they would still maintain the struggle for their own independence.

I speak of the provinces only, without reference to either Catalonia or Aragon, where the question is taking a broader feature, and is becoming national and not provincial—and where diversions, if they do not merit a stronger name, which I believe they do, are forming, which must employ large portions of the Queen's troops, and draw them from these districts—as I wish to confine myself simply to the places I have visited, and the points I have in person surveyed. The probable result of the war and the future state of Spain are subjects of deep importance, which would lead to speculations distant from my object in writing this sketch ; and I hope by confining my attention solely to the facts which came under my own observation, I shall obtain credit for giving a faithful picture of the COURT AND CAMP OF DON CARLOS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In consequence of the various accounts I had received in the Basque provinces of the successful progress of the war in Catalonia, I determined, after a few days' delay at Bayonne, to continue my excursion and to see the whole strength of the Carlists. My passport had been backed by the English consul on going into Navarre, and I had received an express permission in writing from the French authorities, to make the tour which I had just concluded; but, in order to do away with any objections which might be raised to my visiting any other part of Spain, I had my passport renewed for Barcelona, and the *visa* attached to it of the Spanish consul at Bayonne, who was aware no doubt of the visit I had paid to the head-quarters of Don Carlos. One of the gentlemen who formed our party in the Basque provinces determined to

accompany me to Catalonia, and we agreed to cross the south of France by Toulouse, Limoux, and Perpignan.

The traveller not acquainted with that part of the south of France, will be astonished at the wildness—almost savageness—of the country he passes through; and after once clear of the plains of Toulouse, he will see nothing but cold bare rocks, a road running close to precipices, a barren soil, and uncultured people talking a kind of jargon, mixed up of French, Spanish, and Italian, but so happily, that a person master of the three languages will be unable to discover a meaning in any thing that is said; and in the most poetical part of France the purity of Blois and the accent of Paris will not avail him. He will find the people rough and disobliging; the wine thick and heady, and the food with just as much of the French kitchen as extracts all the gravy from it, and just as much of the Spanish as kills you with garlic and oil.

The only matter that I can point out worthy of approbation, in the whole extent of the day's ride, is the placing of two *canteens* by the government in the centre of a barren and rugged mountain, where the stranger can find rest and refreshment, and where many a life has been saved during inclement seasons. It is a humane and benevolent

idea, and even the traveller by the diligence will have reason to be grateful; for, as by a happy complication of time, the breakfast is fixed at six in the morning and the dinner at eight in the evening, a morsel of bread and a glass of wine will be a welcome present at this station. The old woman who has charge of a *canteen* is the most civilized creature in the district, and as she can speak and understand French, and serves her wine from a magnum that holds a gallon, she will win your heart by the fullness of her tongue, or the fullness of her measure.

Such a mountain in Spain would be invaluable to a band of robbers, as there is neither defence nor escape; but that mode of transacting business is out of fashion in France since the revolution of July, and I believe there is only one instance on late record of a diligence being robbed in this department; and the head which planned the attack of sixteen men of straw and one with arms, has since been cut off by the guillotine. The artist I allude to dressed up a number of sheaves of corn as men, and stuck pieces of sticks pointing like muskets from them, at some distance from the road, and then boldly advancing to the carriage himself demanded the instant delivery of watches and money, under the threat of a fire

from his whole platoon; which demand being quickly complied with by the affrighted voyagers, the diligence was suffered to pass on, and the straw band was left in the display of his vanity to commemorate the robber's exploit.

Within a few miles of Perpignan, the mountain is passed by a break-neck road which admits but one carriage, and where no parapet is built to save you from a false slip into eternity, and an extensive view is obtained of the celebrated plain of Roussillon, famous for its cultivation of wine and oil, but more particularly of the former. It is the best wine of the Midi, but too full of fire to be taken in quantity, and it requires great nicety in the management to free it from its thick and gross qualities, and reduce it to that purity which makes it valuable at Paris, and settles the stomach of John Bull when grumbling under the influence of Bordeaux.

The same plain also produces the delicious white wine of Muscat, each farm giving the addition of its name to its own growth, and great waggons are met in every part of the road, labouring under the pipes and butts of the generous produce. The vale is spoken of in terms of rapture, and perhaps it deserves them in a summer's sun; but as I saw it, it appeared to be a dry and sandy plain, unre-

freshed by even a scanty verdure. However, it is the vale of Roussillon, and it is classic to admire it.

Perpignan is, perhaps, the dullest hole in France, and worthy its twin sister on the western coast, Bayonne, for gloominess and *ennui*. I thought Bayonne was bad, from the vulgar finery of its antiquated duchess to the pert ugliness of its Sunday grisette; but Perpignan carries off the palm, and I question whether an exile to Siberia, or to this fortress, would be the greatest punishment. What has it to recommend it? The streets are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty; the houses are dull, formal, and like prisons; the men are neither French nor Spaniards, and the women as plain as Nature in an angry mood could make them. The promenade is a sandy path, and the fortifications not worth inspecting; therefore Perpignan is to be shunned, and, if once entered, to be abandoned as speedily as business will allow. It might be made a useful stepping-stone into Spain, if a plan, which is occasionally put into practice, of running steamers between Marseilles and Barcelona, to touch at Port Vendres, about twenty miles from Perpignan, was resolutely kept up and established for stated periods; but it is only an occasional aid, and the town languishes from the lack of those passengers that came through it when the whole of the Spanish road

was open, and when the usual trade with Catalonia could be carried on.

The steamers run now about twice in the month, calling at Barcelona, Taragona, and Valencia, and keeping up a communication between those places by sea, which has been abandoned by land since the Carlists have become so powerful, and cut off the horses of the post, and burned the diligences; but there is no stated period at any of the stations, and you may have the satisfaction of finding after several days' travelling, to meet the calculation of time that has been given, that you arrive a few hours after the steamboat; she having anticipated, without any notice, her usual course of transit.

It is a political and statistical fact, that there are no Quakers in France—for what reason I am sure I do not know; but the cap of the women at Perpignan is so like that worn by the fair daughters of Obadiah Prim, that an Englishman, accustomed to the gentle sisterhood, imagines, on clearing the gates, that he has landed in the original colony, or that the whole of the fair Friends have been transplanted by magic to this fortress. How, amid the variety of head-dresses which French provincial coquetry has invented for women, the close-fitting, quiet, unbecoming cap of the Quakeress was chosen for Perpignan, my philosophy cannot discover; but the fact is so, and, whether it

be the *limonadière* at the *café*, or the milk-maid at the market, all the brows are close-bound, and the chins tucked up in the flat band and antique stay of Mrs. Fry, or any other member of the benevolent Society.

The circumstance is so striking, that I carried a sailor countryman of mine round, peeping into all the milliners' and tape shops, while he wondered by what strange fatality so many Quakeresses were collected at Perpignan, while none are to be seen in the other provinces; and it was not easy subsequently to convince him that the close-reefed topsails did not hail from the Society of Friends. Amid this collection of caps, there is one which I beg to bring under particular notice of strangers, and that is the mistress of the hôtel Petit Paris, who is a most amiable person, and combines as much comfort in her rooms and table as the town will admit of. I also praise her for the goodness of her heart; for, finding that I was going into Spain by land and not by steam, she almost went on her knees to dissuade me from the risk, assuring me that I must be waylaid ten times in a day, and certain to be beaten, if not murdered, by the party who arrived too late to profit by the spoils of my original lading. She recounted to me the various persons of her acquaintance who had been plundered, instanced the several times that the diligence had been burned, and explained that the

Carlists, being masters of the line, no one now ventured to travel—the post and the diligence being suspended, and the whole communication being carried on by sea. Her husband joined in the same entreaties; and, as all the persons I was recommended to urged similar remonstrances, I will state here the reasons why I adopted the opposite course, as it may serve to guide future adventurers on this road.

I argued thus: Whether Spain be in a state of civil war or not, there is a chance of being robbed, and therefore the very prudent should never cross the frontier. It being in civil war, the chances are lessened, not increased; first, because all the unemployed, who become robbers, are now attached to one party or the other, and subject to military discipline, and they will not stray in small bands of plunderers, from the dread of being picked off by the outliers of the other side; secondly, because when the diligence ran, the robbers knew the precise time and place to catch it; and now it is not worth their while to watch the whole day for a chance passenger; and, thirdly, if they do stop, they will be glad to make off with a purse of a few dollars, which you will have ready to present, and not venture on the regular practice of unlading the carriage, and opening all the parcels, in search of hidden money and watches.

CHAPTER XXX.

FORTIFIED thus in logic and resolution, in company with the English military friend who was determined to see something of the fun, I started from Perpignan by a diligence which still continued running from that fortress to Figueras, the first large town within the Spanish frontier, and beyond which the Carlists had not as yet pushed up their posts, and, about the break of day, arrived at the last French village, where the ever-watchful gendarmes were in waiting to examine our passports.

We then entered the gorge of the mountain, and began slowly to ascend the Pyrenees, which, though less elevated here than in any part of their extended line, from St. Marcial to Port Vendres, gave two hours' toil to the stout horses that drew our carriage. The road is admirable, and winds

about the hills so as to break the steepness as much as possible; and several fine views of the neighbouring mountains, now capped with snow, or of the plains of Roussillon, are to be obtained at the turnings of the route; but we were bound for Catalonia, and this side of the mountain had but few charms in comparison with those which imagination presented of the other province into which, though pretty well acquainted with Spain, we had not yet entered.

We met several peasants, some smugglers, other Carlist spies, that had just cleared the frontier; and the red cap worn by the Catalans in common with the Neapolitan and Maltese, the short jacket, loose trowsers, but, above all, dark olive complexion and wild black eye, proved that we had before us true specimens of the Spanish blood, which no Frenchman, whether full-bred or mongrel, can be distinguished by. These fellows scowled at us as we passed by, and we all agreed that a covey of wilder birds had seldom been sprung on a mountain side, with this slight error in our metaphor, that at the proper time and place we should have been the game, and our friends of thered caps the sportsmen.

At length we reached the topmost height, close to the fort of Belgrade, which marks the French frontier, and, having had our passports registered

and our luggage cleared, crossed a small ravine, along each side of which a little parapet is thrown up, and between two pillars, which are the stamp of Spain, we bade adieu to Languedoc, and made good our landing in Catalonia.

I have heard it said that a marked difference is to be perceived at the two sides of the frontier, and that, while France is rich and fertile, Spain is poor and barren; but nothing can be more unjust, for the Catalonian country is far superior in every respect to that of the rival province. The change is most decided in favour of Spain, and, after labouring through rugged hills and mountain-passes, you open, the moment the dividing barrier is past, on a wide and highly-cultivated table-land, with abundance of tillage in olive-grounds, spread in every direction. Occasionally, a patch of wildness intervenes, to remind you that Spain is not all smiles; and the wild pine or solitary cork-tree are the only tenants of the soil; but these dull spots are infrequent near the frontier, and you find a better and a wider road, and a cleaner—to use a gardener's phrase—country, than that which you have left behind.

Spain is a country changing in every province, and the frontiers of Guipuzcoa, Navarre, Aragon, and Catalonia, differ one from the other, while the whole French line presents a uniformity of culti-

vation; and no one must imagine who passes from the fertile land of the Basque into the untutored passes of Aragon by the Oleron and Jaca roads, that he is to find the same characteristics in crossing from Languedoc to Catalonia by that of Perpignan and Figueras. Catalonia is, in truth, a beautiful province, full of industry, and distinguished for cleanliness, at least, so far as this particular line describes; and I looked with pleasure on the neat white-washed cottages and well-tilled farms, and found even on the threshold traces of that laborious spirit which distinguishes this people almost beyond that of any other part of the kingdom.

With these impressions we arrived at the first village, called La Jonquiera, where our carriage was unloaded and the baggage examined with the utmost strictness which the law prescribes, and the young manufactures of the province demand; but which a bribe of one dollar to the officer engaged will cause not to be observed, and which, of course, being good friends to honest customs, we did not fail to bestow. I had been told that the examination would be most rigorous, but four or five *pesetas*, just applied in time, closed the eyes of the searchers, and we hurried off as fellows not worth their notice.

We had been advised not to take any papers

that might indirectly compromise us, as the strictest search would be made for every scrap that could smell of Carlism, and I, according to the maxim of not giving a chance away, had previously destroyed several memoranda connected with the war: but I might have saved myself the trouble; for not a paper, not a case was unlocked, and we could have brought Don Carlos's commission to the whole province undiscovered, so admirably is Spain managed on that economical principle, lately introduced into England, of paying the public servants the least possible salary, as an inducement to them to cheat the Government and the people.

We were surrounded by a wild band of national militia, wrapped up in variously-striped blankets, and looking as savage as a lover of the picturesque could desire; and we were addressed by one or two officers, who fell into respect when they found that we were Englishmen and not Frenchmen; a marked animosity being here, as well as elsewhere in Spain, visible against the latter country.

La Jonquiera was entered by Guergue in his late excursion from Navarre, and held for some time in the name of Don Carlos; but on the retirement of that chief it was abandoned, much to the regret of the French Carlist agents, who found it most serviceable in passing their correspondence,

and of securing the contraband, which without it is attended with more than usual peril, as the person or papers which escape the French line of officers may fall into the hands of the Queen's—a double risk, which would be avoided by the possession of a frontier post.

The road from La Jonquiera to Figueras has nothing remarkable to distinguish it, and we arrived at ten o'clock at the latter town, without seeing or hearing any thing of the Carlists; the frontier being thus far perfectly secure, and the customary business of the country transacted under the confidence of the troops which are stationed in the fort or citadel.

The town is handsome, the streets being wide and the houses well-built and white-washed; and the market-place was in a bustle, it being a fête-day, and all the señoritas and country maids decked out in their best attire. The close cap of the French side is here exchanged for a white muslin kerchief spread over the head and extending into wide wings beyond each cheek, and then loosely tied under the chin, resembling in a marked degree the head-dress of the Greek and Armenian women at Constantinople. Some of the better classes had the muslin fringed with lace, and drawn closer to the face, after the fashion of the mantilla, and some of the peasantry had a kind of thin flannel

substitute for muslin; but the great majority wore the costume I describe, softening by so much white the dark tint of the complexion and deepness of the eye, but inferior in every respect to the beautiful white mantilla worn at Seville and Cadiz, and adding a magical sweetness to the bright lustre of the Andalusian beauty.

The women of Catalonia are famous for fine busts and pretty feet, and one of their sayings is emphatic in that regard; but the specimens I saw here were far inferior to those of Biscay or of the South; and, however beautiful the feet may be, the rest of the person is ungainly, and deficient in roundness and symmetry.

The fort of Figueras is very strong, and completely overlooks the town and the country; and it then contained some four hundred troops, to observe the high road; but when Guergue passed, there were not 100 men within it, and so little discipline was observed, that it might have been surprised, and would have been an invaluable possession for the Carlists. But it must never be forgotten, in speaking of this war, that both parties have the same national defects, and that no officer, except Zumalacaregui, at the side of Don Carlos, seemed to have understood the value of sudden and well-concerted operations; and they are all equally remiss in availing themselves of

unexpected attacks, and of allowing their plans to become known before they are put into execution.

The inn at Figueras was excellent, and we were served with a capital breakfast of coffee, fish and fowl, within five minutes after our arrival; which having despatched, we began to take measures for our farther progress; the French diligence finishing its work here, and no regular conveyance for the interior being established.

A Portuguese gentleman, who came with us in the diligence, having requested leave to join, we hired a covered cart—not on springs—called a *tartana*, capable of holding four, into which ourselves and luggage were speedily stowed away; and the owner of it and two horses being bribed by treble the usual payment, we started from Figueras, to the surprise of the people of the town, who all agreed that if we escaped being robbed and beaten we should have more than usual luck.

We pressed our landlord hard to give us an opinion; but he, being known to have Carlist principles, declined to commit himself either way, further than one of those shrugs of the shoulders and dropping of the chin and under-lip, only to be achieved by a true Spaniard; and his pretty daughter smiled, and the kitchen-wench grinned, and our French conductor took leave of us as of men going to be executed, and we sallied forth

from Figueras with all the pride of a covered cart and a tandem—the seat being without cushions, and the roof so low that, at every jolt, our heads came in contact with the timber, and above and below we were equally well thumped.

Our military friend prepared his pistols and set out two swords, determined, with the spirit of a young Englishman, not to be plundered with impunity; but I, who had more experience of Spain, and understood the system of borrowing, which is always done by large bands, who are civil and content with a purse of dollars prepared for the occasion, if no resistance be made, but who invariably put to death the whole party if fight be shown, protested against the use of arms, and explained, to no purpose, the course adopted by all travellers in the Peninsula. The utmost I could obtain was, a promise not to fire, unless the party were not more than double our number, and to allow me to deal with the band, in case it were numerous and organized.

Under this agreement we commenced the campaign of Catalonia; being, I fancy, the only travellers who had ventured on the high road since the establishment of steamers from Port Vendres to Barcelona. The road lay through an extensive plain, with a very slight descent, the general level being much higher than that of Roussillon; in

some parts the culture being much advanced, while others were bare, and only graced by the pine or cork-tree. Towards the sea, the rocky barrier of the coast was seen, and a range of mountains, at the distance of some leagues, was parallel with the whole of our way on the right hand. These mountains, we were told, were filled with Carlists, who came down at their pleasure on the high road, sometimes by day, but always at night, to collect rations from the villages, in defiance of the Queen's men at Figueras. We met few travellers, and the villages we passed were tenanted only by old men or women; all the young men, as in Navarre, having fled to the Carlists in the hills, or being compelled to join the corps of Urbanos, or *Miqueletes*, as the Queen's guerillas are here called.

The country was cultivated, but not to the same extent as we had lately witnessed in Navarre; and the young wheat, which in the Basque provinces was strong above the ground, was in this district but beginning to peep forth. The chief culture seemed to be that of vines; but their stunted roots at this period of the year do not improve the landscape, and the main feature of the prospect were the extensive olive-trees, still bearing their fruit, and affording verdant groves in the depth of winter. I speak of winter, still smarting under the bit-

terness of the frost, which visited this year the whole South of France with more than usual severity, not from any sensation at the present hour; for the sky was beautifully clear, the sun warm, and there was no appearance of ice or snow having been on the ground, except where the distant mountains wore their usual livery at this season.

At a village, close to a bridge which crosses a narrow stream, we came upon another post of Christinos, the last to be found between Figueras and Gerona, and we saw that they had taken measures of precaution by building, at the entrance of the hamlet, a wall, about a foot in thickness, through which loopholes for musketry were made. The soldiers were surprised to see our party, and I could hear them chattering among themselves at the prospect of empty pockets and sore backs, which they believed awaited our imprudence.

We found the *tartana* a cruel mode of conveyance, and I know of no vehicle to be compared with it for bone-setting on a rough road. The luggage was heaped up at one end, and we sat on benches which ran along the sides, the driver clinging to the shaft, or walking alongside his horses; but every rut was an agony; and when we ventured on a trot, from the evident necessity we

were under of getting to Gerona before the night closed, our heads and the roof, and our backs and the sides, kept music with the motion—our feet being entangled in a kind of strong net which formed the floor.

Englishmen are a strange people, as all the world says, and are right in saying; and here were two men—one with no rational object, and the other with none beyond that of mere curiosity—abandoning their usual comforts, and risking their lives and dislocating their limbs, uncertain if a bed was to be obtained, and if a conveyance beyond the next stage was to be procured. But the pleasure of saying, "I was there," and "I did it," is a motive more generally urgent than the wise will allow; and so we were pushed on, or rather bumped along, till we came to a range of hills which seemed to bar the road, but over which a gentle ascent was made, till we came to the *venta* where the horses were to be fed, and we had to rest our aching bones. Not a soul was to be seen in the fields or on the highway, our driver significantly accounting for the fact by pointing to the mountains; and in truth I had seen but two men since we left the village, and these were skulking through an olive-ground, avoiding the main road, and crossing from one range of hills to another.

We were soon again in motion, and wound

among a succession of hills, finding every village in like manner deserted of its youth, until we approached Gerona, where a large Pueblo had its full share of population living in security from the vicinity of the garrison. The loophole walls were, however, erected at each end of the village, and men were stationed on the look-out, as the Carlists might venture on a surprise, in defiance of the troops at Gerona. The streets were filled with disorderly men singing or roaring with patriotism, and our equipage received a few curses as it passed, from the despair of being able to act with the usual impunity; as none of the harpies would dare to stir from their nest, even to perpetrate an honest piece of plunder, from the dread of being cut off by their friends in the mountains.

We reached the river on which Gerona stands, just as the sun set, and after crossing a bridge, and skirting along the river-side about two miles, through two outlying villages, we came before that city, celebrated for its sieges, and the heroic valour of its defenders, in the war of independence. The first impression was that of astonishment on finding it without a regular fortification, and only defended by a wall, without bastions, or angles, or connecting works; and we could not conceive how it could have held out for seven months and eleven days against the whole power of France,

until there was not a morsel of food to be had, and famine, not fear, capitulated. It was too dark to make further observations, and we passed the gate, and through the narrow streets to the *posada* of the diligence, a very good inn; having achieved our first day's march without an adventure. We were provided with good beds and a capital supper, and made a short ramble through the dark and narrow streets.

Late at night we were informed by the landlord that an account had come in from Barcelona of the prisons being forced in that city by the populace, and the whole of the Carlist prisoners being butchered in cold blood, and of the body of Colonel O'Donnell being dragged about the streets. The intelligence was accompanied with other instances of cruelty, which made our hair stand on end; but we dared not give them a full belief, well knowing how prone to exaggeration Spaniards are, and how possible it might be that such a rumour would have no better origin than a quarrel in the market-place, and the loss of a single life.

CHAPTER XXXI.

We were out next morning, at the first dawn, to examine Gerona, and understand by what magic it was enabled to resist the French attacks; and after climbing up the narrow streets, which creep up the hill-side on which the town is built, we got a better idea of the strength of its position than that afforded by the first glance last night. All the neighbouring heights were fortified by outlying works, and those had each to be reduced before the attack against the body of the place could be commenced; and on the side where the largest breach was made, a deep ravine had to be crossed, and a hill ascended, before a landing could be effected. The two other breaches were more easy of approach, but all had an irregularity of ground to defend them; and as everybody in

the town was resolute not to be beaten, the great siege was prolonged until the *last rat* was eaten, and then the brave people yielded only by capitulation.

These are the splendid specimens which crown the Spanish name with glory, and make it live in the pages of History and Romance, atoning for all the errors made by their Generals in the open field. The people who fought the good fight are now alive, humble citizens, in the place where their friends were sacrificed; and in talking to them, the love I have for the Spanish people at my heart, however their cursed politics divide us, was increased, and I left Gerona filled with admiration at those high qualities which should place them among the first, if but properly directed.

The tomb and epitaph of Alvarez, the brave commander of the defence, is to be seen in one of the churches of the city. It states that, notwithstanding all his glory and his virtues, he was poisoned by some base private enemy; but boasts that his triumph is for ever, and that his name will go down unsullied to the last days of his country. The majesty of the defence of Gerona, and the malice of its chief being poisoned from envy or revenge of some private enemy, are both indicative of the Spanish character. Who can

witness the broken walls, the houses shattered by ten thousand shells and ninety thousand cannon-shot, and then visit the grave of its poisoned hero, and not deplore that the same soil contains the soul of chivalry and the blood of the assassin? The river divides the town, and one side is in the plain, defended by regular works; but it appears not to have been attacked by the French, though capable of being systematically approached, and all their might was expended from the overlooking heights on the upper town, believing that so small a place could not withstand for many days the thunder of their fire and the impetuosity of their assault.

Gerona, I found, contained about three thousand regular troops or national guards, or rather it was the head-quarters of that force which were extended on the road from Figueras and towards Barcelona.

The people, I further understood, had a strong Carlist tendency; and it was feared that if a large force showed itself in the vicinity, the citizens would open their gates to give it welcome, in defiance of the Queen's garrison..

Figueras was devoted to the Queen, but Gerona was all but avowedly Carlist, and there, as well as in all other places where the French were most bravely repulsed in the war of independence, with

the exception of Saragosa, a love for the old form of government is more prevalent than for a constitution which is hated because it has a foreign origin.

Being heartily sick of our *tartana*, we looked about for a better kind of carriage, and, at an enormous price, induced a little Italian rascal to venture an old coach, three mules, and his person, with us, as far as Barcelona. He made us pay him one-third of the money in advance, to secure something against misfortune, and, after a variety of crossings on the forehead, mouth, and breast, and after taking leaving of his friends like a man devoted to slaughter, he mounted his crazy seat, and off we set on a second day's march more perilous than the first, every one agreeing that to a certainty we should meet the Carlists or banditti, one of the pine-woods we had to pass being a favourite lurking-place for either. We met, as we cleared the town, a party of fifty men, who had been sent out on reconnoissance, and found, at intervals of the three first leagues, posts fortified by walls, with loopholes, in which little garrisons were placed to secure the road; and then we entered upon a wilder district, where the diligence had last summer been burned, and where, if a robber were alive, we had a good right to expect being called to "stand."

It has always been said, that the diligence was burned by the Carlists; but the fact is not so; it was destroyed in revenge by a band of robbers, on having missed their prey of an English gentleman, a friend of mine, who was travelling in his carriage from Paris to Madrid, and, knowing Spain well, had directed the conductor of the diligence to order horses the day previously for him, while he, starting twelve hours before the stated time, anticipated the hours when he was expected and the robbers, who, of course, had notice of his coming. The poor conductor of the diligence, who had been the innocent cause of their disappointment, had a cold knife passed along his throat, as a hint of what he might expect another time, and the diligence was robbed and burned, more in malice than otherwise. The example was subsequently imitated by the Carlists; and three or four having been consumed, the company would no longer undertake the risk; and thus it was that there were no diligences between Figueras and Barcelona.

As we advanced into the country, we found posts established, and had to give some *pesetas* to the begging *Miqueletes*. In one place the officer, because we spoke to him in French, had his suspicion excited; but when we said we were Englishmen, shrugged up his shoulders, as if to say, "Pass

on; you are welcome everywhere." We had not turned this last post when we met one of the Carlist spies, who had come down from the mountain to learn what force was on the road. He was attended by two dogs, who both were in advance, making alternate castings, and so admirably trained that, the moment they scent or see the Queen's troops, they give notice, and the man conceals himself, or retraces his steps.

Our driver perfectly understood the plan, and we watched for some time the dogs, quite assured of their sagacity, and astonished at their training, which is made on the same principle that the Belgian or German smuggler's dog is taught to know and avoid the French custom-house officer. We supposed that this man was in advance of a strong party, and we expected momentarily to meet them, but we arrived without accident at the venta, where we halted to refresh ourselves and the horses. This *posada* was close to one of the posts of the Christinos, and loopholes had been bored in the walls and holes cut in the floor, to assist in the defence, if a second work was necessary; and even while we were at lunch, we had a specimen of the continued alarm by which those outliers are harassed. On a sudden, the bells of all the neighbouring villages were rung, which was the signal that the Carlists were in motion, and

men were thrown out to reconnoitre while the others were called to arms.

The fact was, that the mountain where the Carlists were in force was not more than half an hour from the post, and we could almost fancy we saw their sentinels in advance; and it was nervous, but exciting, to look, as it were, into the heart of the mountain full of life, to hear the village-churches ringing the general alarm, and to see the little devoted corps enclosed in this blockhouse, and not to be certain but that in a quarter of an hour we should see the attack made. The movements of the spy and the alarm of the village-bells were in unison, but the attempt, if any was intended, was relinquished, and we ate in peace, and drank some capital country-wine. Having left the *venta*, we got into a still wilder country and entangled among hills which were connected with the great range of mountains on our right, and we found, at four leagues' distance, the prominent points fortified and in possession of detachments from Gerona.

Having passed through the Basque provinces in June, 1834, I find the circumstances of this war exactly the same as was then carried on by Zumalacaregui. The high road was then in possession of the Queen, while the Carlists were confined to the mountains; and insulated posts were spread about, which were afterwards in succession cut off,

and furnished ammunition and arms to the Carlists; and I fancy it will be found that the very same fault is now committed here which proved so fatal in Navarre,—namely, that of making these dépôts without possessing strong columns capable of always maintaining the communication between them.

The villages are exactly in the same condition, all the young men having fled to the mountains, or having been forced to join the Urbanos; and the roads are likewise without life, none but some straggling muleteers being seen, or old men or women. We met but two able-bodied men in a distance of fifteen miles. The Catalans are a strange and a dogged people, and though they have no *fueros* to contend for, their love of the old rule is so great that they have in great numbers joined the standard of revolt, and seem determined to adhere to it with the same pertinacity as the Basque.

As we approached the village of Calella, where we were to pass the night, we got from the top of a hill a glorious view of the sea, and observed that station-houses had been built on the hills to overlook any strange sail in the offing, and give notice to the cruisers at Barcelona. We came close under one of those hills, while a serjeant and two raw recruits were on duty; and while he advanced to

know who we were, and whence we hailed, his rascals cocked their muskets and came to the present, and it was a mercy that one of their pieces did not go off at hazard. When the serjeant heard that we were English, he gave us no further trouble, and we soon found our rest at the excellent *posada* at Calella.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CALELLA is a fishing-village, containing seven hundred inhabitants, and the houses are as well built and the streets as clean as any English place of the same size; and it affords an excellent specimen of the order and industry of the people in this province.

The inn is really wonderful for its extent and accommodation, and among others of its luxuries it affords a large ball-room, where the fishermen's wives and daughters dance on fête-days. The kitchen was capacious, and well worth a moment's notice. A long range of little stoves, with charcoal fires in each, ran along the wall at one side, and the mistress and her maids engrossed them in preparing supper. A great fire-place occupied

the other, the roof of the chimney far projecting into the room, and under, as it were, an ample porch, affording seats for the various travellers; the fire being reserved for them, and independent of the good woman's cooking. The walls of the kitchen were ornamented with coloured tiles, and the whole appearance was worthy of the domestic economy of a Dutchman. The eating-room adjoined the kitchen, and the dishes were brought hot, one after the other, and two long tables were spread out, at which as motley a group as could well be collected were assembled. We, consisting of an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Portuguese, occupied one end—our servant, a Maltese, and the driver, an Italian, the other, of the first table; six soldiers held possession of the head of the second table; a French hair-dresser and a tailor the middle; two Catalan women sat next to them, and at the extreme left were placed a Savoyard chimney-sweeper and a shoe-black. While we were smiling at the oddity of the group, in came the village-barber, with Mambrino's helmet under his arm, offering his services to all but the ladies and the sweep, and this addition to the party made us roar with laughing, which disconcerted the gravity of the barber, and he retreated in disdain.

I learned afterwards, that the two Savoyards had nearly made the circuit of Europe, and now

were returning through Spain, after having scraped their way in Italy. Among the variety of travellers named by Sterne, he forgot to include the chimney-sweeping traveller, or perhaps he was not lucky in having lighted on a good specimen; but, you see, what was formerly the education of a gentleman—namely, the grand tour—has now come, by the march of intellect, to the lot of sweeps; and here were these two rascals, the one giving the last polish to all comers who wore boots, and the other clearing the world of its impurities, being a light among housewives, with unwashed hands and dirty faces, talking of places where we, great people as we thought ourselves, had not yet been. I know not how it was, or what are the wayward fancies of women, but the damsels paid more attention to the sweep and the shoe-black than to the hair-dresser or the tailor, and even the soldiers could not get a word from them, so engaged did they seem with the two Savoyards.

We started at daybreak, and, after one rugged hill was passed, descended into the level road, which skirts the sea, to Barcelona. The weather unfortunately had broken up in the night, and the fine view of the Mediterranean, which we had promised ourselves, was obscured with rain and mist, and the road became so deep, that we despaired of reaching Barcelona in time to see our friends

the same evening. The driver of the carriage was indifferent on the subject, as now all danger of the Carlists was past, the shore road being altogether cut off from the mountains; and he would not put his horses out of a walk, notwithstanding all our threats and entreaties.

We found the heights protected by little forts and look-outs, as if to guard the coast from the introduction of arms for the Carlists, and the villages which we passed through provided with walls and loopholes, as if it were determined no precaution should be wanted. At mid-day we reached the large village, or rather town, of Mataró, where we got a capital lunch and refreshed the horses. The town was order and neatness itself, and seemed to be full of thrift and riches, and the same care that might be used in Holland to set off every thing to advantage was here visible. At the back of our inn two neatly-tiled terraces were raised, which overlooked a garden and an orange-grove in full bloom, and the farm of the proprietor planted with a neatness not to be excelled. In fact, for comfort and neatness, no part of Spain can exceed this part of Catalonia; and I believe it is only in Valencia where a superior mode of culture can be seen. The same system of irrigation which prevails is adopted in the garden-grounds near Mataró, and I

did not see a house without its reservoir of water, and the Moorish wheel for raising it, so common in the Peninsula.

The road from thence to Barcelona passes through several villages, all equally orderly; and as that city is approached, the whole plain on the right hand is studded with neat white cottages, so numerous as to make you believe you see several towns, long before you reach the city: the great hill which overlooks it, and on which the citadel of Monjuich stands impregnable, commands attention, and the roads, with some great ship lying-to, is recognised, and gradually, as you approach, the masts of the shipping in the harbour become distinct, and finally you arrive before the walls, happy, as was our case, at having made good the route, and concluded so far a tour which few others would have ventured on. The first entrance beyond the gates is unprepossessing, and you pass through several small streets, which constitute what, in London, would be called a low neighbourhood; but you soon emerge into a magnificent quarter, and find a truly beautiful city about you, and, I am glad to say, a good hôtel, namely, that of the Four Nations, to receive you.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE importance of extending the war to Catalonia did not escape Don Carlos and Zumalacarregui; but it was not till he was enabled to clear the Queen's troops out of the Basque provinces that the latter was enabled to give it his attention. The mountaineers, from the commencement of the war, had shown indications of rising; but it was not till March last that they appeared in numbers which gave their movements importance.

An attempt had been made in the month of January to place at their head General Romagosa, but he was taken on the coast, and shot by Llauder, a few days after his landing; and the revolt continued still to be directed by Burgo, Tristani, Samso, and Muchacho, and other leaders, who drew the sword and proclaimed Don Carlos im-

mediately on the death of Ferdinand. Still, the presence of some man of greater influence and rank was constantly demanded, as the only means of reconciling the various partisans, and giving their movements concentration; and Blandolid, an officer well known in the province, and possessed of vast influence, came to Perpignan in the month of April last; but the French government caught him in the act of being smuggled over the frontier, and he was sent into the interior of France.

The Catalans then sent repeated deputies to Don Carlos, representing the extent of their resources, the spirit of the people, and the number that could be raised if arms were provided for them; and in the month of July or August last an expedition of four thousand men under Guergue was organized in the valley of Ulzama, in Navarre, and after passing through Aragon, within a few miles of Jaca, and going through Barbastro, was fairly landed in Catalonia, in the Conque del Tremp, a valley similar to those of Navarre, enclosing five villages and abundance of provisions, and surrounded by mountains, which are accessible only by two passes, at one of which a few resolute men, by hurling down stones, can defend the entrance against an army; and the people of which are so Royalist that they never came into the former

constitution, and where the celebrated partisan Bartolemi Thalar so long maintained himself in 1821 and 1822.

The expedition of Guergue then passed close to the Aragonese frontier, and skirted the French frontier, until it reached La Jonquiera; after which it descended close to Gerona, and, traversing all the centre of the province, returned, after a four months' absence, to the point from whence it started. The country rose wherever it came, and though Guergue failed in retaining the Navarese within due subordination, yet he accomplished the main object of his mission, and organized at least 20,000 to 25,000 men in different divisions, to the command of which the old partisans were confirmed.

The Catalans still being desirous of a chief whose birth and rank would give them celebrity, negociations were opened with the Conde de España, and he agreed to take the command, and remained concealed for a month at Perpignan, waiting an occasion to pass over. A worse choice could not be made than that of the Count; for the recollection of his cruelties was still fresh in Catalonia, and it appears to have been the dread of facing the country where he played the tyrant, which made him refuse three several occasions that were provided for his joining the Carlists.

At length, in October last, the chiefs Samso and Muchacho, having gone to Perpignan, induced him to give a final consent, and a band of one hundred and fifty men having approached the frontier, he was passed over almost by force; but there again his heart failed, and he refused to strike boldly into the country.

He was dressed as a peasant, and attended by Samso and Muchacho, and the same party of one hundred and fifty, and continued to traverse the frontier, frequently violating that of France, till he came to a point where a tongue, as it were, of the French territory ran into Spain. Here he was met by a shepherd, who warned him that he was in France, and that, if he went farther, he would fall into a post of forty-five men; to which he paid no attention, till, in fact, he did meet with the party, who, unaware to whom they were speaking, commanded them to lay down their arms. Samso and Muchacho indignantly refused; but the Count insisted on their obedience, and by some fatuity the whole party gave themselves up, and then the Conde, announcing his name and quality, was sent off to Lisle, and the two other chiefs to Verdun. The Carlists are convinced that the Count, seized with fear when he found himself in Catalonia, where he had not one sincere friend, willingly retraced his steps, and led the whole party

into a trap, in order to secure his own safety; and they are furious when they speak of his conduct.

Had the Catalans been a less obstinate people, so many disasters would have completely stifled the revolt; but they still maintained their numbers; and if the Navarese had remained, and continued to give them method and organization, the greater part of the province would have been in arms; but, as if to try their temper to the last, the Navarese determined to return, all but the battalion of Guides under the command of Torres, who still occupy the strong position of the Conque del Tremp.

Burgo and Torres then laid claim to the chief command; one as the eldest in rank, and the other as the deputy of Guergue; and as long as the arrival of the proposed expedition from Navarre is deferred, the spirit of the revolt is paralysed, and the Carlists are daily retiring from the advanced points they occupied a month since to the wilder portions of the mountains, and the Queen's General, without an army or force capable of resisting them if united, is gradually fortifying the main lines of road, for which the Carlists will have hereafter to fight at a disadvantage. Their number is not lessened, nor are their hopes abated; but they are without a leader and combination, while Mina, in possession of fewer elements, by

his activity and head, is gradually making his power more dreaded, and the Queen's authority respected.

To show how far the Carlists are strong, we need but observe that the communication between all the great towns has been cut off; that the diligence does not run from France to Barcelona, nor from Barcelona to Tarragona, to Valencia, or Saragossa; and that these roads are traversed only by a hazard. The mail to Valencia is sent by sea, and duplicates of all letters go by steam to France, and there is no communication with Madrid, except by Valencia. There is not a town or village which has not given its full quota to the faction, and, except on the sea-coast, the feeling of the people is decidedly Royalist.

It is clear that Don Carlos and his advisers are committing a gross error in thus neglecting Catalonia; and it is to be supposed that true Spanish jealousy is at work, and that the Basques who began the revolt are unwilling that the Catalans shall make the forward movement by which it may be finished If the accounts that are given me be true, and the aspect of the country, as far as I have travelled, confirm them, Catalonia may be so organized as to occupy the attention of the whole Spanish army; and if Don Carlos marched his entire force into this province, Cordova and

Evans must follow him, and the war might be carried on with all the advantage of numbers on his side. The Catalans say, the mountain road from thence through Lower Aragon will carry them to Guadalajara, within half a day's march of Madrid; and that it is idle to talk of Castile while they are ready to leave their province and to lead the way.

The war, up to the period at which I write, has assumed no regular shape, both parties retreating before each other alternately, or only fighting in bands. Mina is, however, trying to give it another form, and is taking the offensive; but the great masses of the Carlists are still under arms, and will not be induced to lay them down; and it will depend upon the aid to be given from Navarre, and the talent of the chief to be appointed, whether the insurrection shall acquire consistency and weight, or be still the mountain warfare and the guerilla system of undisciplined bands. The regular troops which Mina has do not exceed five thousand men; but he has embodied forty thousand Urbanos and Miquelites, for whom the British nation has, under the Quadruple Treaty, lately furnished arms; several thousand muskets having been landed from his Majesty's ship Rodney.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

We found Barcelona still suffering under the effects of the horrible tragedy which had but two days before our arrival been enacted in it. The blood was still undried on the pavement; the embers of the fire with which the body of O'Donnell was burned were still unquenched. It was with loathing that we heard the details of the foul massacre of so many prisoners in cold blood, under the eye and with the permission of the governor, and, if not absolutely with the connivance of the government at Madrid, with that of the person to whom its authority was delegated. The following account was given to me by eye-witnesses, on whose veracity dependence could be placed.

In consequence, as it was alleged, of some Urbanos having been murdered by the Carlist bands

in one of the villages to which they entered, not a great distance from Barcelona, the minds of the people there became agitated, and on Monday, about four o'clock, a parcel of youths ran along the principal streets, crying out "Death to the traitors!" and "Revenge!" By degrees the crowd increased, without any effort on the part of the authorities to disperse it, until the alarm became general, and the citizens began to close their shops, the respectable people to barricade their doors, the church-bells to be rung, and several boys, who at that season of the year were in the habit of parading with lighted torches, to celebrate the feast of the Epiphany, led the way to the prisons in which the intended victims had been for some time confined.

The leaders of the mob had, in the mean time, waited upon the lieutenant-governor—Mina, the captain-general, being absent—and demanded that the prisoners should be given up to them; but this being refused, the cry of murder and death to the Carlists was spread by them on every side, and in a short space all the refuse of Barcelona, including a great number of the Urbanos, acting in the Queen's name, wearing her livery, and with the English muskets lately put into their hands out of the Rodney, by virtue of the Quadruple Treaty, rushed to the citadel in the town, not the

fort on the hill, and there, as if by magic, ladders being found, the walls were scaled,—300 infantry, the only regular troops in Barcelona stationed in the citadel, not opposing any resistance, but lending their hands to the assailants to mount. The officer commanding this post furnished, at the desire of the leaders, a list of the names, not only of the prisoners under his care, but also of those in two other prisons; and then, with the most diabolical regularity, each of those persons was successively brought forth, and launched into eternity.

The senior captain of the English squadron hearing, at the commencement of the alarm, that a desperate attempt against public order was in contemplation, waited on the deputy-governor, offering the aid of the marines as a demonstration; but he, evidently more alarmed lest he should be compromised by opposing the fury of the mob than by effectually resisting it, declined the assistance, alleging that there was no mischief intended by the people, and that he expected they would disperse after indulging in their usual cries.

The town was illuminated according to the practice here, that when the alarm-bells are rung, and the drums beaten to arms, every house shall place torches at the windows for the guidance of

the troops; and the number of boys then collected with their flambeaux made fearfully visible all the horrors that were going on. The terror of the ladies and children in the respectable families was as appalling as the scene passing out of doors was tragical; they every moment expecting that the furious mob would break into their houses, and sacrifice their fathers and brothers, under the pretence of their being Carlists.

The walls of the citadel (a regular fortress) being scaled, and the prison-door opened, the first victim was called out, namely, Colonel Joseph O'Donnell. This brave and unfortunate man had a presentiment of his fate; for when he was taken prisoner near Figueras, he requested to be sent into Navarre and not conducted to Barcelona, in order that he might have the benefit of the Eliot convention. That favour was refused; and he was so fully convinced of the lot which awaited him at Barcelona, that he wrote to his wife to make up her mind never to see him again. It is a painful circumstance to add that Madame O'Donnell had succeeded in inducing Cordova to exchange her husband for three of the Queen's officers, whom Don Carlos willingly gave up to save him, and was at Bayonne about proceeding to carry the glad intelligence to him, when she was struck to the ground with the fatal news of his inhuman massacre.

O'Donnell demanded that a clergyman should be sent for; but his murderers refused that last request. He then required that they should cover his eyes with a handkerchief, which one, less cruel than the rest, consented to: on which he crossed his arms on his chest, and received his death-blow; the mob shouting in infernal triumph at his fall.

The other prisoners were called out by name, according to their rank; and muskets being placed at their heads, sixty-seven unfortunate men, among whom were ten officers, perished under the fire of these assassins. The body of O'Donnell was then tied with cords, and thrown over the wall, and dragged in hellish triumph through every part of the city, the mob following in thousands, and venting execrations against him and all other Carlists, until they stopped in the principal street, opposite the theatre; and there, lighting a great fire, and separating the head, burned the body, and celebrated infernal orgies over it. The head was then kicked about as if a foot-ball; and at eight o'clock the following morning such of the respectable inhabitants as ventured to their windows saw the head of O'Donnell and of some other person, equally brutally treated, kicked up and down the long and beautiful street by some of those demons who seemed still unsated with blood.

After the massacre had been completed in the citadel, the crowd rushed to the two other prisons, and finding in one twenty, and in the other the same number of unfortunate Carlists, they led them out and shot them one by one, every death being the signal for cheers and *vivas*. An officer contrived to escape, but he was followed by a dragoon and cut down in the open street; and, to show how systematically the murder was carried on, another, who, by the connivance of a friend among the rioters, had escaped, was found wanting as the list was called for; and it was with difficulty that the leaders could be appeased, as they declared that nothing short of the full number would satisfy them.

The whole of the next day Barcelona was in a state of confusion that cannot be described; the respectable houses were closed, the authorities did not dare to show themselves, while the Urbanos and the mob rushed shouting through the streets, kicking the heads of O'Donnell and the others before them, until the more violent part of them, proceeding from one excess to another, and in want of a further stimulus, agreed to proclaim the Constitution; and in a short time the city was exposed to a fresh peril, and to a general up-rising and pillage, as the leaders of the riot ran along crying out, "Viva for the Constitution!"

"Death to the tyrants!" and then the finish was given to the project, by the stone being laid, and the Constitution proclaimed by acclamation.

This was going further than suited the Queen's government; and, however the deputy-governor might find himself unable to cope with those who proposed the destruction of the common enemy as their object, he knew he would find assistance in all the partisans of the present order of things, to repress any tendency to the return of that Constitution to which every man now employed owes his birth, but which all join in condemning; and he therefore on a sudden showed himself to the people, got all the Urbanos under arms, and reviewed them in the principal street, with the sound of martial music, and as much pomp as he could muster. He then made them a speech in the Queen's name, recommending order and union as the only means of preserving their liberty from the Carlists, and worked upon them so well that they all answered him with cheers; and the stone of the Constitution was at once removed, and the proclamation of it stifled, some hours after it was made.

In the mean time Mina, who had been sent for by express, arrived at Barcelona, and he published a *bando*, directed only against the Constitutionalists, and proceeded to arrest a dozen persons supposed to be implicated in proclaiming it—among

others an English gentleman, a resident of the city, who was in *no* way concerned in the affair—and sent them on board his Majesty's ships Rodney and Childers, making, for the first *time* that I have ever heard of it, a gaol of a British man-of-war. This has been done under the allegation that they are put out of the way of the mob, who might murder them; but the falsehood of the plea is evident, for the sympathies of the mob are with them, not against them, and they are put into an English prison, not to save them from being massacred, but to prevent them being *rescued.*

Not one of the assassins, not one of the murderous bands wearing the Queen's uniform, who forced the Queen's citadel, and massacred 107 prisoners in cold blood, have been taken up. They are known, and walk in the open day, and almost beard the captain-general at his door; but a few men, who would have gone a little farther in the same march than suited the purpose of the *employés* of the Crown, are laid hold of; and, in order that they may not escape, are given to the lock and key of a British man-of-war; the captain of which, for the first time since Britannia ruled the waves, being turned gaoler.

Alvarez, the deputy-governor, and Mina, the captain-general, have each published orders of the day; but I find them all referring to the Constitu-

tional movement, insinuating that it was made through Carlist agency, for the purpose of introducing discord among the friends of the Queen, but not saying a word about the murders, the burning the body of O'Donnell, the forcing the Queen's fortress, the blood which still stains the stones of Barcelona, and calls aloud for justice and the strong arm of the law.

On reading over this narrative, which is more tame than the circumstances deserve, and in no one point exaggerated, we are struck, first by the weakness, and then by the connivance of the authorities, and are entitled to ask, Is this the government that England is pledged to support? Is it the assassins of the monks at Madrid and at Saragossa, and the murderers of the prisoners at Barcelona, that we are bound to by the Quadruple Treaty? Is it to put weapons into their hands for the midnight murder of prisoners in the Queen's citadel that we are furnishing arms and ammunition? And is it to give the means of massacring to the Urbanos of Barcelona that we have landed from the Rodney I know not how many thousand muskets? Is it to be made a common gaol that our British man-of-war is stationed in this harbour? And has not the time come for England to speak out, and tell the Queen's government, "If you have neither honour, integrity, nor strength; if you are

unable to preserve your prisoners, and to execute the law against the guilty, we cannot be compromised, we must withdraw from our engagement. England is not in a league with the assassin!"

The Quadruple Treaty has seemed to me to be, since the commencement, the shallowest piece of diplomacy any ministry ever entered into; and the idea of uniting the west against the east of Europe absurd, because of those whom we became allied with. France was false, and Spain and Portugal incapable of giving effect to their engagements; but now it has become a bond of iniquity; as since, by our aid, insufficient to make one party victorious, but sufficient to prevent it yielding to the other, we are furnishing weapons to the murderers, and converting our ships of war into prisons.

With regard to the latter point, it is true that a British vessel has never refused to receive refugees who claimed our protection; and Lord Ingestrie, in the Tyne, has lately taken on board the Carlist prisoners at Tarragona, to prevent their being murdered by the Urbanos; but no ship of war has been placed, at the orders of General Mina, or any other General, to hold safe those against whom the vengeance of the government was directed, but which it had not the strength to secure from being rescued. I cannot understand

why the Rodney received them, as they were sent on board in the middle of the night, without any previous communication, and as if Mina was more master of the ship than Captain Parker. But the fact is, the conduct of our government is so equivocal that our officers do not know how to decide, and I believe many of them are led into acts which their feelings as well as duty condemn, lest they should come under censure at home for opposing the secret wishes of the ministry, though not their published orders. Captain Parker and the British Consul have sent in to the government, and which has been published in the journals, a letter similar to that communicated by Sir John Hay to the authorities of Santander, stating that the former had received orders to lend all possible aid and support to the Queen's government; and I presume it is under that letter that Mina has converted him into state gaoler to her Majesty. What! is the spirit of Old England so far reduced? Are our ships become prisons—our captains turnkeys —and the Tower of London the dépôt for supplying arms to assassins? If there was a single man arrested for these nefarious acts—if the arm of justice fell upon one victim, I should not write so strongly; but while the Queen's lieutenant strives not to prevent the massacre—while her officer furnishes a list of the prisoners—while her

troops are the slayers in cold blood, and her captain-general does not punish the leaders, I say it is the Queen's government only that is responsible, and we are bound before Europe not to give it our support.

Had that fatal Quadruple Treaty not been signed, these events would not have taken place under our cognisance, and either the Queen or Don Carlos would have been now the conquerors by their own means and the national will. And had we gone further, and made the question our own, and, for the consideration of a commercial treaty, actively interfered and put down the revolt, as it might have been got under eighteen months ago, good policy would excuse our conduct; but we have doled out our assistance like unwilling alms—we have made enemies of one party, without effectually serving the other—and we have gone on in a system of temporizing until murder stalks the land, and father is in arms against son, and brother against brother.

So far as the English gentleman arrested is concerned, I find that the authorities have given him orders to leave the country, without touching at any Spanish port, though he is innocent of interference, whether for one side or the other, and, fortunately for his character, he had spent the evening at the British Consul's when he was accused of

proclaiming the Constitution. He has been many years resident at Barcelona, connected with a mercantile firm, and, in the absence of the principal of the house, who is a Russian Consul, was acting Consul for that nation, not under an official appointment, but to oblige his friend. The Consul, Mr. Annesley, a very respectable British agent, has made strong remonstrances in his favour; but the utmost grace that can be afforded is, that he must quit the city, the country, and his connexions, without any accusation worthy of an hour's notice being even alleged against him. This is exactly the return we get from the liberal government of the Queen, in return for the Quadruple Treaty. Will England bear to be thus treated? Must the Catalonian demagogues kick us still more ignobly than they did the head of the murdered O'Donnell?

CHAPTER XXXV.

CIRCUMSTANCES which it is not my intention to discuss in this publication, as I have already spoken of them elsewhere, and am likely again to do in a more decided manner than the extent of this work will allow, induced me, after a very brief stay in Barcelona, to take the steamer for Port Vendres, and prosecute my journey to Madrid by another route. I was glad to leave Barcelona, though it is a beautiful city, and strangers are better received there than in many other parts of Spain; but I regarded the people whom I saw in the streets—the respectable part of the population still remaining within doors—as a blood-stained race, revolting even to look at. The principal street, called the Rambla, is planted, like the Boulevards at Paris, in the heart of the city; and there, in other

times, the better classes held the *paseo público;* but it was in the centre of it, before the theatre, where the body of O'Donnell was burnt, through its alleys of trees, that his head was kicked; and I turned with horror from a spot so lately and so foully polluted. At the end of the Rambla, one of the smaller prisons is placed; and an English gentleman, who lives near it, told me that, on the night of the murders, he saw the poor inmates called out one by one, shot at by two of the assassins, and hacked to pieces by the sabres of the others, if they did not fall on receiving the first fire.

The Rambla overlooks the harbour and the bay, and a magnificent terrace, which runs parallel to the former, and lined by noble mansions at one side, forms one of the finest promenades in Europe. The government-house where the savage Mina held his court, is one of the most prominent, and the space before it is remarkable for one of those tragical scenes being enacted on it which give so dark a stain on modern Spanish liberalism.

The palace was tenanted, at the time I allude to, by Bassa, the former governor of Barcelona; and when it was determined by the mob that he should be murdered, half-a-dozen of the leaders were deputed to pass up stairs and despatch him, while the others remained below. These last,

however, becoming impatient, cried out, "Where is he? where is he?" On which the others, opening the drawing-room windows, exclaimed, "There he is; how do you like him?" and flung the dead body, with the rope by which he was strangled, into the street—the whole crowd yelling in triumph as it fell. They then proceeded to light a great fire, and to burn the still panting corpse; and one of them, more refined in cruelty than the rest, sent for Alvarez, the deputy-governor, the person who figures as governor in the last massacre, and, placing him near the body, demanded if he recognised it, and assuring him, if he did not obey them in every respect, he himself should speedily share the same fate. The fire blazed up, and the body began to be consumed; but one monster, in woman shape, chopped off the hand, or snatched it from the ground if it had been previously separated from the arm, and gnawed it with fell delight. The fiend of the French Revolution, who drank a cup of blood at the foot of the guillotine, was here, for the first time, equalled.

The lesson which Alvarez received had its due impression; for not the slightest attempt was made by him to stop the murder of the Carlist prisoners; and he did not exert any authority, civil or military, till the Constitution was proclaimed—a circumstance which it would not suit his views, nor

those of the partisans of the Queen's government to tolerate.

A splendid pier has been built, which gives another grand promenade, and at another season I could not have failed to be delighted with the glorious view of the ocean and the harbour—British ships of war riding at anchor in the latter and in the bay, and the immense hill on which the citadel of Montjuich stands, forming a mighty barrier on the right, and casting its great shadow with the evening sun; but I was sick at heart, and neither man, woman, nor nature could delight me.

The theatre in Barcelona is the best in Spain; and the people pride themselves on having a good Italian opera. I went on the Sunday evening, as several families, who would not appear by day, came there to cheat the weariness of time, and divert the current of their reflections. The performance was not remarkable; it is scarcely worth a recollection, and my attention was more occupied in observing the boldness of a person, whom I knew to be a Carlist officer, who sat in the centre of the house, in the first balcony, than by what was passing on the stage. This gentleman had been delegated from Onate, to foment the war in Catalonia, and was on his road to join Tristani or Burgo, but was compelled to enter the city, as his chain of communication had for the

moment been put astray; and though he had served with Zumalacaregui from the commencement of the insurrection, and must have expected to be known to the Christino officers then at Barcelona, he had the daring to seat himself in the most prominent part of the house, and to sit out the whole of the performance. A gentleman whom I knew was acquainted with his plans, called in strict confidence my attention towards him, and I watched him the whole evening, and could not help admiring the *sang froid* with which he passed so many hours in the midst of his enemies.

This officer had the command of the few cavalry which Zumalacaregui was enabled to get together when he marched from the siege of Villa Franca to surprise Espartero, who was coming to relieve it; and I was not a little amused at having described to me the manner in which he manœuvred on that occasion. His whole force did not amount to fifty dragoons; but he drew them up on the top of a hill, which overlooked the Christinos, dividing half on each wing, and filling up the centre with baggage, mules, and donkeys, putting peasants on them with long poles, to imitate lances in their hands, so as to make, at the distance, a formidable show. He waited till the Christinos were reeling from the Carlist impetuous attack, and then,

charging from each wing, made them believe that the whole force was about to fall upon the enemy, which had the effect of completing the panic of the Christinos, who broke and fled in every direction—none of them having the courage to look up at the line of harmless animals which preserved their gravity and their place. I have made many inquiries since, as to the fate of this bold Carlist officer; but I have not been able to discover if he succeeded in joining his friends, or was compelled to return to France. It is clear that he was not discovered; for I watched the newspaper accounts, and the capture of such a prize could not fail to have been noticed.

The steamer in which I went to Port Vendres was one which had been for some time established between Marseilles, Barcelona, and Valencia. It was English built, and had English engines, but the captain and the crew were Spanish, and the state of the deck and cabin was a clear confirmation of the fact. We were a crowded party, as some families were leaving Barcelona for a more secure residence, and several Christino officers were going round by Oleron and Saragossa to join the Queen's army in Navarre; the interior of the province being in the hands of the Carlists, and the communication being for some time interrupted.

This is a circumstance which many persons are unwilling to believe ; and if I was not an eye-witness of the fact, I would scarcely have credited it myself ; but there was the practical confirmation of all I had heard or become acquainted—there was the best possible proof that the country was in the hands of the Carlists, and the Queen's troops unable to preserve the communication between even the great towns, except on the line of the sea-coast.

There was a great swell in the bay, and all our crowded party were, before half an hour, in the convulsions of sickness. One poor fat old lady was ready to give up the ghost, or rather the flesh, while her husband, a miserable creature, seemed to become thinner at every struggle, and appeared with his lank sides drawn closer, as if about to vanish from our sight. We passed the night, a mass of misery, huddled together—French, Spanish and English ; but happily made Port Vendres at break of day, and anchored in its little harbour, delighted to be again in France, and to have escaped from the foul air of the ferocious Barcelona.

It was now that an observer was enabled to discover the true opinion of the passengers on the late events in Catalonia, and the future progress of the war. There was not a second opinion

among them. The French women audibly thanked Heaven that they had escaped from such a den of iniquity; and even the Spanish officers could not conceal their delight that they were placed beyond the influence of the contagion, and that they had quitted Barcelona without being compromised. A French naval officer gave me a melancholy description of Tarragona, and the country near it, from whence he had just come, and inveighed bitterly against his government for sending him and his companions on such a horrid duty, and against the Spaniards, whom he appeared to hate with the same cordiality they exercise towards his nation, for their want of hospitality, or even common attention to persons on whose protection they were hourly dependent. He did not know Spain as well as I did; nor was he aware that a Spaniard takes, without thanking, all that you can give him, as due to his own merit, and makes it a rule never to give any thing in return.

There being only one carriage to be hired, and that a covered cart, which was relinquished for the service of the ladies, I procured the only quadruped that was to be had at Port Vendres, to convey me to Perpignan. That was a pony not larger than a large sheep, and as my feet hung down at each side, they touched the ground; and thus,

on six feet, and not four, we found our way to my old quarters, at the Petit Paris, where the landlady and chambermaid, the landlord, waiter, boots, and house-dog, all embraced me, and welcomed my return, as they had given me up for a dead man; no other traveller having, for months, ventured on the tour which we had made.

I found at Perpignan that the same plan of Carlist agency, which was so useful at Bayonne, was in full activity, and that accounts had been received, by those at the head of it, of the murders at Barcelona, sooner than by the regular authorities. Various attempts had been made to intercept their correspondence; but such was the good faith of the persons employed, and such the efficacy of their plans, that not a letter went astray; and a constant communication was kept up by them from the interior, and from there to Navarre. I took, of course, means to ascertain who these gentlemen were, and found that with an Englishman they had no reserve. They acquainted me with all that had been going on—of the horror which the intelligence of the murder of the prisoners at Barcelona had excited in France, and of the fatal effect which it would produce at Onate. The agents complained much of the apathy of Don

Carlos, in allowing the insurrection in Catalonia to languish for want of an efficient head ; and explained the jealousy which existed between the Navarese and Catalonians, each of whom were willing to put Don Carlos on the throne, but were desirous of having the sole honour of so doing.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PERPIGNAN had no further charms for me; and I made short tour in France until it was time that I should prosecute my journey to Madrid, as I had originally planned it. I arrived in Oleron at the end of February; and, having fallen in with a friend whom I had left at Bayonne intending to join the British force under Evans, and who, after getting as far as St. Sebastian, had changed his mind, and was now bound for Madrid, we determined to act together, and I undertook to be the guide.

This gentleman's account of St. Sebastian amused me not a little, as he assured me, the terror inspired by the Carlist demonstrations to bombard it had paralysed all the inhabitants, and also the brave Christinos who had been sent to defend it.

Though very few shells had fallen, and though it was evident that the Carlists had not the means of keeping up a constant succession, none of the officers would sleep in the private houses, and they all crowded in at night to the theatre, the roof of which was said to be bomb-proof, or at least stronger than that of the ordinary mansions. It was in vain that ladies entreated that the theatre should be reserved for them and for the wounded. No; these brave defenders of their own constitutions, if not of that given to them by the Queen, laid down their mattresses on the stage, in the pit, or in the boxes, and crept in and out like rabbits to and from a warren. The only persons who showed a manly pride, and who supported the spirit of the people, were the poor English artillery-men, who had been sent round from Santander to work the guns. They were furious against the cowardly native troops, and swore they would much rather turn their fire upon them than against the Carlists, who, whatever might be their faults, were daily evincing courage in the field. I was sorry to learn that several of the poor Navarese, among whom I had overlooked the fortress, had fallen victims to the superior skill of the British marksmen; and that as the latter had two guns always pointed on the same spot, when the Carlists ran from their cover to

secure the ball from the first which fell harmlessly beyond them, they were killed by the second, which was fired at the nick of time. He further explained to me the portions of the Carlist positions in the neighbourhood of the town, by which I found that no change of importance had taken place since I had personally inspected them.

I was desperately fatigued with a long and tedious journey, and proposed to stop a day at Oleron, to recruit my strength before undertaking the labour of crossing the mountains; but, just as we had sat down to supper, a French courier came in, and at his suggestion we agreed to abandon the usual slow mode of travelling on mule-back in four days, and to ride *franc étrier* with him in thirty-six hours to Saragossa.

Since the regular route from Madrid to Paris by Bayonne had been closed by the Carlists, the whole of the communication had been carried on through Jaca and Oleron, and a convoy of mules had been established, connected with the diligence which plied between Madrid and Saragossa; but it travelled at a foot-pace and slept four nights on the road, and was subject to various annoyances, a sufficient number of mules not being always ready, and many persons, unable to support the toil, stopping the whole convoy perhaps for hours. To ride *en poste* was expensive, but it saved time; and though the Pyrenees at night, after the great fall

of snow which had lately taken place, was a service of no ordinary danger, we determined to take our chance, confiding in the able management of the courier and the experience of our guides. Though I had not been in bed for five nights, I put myself under their care, and, having procured a little carriage which would take us to the foot of the mountains, we started at nine o'clock, armed against the cold with warm cloaks and a bottle of brandy. Our route lay through the most picturesque country that man can travel, and seen by us to great advantage with all the charms lent to it by moonlight; but the narrow road, which has been carried through ravines and on the borders of the many precipices which seemed to bar our progress, was barely wide enough for the wheels of the carriage, and, more than once, we were saved by the rapidity of the motion, which carried the outer wheel over broken spaces, where, if it had passed slowly, it would have found no ground to rest on; and we arrived in safety at Urdach, the last village at the French side of the mountain, where we hired mules and prepared for the more serious part of our undertaking.

The courier, who had come from Paris, acknowledged that he had never before ventured to pass the last stage in a carriage by night; but that he was so fatigued that some sleep was necessary to

enable him to get through the rest of his journey, and so he risked his own neck and ours for two or three hours' uneasy slumber; but it was useless to make complaints, and we started in good temper with extra mules for the luggage, and three guides on foot, who were to aid us through the snow, if necessary. The moon rose up in its full glory, and we surveyed the wide waste of snow, and the awful mountains, covered to the summit in white, which we were to pass, with feelings of a pleasing because romantic nature. The air was sharp and bracing, and our spirits partook of that excitement which a gallop at night over a wild country never fails to produce.

My companion exclaimed that he was refreshed since we had exchanged the close carriage for the saddle, and I found my strength, as it were, returned by magic, and forgot that I had been so many days and nights without rest. After an hour's progress, we passed the lone house which marked the frontier, and entered Spain again, for the third time within three months, and commenced at once to climb the formidable barrier of mountain which nature has placed between both countries. The snow had accumulated in some places, on each side of the track which was kept down by the constant traffic, as high as the horse's head, and sometimes as high as that of the rider; and it

seemed as if the road had been cut through it as through a chalk hill, while in other parts it formed a wall on one side of the way, the other looking over some fearful precipice, on the banks of which the snow had no hold to accumulate, and from which one false step of the mule would have dashed us into eternity. The force of habit in our courier was here remarkable: like all those men who are on horseback for several days together, he had learned to sleep in the saddle; and even in the most dangerous places and on the most uneven ground he sat, his knees and thighs mechanically closed against the mule's side, with his eyes shut, and buried in profound slumber. There was one particular place, with a mountain of snow at one hand and a yawning gulf of some hundred feet on the other, in which a noisy torrent roared, where the track was so narrow that none but a mule well accustomed to the walk could hold his feet; and the reader may well judge my surprise, when, having passed it myself, I looked round to see how my companions fared, to find the courier still sleeping, I may say snoring, unconscious of the least danger. I waited till the peril was past, and then I awoke him, entreating for all our sakes that he would resist the inclination to dose till we got into better ground; but though he faithfully promised he would, I found him in a few minutes

relapsed again, and I gave up remonstrance for the future. The couriers employed between Madrid and Paris perform the journey in five days, and sometimes in four hours less; and one, that I had occasion to despatch to London, made the whole journey in six days and four hours. They travel night and day, snatching a morsel of occasional refreshment, and availing themselves sometimes in France of a cabriolet, if it can be procured. The couriers of the French and English embassies are slow in comparison with those employed by the bankers and merchants, and I have known one of very heavy weight who had gone and returned from Paris to Madrid in eleven days.

At length we gained the summit of the mountain, and commenced our descent; but the track became every moment worse and more dangerous in the going down than in the ascent. The guides entreated us to dismount and walk; but the courier reluctantly gave up his saddle and his sleep, and, after an half hour's march in his heavy jack-boots, he declared he could not stand the fatigue, and he again crossed his mule, and gave his life to chance.

The mules did their duty well. The oldest went always in advance, and the others followed exactly in his footsteps; and it was delightful to observe the caution with which he snuffed at and

tried the worst points before he ventured on it, and to see the freedom with which others followed after he had probed the danger, and the minute care which they used in planting their feet in the very same spots where he had trod. The rider was cautioned by the guides to hold a loose reign, and not attempt to controul their movements; and if we did venture to check them, they resented it at once, and would only proceed pleasantly when the whole choice of road was left to them. In one place we met a train of loaded mules, and it was a matter of some difficulty to manage to pass it, as the snow on each side was some feet deep, and the mules refused to leave the beaten track. Both parties declined for some time to go back to a place where the road was wider, our guide maintaining that everything must give way to a courier, while the *arrieros* contended that, their mules being loaded, it was impossible for them to turn with the same facility as he could. This to me appeared to be common sense, and I prevailed on our courier to save the point of dignity, and we did retrace our steps until the more open space was found.

It took about six hours from the foot of the mountain to Canfranc, the first village we touch at in Spain; and where, as we clattered along, the Christinos' sentinels and custom-house in vain called after us to halt—a courier having a

kind of prescriptive authority in those places, and all forms of ordinary travellers giving way for him. At Canfranc we discharged the mules, and procured horses, and set out for Jaca, the fortress which protects the frontier in the centre of the line; as Figueras, Pampeluna, and St. Sebastian do on either side. We had by this time cleared the principal mountain, and had got into a rough kind of table-land, which stretches, with more or less inequality, to within a few leagues of Saragossa, and we found that the snow was not deep on the ground; so the courier determined to make up for lost time, and he set off at full gallop, fairly giving us notice that if we could not keep up he would abandon us to the road, as his duty admitted of no delay. We followed, of course, the luggage-horses being led by the postilion, and went at full speed over rocks, and through morasses, for an hour and a half, until the melancholy fortress of Jaca was gained, and we entered its narrow and sombre streets, and changed our horses at the post.

It was within three leagues of this strong place that Guergue and the Navarese had passed and repassed on their excursion and return from Barcelona; but so little did the governor care for the presence of an enemy in his vicinity, and so little desirous was he to measure strength with it, that

he quietly closed the gates, kept his men within doors, and went to sleep himself. The spirit of Upper Aragon is said to be decidedly in favour of the Queen; but I did not hear that the march of the Carlists received any interruption in it, and they were supplied with rations wherever they required them; and I fancy it is there, as in other parts of Spain, the people acquiesce with whatever party has the ascendency for the day, and care as little for the Queen as for Don Carlos. They are a fine active peasantry, very industrious, and, I understand, generally in comfortable circumstances. We saw but little tillage, but several flocks of sheep; and the bales of wool we met in progress towards France gave us good evidence of the national wealth of the province. We continued driving along, with as much rapidity as the irregularity of the ground would admit of, snatching a morsel of food and a glass of wine at each post, until we came to Ayerbe, a village almost twenty-five miles from Saragossa, where we discharged our horses, and hired a *tartana*—a cart similar to that we had already used in Catalonia, without springs; and, having put a bed into it, to save our limbs from the cruel motion over such a horrid road, we started about two in the morning, having ridden without stopping, except to change, for more than twenty-four hours. The

tartana, on a level road, is bad enough, and few will venture out of a gentle trot in it; but no one who has not made the experiment can understand what a dreadful vehicle it is over the ground that we had to pass, and that at the utmost speed a pair of horses could be driven at. We were smacked from side to side, against the head and against each other, till, after four hours of agony, we arrived at Saragossa just as the day broke; and I gladly went to bed, allowing the courier to prosecute alone his journey to Madrid.

The *fonda* at Saragossa was a great building, the first floor of which was unfurnished, and the second merely contained a few tables and chairs, and some pieces of wood put together, a mattress thrown over them, and called beds. I was glad, however, to procure a large basin of tea, and to fling myself on one of them to get a few hours' sleep before the starting of the diligence, which was to set out in the course of a few hours. I snatched a few minutes, even from the short time I had to dispose of, to walk over the principal points marked in the ever-to-be-remembered siege, and to gather some information as to the state of political feeling among the people. I never read any account of the siege which makes the same impression as an hour's glance at the relics which exist in the present day will convey; and the fact

which struck me as most remarkable, and containing the best evidence of the desperate defence made against the invader, was an examination of the main street which divides the city, abutting on the river Ebro at one end, and on the marshy grounds at the other.

The French, after several weeks' cannonade, and mining the church and convent which defended it, arrived at last on one side of the street, and, fighting in each house a separate battle, finally obtained possession of it; but, for six weeks after they had done so, they could not get across the street; and they did not obtain possession of the other side until the capitulation was made.

Think on the magical bravery of the people. Imagine an army like that of the French, every man seeking renown by his personal courage, in possession of one side of Oxford Street, from Hyde Park Place to St. Giles's—for that is the parallel case—and kept at bay for six weeks by an undisciplined people, among whom there was sickness and famine, and an accumulation of every possible misery. No, not a man even crossed the way. A continual fire, day and night, was kept up from the windows, communications having been made in all the houses, and from the lower streets which gave in on them; and the

front of the houses are to this day pitted with the innumerable bullet-marks. It is curious to remark that the French side is much less scored with these memoranda than the other; and I take it as a proof that the Spaniards fired with a bolder aim directly into the windows, while the French shot less exposed and with less precision.

Very few of the inhabitants have repaired their walls, and the effects of the musketry are just as visible as they were the day after it occurred; and it is to be hoped that the citizens will ever preserve the same marks of their courage, more honourable to them than any heraldry can bestow. A very wealthy person, whose mansion is prominent from its frontier and extent, has often been requested by his children to embellish the front, and repair the breaches made by the shot and bullets; but he resists every application, declaring that the most honourable legacy he can leave to his family is the proof of the gallantry with which their father resisted a foreign invader.

The feeling at present in Saragossa is in favour of the Queen—at least the majority of the citizens acquiesce in the existing order of things, and find it easier to submit to whatever the ruling power may be, than to take upon themselves the lead in a quarrel, the termination of which no man

can see. But it contains some spirits of a more excited order, who are fully supported, when necessary, by a tumultuous populace; and whenever the Junta chooses to recompose itself, and to give the word, there will be no lack of tumult. The murder of the monks, and the several riots which have occurred within two years, are the proofs of the facility with which that ill feeling can be excited; but it astonishes us to find that it was done at the bidding of a few individuals, who choose, for their own ends, to take all the power of government upon themselves.

It was at Barcelona and at Saragossa the first Juntas were formed, when Toreno's unpopularity was becoming notorious in the country; but in the latter place it was composed of not more than six active members—the respectable portion of society being unwilling to interfere with them, and all glad to compromise for the safety of their families, by paying the contribution which these vultures demanded for public purposes, and which they shared among each other.

The knowledge of the apathy which pervades all the better classes of society in Spain, as to the management of their political affairs, is the only key which gives a true solution to the conduct which they have observed since the commencement of the civil war. They are indifferent to the

result, as experience has shown them that, whether it be Royalist or Liberal who gains the upper hand, the principle of despotism is the same with both; and each man judges from his own bosom and the sentiments which he has found inculcated in his neighbour's from his childhood, that the law of absolute power is the prevailing passion, and the extermination of one's enemies, when that power—be it under what pretext it may—is attained.

I never knew a Spaniard, even the most constitutional in theory, who was not a despot in practice. I never knew one, who, though an enthusiast for the liberty of the person, adopted any other mode of silencing his antagonist than by clapping him into a dungeon. I never knew one, though a professed admirer of the trial by jury, who thought of any other mode of determining the guilt or innocence of a rival, than by ordering him to be shot, often without trial, and never with a fair one. Even Martinez de la Rosa, the honestest man Spain contains, adopted no other mode of silencing those whom he suspected were conspiring against him, or had evidence to assure him of their doing so, than that of taking them out of bed in the dead of the night, locking them up in prison, or sending them across the frontier,

without their even being heard in their own defence.

The majority of the people at Saragossa were, as I have described, indifferent to the result. The Carlists were silent; and few could imagine that a deep and influential party existed in the city: but such is the fact; and so it will one day be found hereafter. But the Liberals, from their violence and the ferocity of their proceedings, gave a political colour to the whole, and France and England take it for granted that Saragossa is the centre of free thought, and that in it the Constitution is certain to find a rallying-point. But the truth is little known; and their neighbours would be much surprised to learn that two of the supposed Liberals were at Onate, at the same time that I was, to explain their conduct to Don Carlos, and to receive a pardon by anticipation. I will not state the names or rank of those persons, for fear of the consequences to them; but of the fact there is no doubt.

The Aragonese are an able-bodied, manly peasantry, resembling, in some degree, the people of Navarre, and, like them, hardy and courageous. They wear a coloured kerchief round the head, in lieu of the Basque Boyna, or Spanish *sombrero;* with short jackets, coarse velvet breeches

open at the knees, and ankle boots; and a few, whom Martinez de la Rosa brought to Madrid to act as a roving police, astonished the Castilians by their muscular and determined appearance. I am now speaking of Upper Aragon, not of the lower division of the province, where the Carlist force was organized under Cabrera in large numbers, as it is my intention to describe only what I saw, and places which I actually visited. The Cabrera I allude to is the chieftain whose aged mother was shot by order of the savage Mina, and whose own conduct has been exposed to so much reprehension by his reprisal on the sisters of a Christino colonel.

The diligence started at three in the morning. We had a merry party the first day; but, on the second, the spirits of my fellow-travellers were overcast by intelligence that Butaneros, the Carlist chieftain, who had lately left Navarre with a roaming force of 300 men, was on the road to Madrid; and it was naturally expected that a visit to the diligence would not fail to be included in their duty. This put a young *attaché* returning from Germany, and a captain of dragoons going to Madrid on leave, in a terrible fright; and they appeared inclined, more than once, to abandon the journey and wait for better tidings; but I laughed

them out of their fears, and promised to protect them in case the Canonigo appeared.

I have contended, and do still, that the expedition of Butaneros demonstrates most clearly the state of parties in Spain. This man, with 300 infantry and 50 lancers, crossed the Ebro in defiance of Cordova's army, and penetrated within twenty miles of Madrid, in despite of various detachments sent against him; and returned into the Basque provinces when the object of his expedition was answered. It was said by the Christinos that he came to raise the country in favour of Don Carlos; and that he intended to enter Madrid and proclaim the Infante there; and an accidental fire at the custom-house, which occurred while he was in the vicinity, was taken as a proof of the incendiary spirit of his partisans in the capital; but it is clear that no such ridiculous idea ever entered his head. He came to cut off the conscripts, or Quinta, on their route to join Cordova, and to levy contributions, and to put to scorn the power of the Queen. Could it be imagined that a force of 350 men, without arms to distribute, would have induced the concealed Carlists to show and compromise themselves? It is not 300, nor 3000, that can effect that object.

The success of Butaneros proves, on the other

hand, that the people have no anti-Carlist feeling—for they willingly supplied him with whatever he required; and surely, if they had any interest in the Queen's cause, they would have risen upon him and his followers, and smothered them, or thrown them into the next river. The fact is, the people are, as I have stated it, apathetic on the subject, though rather with a Carlist tendency than otherwise, and they find it cheaper to submit to the power of the moment than to risk the future by opposing it.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ONE of our party was an old officer who had fought at the siege of Saragossa, and was now going to take possession of a place to which he had been lately appointed. He made my blood thrill by descriptions of the heroic acts which he saw performed under his own eye; and repeated many instances, not only of the active courage, but of the cool passive endurance of suffering which men, women, and boys displayed on that memorable occasion. He left us at Calatayud; and I parted from him with regret, as we were mutually pleased with each other; and he felt flattered at the interest which a stranger took in a scene in which he had played a distinguished part. I learned from him that the celebrated Maid of Saragossa was still alive, and receiving a daily pension of six

reales (1*s.* 3*d.*) a-day. Look at the contrast between romance and reality!—the Maid of Saragossa, the heroine of novels and dramas, whose fame has been spread over Europe, receiving fifteen-pence a-day, to keep body and soul together!

In passing the boundary of Aragon and Castile, we found that Butaneros was close at hand; and the diligence from Madrid informed us that he and his party had allowed it to pass through them, on the day previous. Our Christino friends got a fresh fit of the ague on hearing this account, and they again proposed to stop at the first large town; but I persuaded them to take heart, and we happily reached Madrid without encountering the Carlists, or any of the regular bands of robbers which are organized on this as well as on all the other roads in Spain.

The Spanish diligence is an excellent carriage, much better served than the French, and travelling at a better pace. It stops every night for four or five hours, so that a journey for many days is carried on with less fatigue than where no stoppage is made, or rest taken. The practice is, I think, excellent, and might be imitated by those coaches in England which do not depend on great dispatch between the two extreme points of the journey. The roads are also excellent; the system

of M'Adam having been, a century ago, in practice in Spain; but I must reserve for another occasion all the fine things I have to say about mules, diligences, *mayorals* and *zagals*, and hasten to Madrid.

The circumstance of my having been in the Basque provinces had reached Madrid before me, and, though a variety of things proved to demonstration that I was not a Carlist agent, but an inquiring traveller, who knew no other mode of getting at the truth than by personal investigation of facts, at the places where they occurred, I found that a most violent feeling was prepared against me, and my friends expressed a serious alarm for my safety. It was in vain I argued that England was not at war with Don Carlos; that I entered the Basque provinces with my passport backed by the English consul at Bayonne, and by the French authorities; that it received the *visa* of the Spanish consul on coming out of Navarre, and that I had passed from Oporto to Lisbon during the civil war in Portugal; from Brussels to the Hague during that of the Pays Bas; but what is the use of proving that one is right, when every person is determined to think you wrong? and so all the world admitted that I must be assassinated if the government did allow me to remain in the capital.

'Well,' said I, 'I will convince you that you

are all in error; at least, I will submit my case to a direct experiment, and then we shall see whether the government will violate the law of nations in my person, and whether my minister will permit it.'

We were in the midst of the carnival—a splendid suite of rooms attached to the new theatre of the *Oriente* had just been opened—crowds thronged to masked balls given in them, and every person, from the Infante Don Francisco down to his tailor, was to be found there. I determined to go on the very day of my arrival, without a mask. If there be this strong feeling against me, it will be sure to show itself there; the sooner the crisis is brought on, the better. Men, disguised, will be at liberty to treat me as their passions excite them; if I am to be murdered, as my friends say, let the execution follow sentence at once.

I did go—there were seven thousand masks present. I was known to the greater part by name and person; I had a direct acquaintance with several: but though all who were on terms with me came up to shake hands, and to express astonishment at seeing me, not one said an unkind word, and I laughed them into the notion that what I had been doing was a kind of frolic. Not an unkind word was said; no, nor an offence, direct or indirect, offered. Only one lady, I be-

lieve the widow of a Liberal who was executed by Ferdinand, questioned me, and exclaimed that I had no right to come to Madrid, after having been with Don Carlos. I have always in life found that arguments with women are an unprofitable mode of spending time; so I whispered in her ear, 'that I knew her well; that I would risk all danger to see her, and had returned expressly for that purpose;' and then, not giving her time to reply, I slipped among the crowd, and escaped the repetition of her notice. I supped with a party of friends, and, even after the wine had gone round, and patriotism, no doubt, at its full steam, not a murmur at the surrounding tables was breathed against me; and I proved that if the government gave fair play, the people had no disposition to molest me.

The people of Madrid reserve all their desire of gaiety for the carnival, and there is nightly during it a succession of balls which are sufficient to turn all the women crazy.

The *Baile de Máscara* is an absorbing passion in Spain, like that of the bull-fight, and a woman will sell her husband's coat, or starve herself for a month previously, to insure the means of attending them in costume. In Paris, the masked balls at the Opera-house are sombre affairs; at the other theatres they are filled with low company,

and often exhibit scenes of gross depravity; but those of Madrid are attended by persons of the highest rank,—and dukes, duchesses, counts, and marquises are mingled in good fellowship with more humble pretenders to fashion. Shops are opened in every part of the town for the sale or hire of fancy-dresses, and the Paris prints of costumes are circulated from the library; nothing, in short, is thought of but the ball of the night, and women remain in bed all day that they may be fresh for the evening's gaiety. The lover, who in vain has sighed for months, secures his mistress by the present of tickets or a handsome dress—it is a bribe which no virtue can resist.

The balls are all given by subscription, varying from half-a-crown to ten shillings per ticket each night. Those of the lowest class are absolutely masked, but those at the Oriente and the Catalina, for the nobility, are more fancy than masked balls; and though every lady enters with her face covered, she quickly throws away the disguise, unless she has some object of intrigue or annoyance to answer. In the latter case, the dress of a *Pasiega*, or peasant, from the mountains of Santander, or a *Manola*, the grisette of Madrid, is adopted; because both are becoming to the shape, and admit of a freedom of manner and of language which

would not assort with a more distinguished costume.

The *Pasiega* wears a brown cloth spencer edged with gold lace, and a full green petticoat trimmed with gold, and an apron to match the spencer. Her head is bound with a coloured kerchief, and her long hair is arranged in two plaits, which hang down to the waist.

The *Manola* wears a cotton gown, cut very short, displaying her well-made ankle in open-work silk stockings, and her small foot in a neat shoe. Her hair is divided plainly on the forehead, with a rose on the left side, and gathered into a knot behind, from whence hangs the broad silk mantilla, edged with lace, which falls in a wide fold on the bosom. The *Pasiega* is a most graceful dress, and well-made women gladly adopt it: but the *Manola* part allows a license of evil satire and criticism, which is the terror of all who have any secrets to conceal. Some ladies of the first family, closely masked, avail themselves of this disguise to tell unpleasant truths to their acquaintance; and I have often laughed by the hour at the raillery of one of these wicked grisettes, on all the personages who fancied their follies and frailties were unknown.

The new ball-rooms at the theatre of the Oriente are magnificent, but far disproportioned to the

wants or the means of Madrid. They were crowded to an overflow in the carnival of this year; but they all remain unemployed till the same period next season, affording one of the many proofs of the incongruity of the means and the end which all Spanish speculations display. There is no establishment on any thing like the scale in London or Paris; indeed, the fact of seven thousand people being accommodated in one evening is a good proof of their extent.

The carnival is also the season when the principal private balls are given. The English minister gave last year a very grand entertainment, which a mighty Spanish warrior celebrated in most poetic prose; and the lady of the French ambassador has regularly, every season, a ball on the grandest scale, besides opening her rooms to a large circle on each Wednesday night. The Spaniards envied the brilliancy of M. Villier's rooms, and the elegance of Madame de Rayneval's arrangements; and one, more daring than the rest, determined to rescue the national honour from the hands of strangers, and, with considerable expense and labour, he produced a fête which will serve as one of the best specimens of what Madrid, in that line, can do.

This nobleman, the Marquis * * * *, had been for some years at Paris; and he was more

anxious, on his return, to sustain a character for refined taste in the luxuries of life than for diplomatic talents. With the hope, therefore, of surpassing all foreign competition, he arranged his mansion after a new design, broke through walls, built up staircases, got in the scene-painters from the theatre to stain the rooms, and indulged every fancy that pride or taste could suggest.

At length, the awful night came, and at eleven the ball commenced; soon after which hour the Queen arrived, covered with a black domino and mask, and followed by her suite, all clad in the same manner. They passed through the rooms like mutes, and then disappeared for a short time; but they soon returned, the Queen having changed her disguise for a plain ball-dress, with a necklace of brilliants, and a simple flower in her hair. She looked very handsome and beaming with goodness, as she always does; and she smiled, and smiled through the evening, until every man's heart was at her feet. Muñoz was, however, at her elbow, dressed in black, and behaving with great reserve, while his royal mistress danced with spirit, or received the attentions of the master of the house and a young diplomate,—a fresh, vain, robust Adonis, of that class that some women admire, and to which it is supposed her Majesty has something of a predilection.

The rooms soon became very crowded, and it was impossible to remain in any one of them with comfort, because the *local* was totally unsuited for a large ball, there being not one good saloon, and nothing better than a succession of little chambers, many of which did not even communicate with each other. The company, with sorrow be it said, did not appear to full advantage for want of sufficient light—the wax candles being of a dirty hue like church lights,—and there not being a sufficiency of them. In Spain, all rooms at night have a dingy look, and, with all the tact of the marquis, he neglected to qualify that common defect; and the servants likewise proved a source of constant embarrassment; for, not being under the orders of one chief, they went rushing through all the apartments, creating terror and dismay by the extinguishing of the lights, not to speak of the overthrow of coffee-cups and ices.

A sad disaster occurred in the middle of the ball. The centre lamp began to distil its sweets on the dresses of the dancers; and it was not till the greater part were perfumed, that it was discovered that the lamp had two or three rogueish little holes in it, from whence it anointed the distinguished guests.

Then came the bustle of unhanging and removing it; the dirty oil trailing on the floor, while the

marquis looked on as fierce as Boreas, and would have blown out lamp, company, and all, through the window, if he could.

The marquis is a smart dumpy body, five feet high—fresh-coloured, and bluff—quite a Galician Cupid—particularly sensitive on matters of etiquette; but what was his horror, after recovering from one disaster, to see a side-chandelier tumble from its place, scoring the backs of the pretty damsels, and breaking the noses of a score of dandies.

First went the lamp in the centre, then the chandelier at one side, then the branches at the other. The devil was in the lights. The fact was, four branches came down in the course of the evening, and the shoulder of one beautiful woman was severely injured.

At two, the supper-rooms were opened; but the servants again ran riot, and none of the company were completely placed. One room was devoted to the Queen and her suite; another to the diplomatic corps; and two others, near them, to the most patrician guests.

The room, beyond the influence of the Royal party, soon became a scene of confusion; because, as Spaniards fall upon a supper as Arabs upon a caravan in the desert, no one would give place to a successor, but each held fast possession

of his seat, though twenty were waiting to profit by it when he had done.

The dishes were not renewed; and every table presented in a short time a spectacle of mangled remains, with hungry expectants struggling to procure a morsel. One gentleman, who had been often distinguished for his enormous appetite, was seen coolly to scrape together the fragments of several dishes, and to gobble them up as one mess, while numerous others, of a similar kidney, lovingly shared the same plate, and lapped up their sauce with the same spoon—a kind of ride-and-tie affair.

The impudent thus got stuffed to repletion, while the modest portion of the company did not reach a crumb. By great favour, one gentleman procured a glass of lemonade; but half the party were sent away without supper.

The dancing was resumed after supper, and, as the music was excellent, it was maintained with spirit to a late hour. The Galician Cupid danced with the Queen, and puffed and blowed like Peter Pastoral, with a peony in his button-hole.

In short, the Marquis's grand ball proved a complete failure—and it failed exactly in those points of elegant life, on the observance of which he most prided himself; and his dingy lights, bad attendance, and insufficient supper, proved that, however

anxious he may be to imitate the entertainments of London and Paris, he is nothing better than a tyro, and devoid of the true principles of taste. And, as a proof of this assertion, I have merely to add that he had the walls of his suite of rooms painted for the occasion, like those of a country tavern, with grotesque figures as large as life, and as glaring as red and yellow ochre could make them. And the staircase which he had constructed to carry his guests *up* stairs to the second floor, to supper—an invention of his own—was composed of such wide steps, that the little Spanish damsels could with difficulty reach from one to the other. That, however, was not considered as a misfortune by the ladies or the lookers-on; for the dear dark-eyed maids have very pretty feet and ankles, and, to tell the plain truth, I never saw ladies less disconcerted by wide steps or a high wind, than those of Madrid.

As the carnival is the season of general rejoicing at Madrid, and as the bull-fights constitute the great feature of Spanish festivity, I have thought proper to introduce here a description of that extraordinary and savage sport, which has already been favourably spoken of, on account of the peculiar facts which it contains, and which none of those persons who have written on the subject appear to have been acquainted with.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE bulls intended for this purpose are bred in La Mancha, Andalusia, or the vicinity of Madrid. Their pedigree is as carefully preserved as that of our race-horses; and every care is taken to cross and improve the blood. Some breeders have a great reputation, and their stock fetches a high price—at least £30 each bull. The moment one of the blood appears in the *Plaza*, it is hailed as the trial-colt of a celebrated stable would be at Newmarket. An adequate supply is sent up, each year, to a large preserve, about nine miles from Madrid; from whence a sufficient number are selected, the evening before the *corrida* is to take place. They are attended by herdsmen, who are educated to the calling; and it is wonderful to

see the dexterity and, I may say, talent, with which these persons manage a number of wild animals, which appear ready to destroy every thing which comes before them. They are provided with long slings, from which they can discharge stones so exactly as to strike any particular bull, and armed with a long pole with which they drive the animals when near them, or turn any bull that strays from the line of march. They have always at command several steers, or oxen, who are so well taught, as to obey the voice, and select the required animals out of the herd. Each steer has a large bell suspended from his neck; and it is curious to see two of those well-taught beasts draw away the wild bull from his companions, and guide him, one at each side, to the place required by the herdsman.

The bull-fight generally is held on the Monday; and, on the evening previous, all the amateurs and a great crowd of the lower classes go out a league from Madrid, to meet the lot selected for the following day. Great care is taken by the police on those occasions, and a squadron of cavalry is provided to keep the road clear which the animals have to come, as any object moved before them might raise their fury. About three miles from Madrid, in a solitude as profound as if it were as many hundred, at a place called the

Arroyo, there is a little glen, into which the bulls are led in time to reach the city by nightfall. First is heard at a distance the tinkling of several bells, and then are seen the horsemen galloping about to catch the direction in which the herd is coming—the hills thronged by people anxious to get a view—and then, descending from a distant high ground, the herd, and an equal number of steers and bulls, are visible coming leisurely along with the herdsmen, and their long poles, on horseback; the steers all milk-white, the bulls being varied in colour. The steers obey the voice of the drivers, and the bulls follow them without alarm; while each group of people, as they approach, divide and fall into the rear at a convenient distance.

In this way the procession moves till it comes to the *Arroyo*, where a rest of half an hour is given; and the wild bulls, appeased by the presence of the steers, remain quiet, though horses and carriages and people are drawn up about them; and the bull-fighters and the connoisseurs go still nearer to examine their condition. Sometimes a bull will stray, and then the skill of the herdsman is seen; he rides fearlessly after it, throws stones from his sling, and heads it if he can; while two of the steers are detached to meet it, at the

sound of whose bells it stops, and allows itself to be reconducted to the glen.

When the day is about to close, the people are carefully driven off the road, and the dragoons are employed to keep the stragglers at a proper distance; and the steers lead the bulls on, slowly, until they get to about a quarter of a mile from the *Plaza*. There the road is banked at either side, and a strong barricade is raised close to the reception-ground; behind which the curious are forced to retire, and to keep their heads so low, as not to attract the notice of the bulls, by sentinels, who are posted close to each other. When the bulls enter the enclosed road, one of the herdsmen who leads them puts his horse into a gallop, and the word being given to the steers, the whole herd set off at full speed, and come driving along, goring the ground, and shaking the earth as they pass over it. The crowd behind set up a loud shout; and it is highly exciting, just as the night falls, to see the wild animals, lashed into a fury, with their eyes flaring, rushing in a mass, the horsemen galloping in after them, the people struggling for a sight, the sentinels striving to keep them down, and to hear the last cry of exultation, as soon as the whole body have passed the gates and are safely lodged

in the strong-hold prepared for their reception. Then comes the discussion, in the neighbouring *cafés*, as to the condition of the bulls, the superiority of one breed over another, and the probabilities of the next day's fight.

The bulls are left with food for the night in the corral; and the next day, about noon, the Infante Don Francisco, attended by the governor of the Plaza, and several of the nobility, ladies as well as gentlemen, come to see them separated and put into order of battle. First, their courage is tried in a very simple but efficient manner; and the bull-fighters anxiously attend to it, as they can pretty well calculate on the spirit and temper of each animal from the manner in which he meets the test. You see the bulls and the steers in an open yard, divided by gates, over which a temporary pavilion is built for the accommodation of the Infante and his friends. Small partitions, like sentry-boxes, range along the walls of the yard, behind which the herdsmen can take refuge if any of the animals become furious. After an examination of half an hour, and a dissertation on the probable merit of the lot, the herdsmen, with long thin wands, step into the yard, and order the steers, each of whom has a special name, to separate themselves from the bulls. It is curious to see the tame animals instantly obey; and, as

soon as a division is made, the gates are closed, and the bulls are driven into a range of cells, in which their courage is to be tried. Sometimes the herdsmen are exposed to peril, as an obstinate bull will not part from the steers; and he flies at the men who goad him to do so. On those occasions the man passes behind the stockade, and two of the steers lead the bull through the gates, and instantly return.

When, at length, the animals are passed into the cells, the Infante and his friends go to a range of galleries, which are above them, and through which a number of trap-doors open to the places where the bulls are confined. Then each bull is separated, and as he rushes from the goad of the herdsman, who plunges into his back or sides from above, from one cell to another, the Infante lets fall before him a pink silk scarf, which he dangles to and fro by means of a long string. If the bull rushes at the scarf with fury, he is pronounced to be good; if he is scared at it, or paws the ground, trying to work himself up to a passion, he is bad or doubtful. A high-couraged bull never refuses this test, and I have seen them drive their horns almost fast into the doors of the cells after rushing past the scarf. It is amusing to see the Infante on these occasions, and a stranger will form no great opinion of the Blood Royal of Spain

from the exhibition. Don Francisco is a fat, good-natured, simple-looking personage, who has but one idea, and that is bull-fighting: he examines each animal as Lord Sefton would a race-horse; and as courage or cowardice is displayed, he turns to his attendants, or the strangers present, with appropriate remarks: "*Ola!*" "*Dios mio!*" "*Es otra cosa!*" "*Hombre!*" "*Qué tal!*" "*Va usted con Dios!*" and numerous other exclamations. The spectators echo all the Prince's remarks, adding a few of their own, such as "*Este es un canonigo,*" a favourite taunt to a cowardly bull, "*Este es bravo.*"

This trial is almost infallible, and the bull is certain to conduct himself in the *Plaza* with the same game which he exhibits in the cell. When the lot are thus examined, and pent up in other cells, which have a communication with the entrance to the *Plaza*, the Infante and his party change their ground, and through another trap-door drive into the bull's back a small nail, to which is attached various coloured ribands, the devices of the breeders, just as at Newmarket every stud-owner has his own colour.

The animals are then left for a few hours quiet, and the Infante retires till the hour appointed for the fight.

I am describing a very cruel and nauseous sport,

but it is characteristic of the nation, and I trust I may, without the imputation of being a lover of blood, give a faithful account of a scene which no stranger can see without being shocked.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

About an hour before the fight takes place, all Madrid is in a state of excitement; the *Calle Alcala* is crowded with people; the balconies are filled with women dressed in mantillas and flowers. Every one puts on the national costume, and it is a point of fashion for the men to go in the beautiful Andalusian dress, and the women with white lace mantillas, the hair full-dressed, and the never-failing rose and comb. A squadron of cavalry parade the street — another of cuirassiers pass through them to keep order at the *Plaza* — the royal carriage, with six cream-coloured horses, comes dashing along—the guards turned out, trumpets sounding, and drums beating to receive them.

Then follow the carriages of the nobility and

gentry, of the ambassadors, and cavaliers on horseback, and innumerable *calesas*, or painted cabriolets, with the drivers sitting on the shafts, or running by the horses' sides. Nothing can be more exciting; and if a stranger were to judge only from this day, he would suppose Madrid to be the gayest capital, and not the dullest, in Europe. In fact, every one with a shilling in his pocket is out; and such is the devotion or the madness of the people for these sports, that no sacrifice is deemed too great, by which they may be able to partake of them.

The *fancy* here is composed of every class in society, from the King down to the limeburner. There is honour and not reproach in being of it. The women delight in the blood spilt on these occasions, and ridicule the affectation of foreign ladies in shrinking from it. All is tumult, all is excitement, yet not the slightest disturbance takes place; such is the admirable love of order produced, by good feeling on the part of the people, and by strictness on the part of the police.

The *Plaza* is a great circular building, as large as the inner ring of Portman-square. The benches which surround the circle when the fight takes place, are first of stone, where the common people sit; then of wood, where the gentry take their places; and over all is a row of boxes for sub-

scribers, the price to all being nearly double at the shaded side. There is accommodation for 12,000 persons, the price of admission varying from four shillings to one, and yielding on full days £1200; the net produce of which is applied to charitable purposes. Every seat is marked with a corresponding number on the admission ticket, so that the whole crowd is placed without the slightest deviation from good order.

Near the *Plaza*, there is a range of stables where the unfortunate horses are kept, and a reception-room for the *toreros* and their friends. This is a kind of dandy lounge before the fight, and the young nobles and old amateurs resort there to talk to Montes and other chiefs, and to discuss the merits of new adventurers. The *banderilleros* are seen adjusting the points of their beautiful dresses; the *matadores* displaying their costly jackets, probably the gift of some noble and ignoble lady; the *picadores* trying the steadiness of their horses. The latter is the most pleasing. You see him gallop up to a wall with his lance pointed as if to attack the bull, and instructing the horse to give a *demi-volt* when he strikes it into the brick, or to remain firm while he presses on it with all his force. After several exhibitions of this kind, and when all the *toreros* are assembled, each coming in an open carriage attended by

a host of initiators or friends, the trumpets sound as soon as the royal parties arrive, and then a procession is formed; the *matadores* in front, and the *picadores* bringing up the rear. In this way they march into the *Plaza*, and the moment of their entrance is the signal for cheers, which rend the skies.

The view, at this moment, is magnificent. All the nobility, wealth, youth, beauty, and nationality of Madrid is collected. Every one is seen to advantage. All are highly excited; and as handkerchiefs are waved, and cheers given on the entrance of each public favourite, a stranger might suppose that the day was devoted to the honour of some famed general, the deliverer of his country. Previous to this, a troop of cuirassiers, with trumpets sounding, has cleared the *Plaza*, and the *alguaciles*, dressed exactly in the same costume as you see in the old engravings of Gil Blas, have galloped to and fro, with the orders of the *corregidor* to the keeper of the bulls. Then come the *picadores*, who are presented in form to the Infante, and the several other *toreros*, who take their places along the barrier which surrounds the ring and separates it from the people. An *alguacil* gallops across the *Plaza* with the keys of the dens, and, as he returns, a shout of expectation rises to the sky, after which a most profound silence reigns

for half a minute, every eye being directed to the door from whence the bull is to issue.

At length the door opens, and out rushes the devoted bull, with eyes glaring and nostrils distended. If true game, the first object he sees he flies at; commonly it is the horse, but the *picador* is prepared to receive him, with his lance firmly held under his arm, and grasped with a hand of iron, the eyes of his horse covered with a handkerchief. He patiently waits the assault, and receives the animal on the small spear, about an inch long, which is at the end of the lance. The bull turns aside, and rushes at the next man, who is called a *chulo*, or cheat; but he springs on the barrier, and the bull drives blindly on at the next, and the next, each of whom escapes in the same manner. He then rushes at the other horse, but the *picador* receives him with the same cool resistance; and the bull, having made the complete circle, stands for a moment glaring at the crowd of assailants, until he selects one more forward than the rest, whom he rushes at to overturn: the *chulo* allows him to approach, and just as he is about to strike, lets fall the silk scarf with which he is provided; the bull drives eagerly at it, while the other turns adroitly away, or has recourse to the barrier. Sometimes a hardy *chulo* will cross half the *Plaza*, moving from side to side

the painted scarf, the poor bull following every movement of it. If the man be hard-pressed, a second *chulo* comes to his aid, and flings another scarf into the bull's eyes, who is attracted by the new enemy. Another succeeds, and you sometimes see the bull thus deluded for several minutes, until he stands foaming with rage and panting from exertion. Occasionally the bull will pursue the original *chulo*, and then no other resource is left to him but to throw the scarf down and to fly over the paling; and the crowd delight to see the animal vent his rage on the silk, tossing it on his horns, and tearing it with his feet.

The *picador* now becomes the assailant, and, moving further into the *Plaza*, puts himself in the way of the bull. If the animal be of good blood, he flies at the horse, and, in despite of all the exertions of the *picador*, overturns both. Sometimes he will raise them on his horns, and, by his immensity of strength, bear them for a few paces. This is the nauseous part of the fight, and which no experience can reconcile a stranger to. The poor horse is gored in a fearful manner, his chest with deep gashes, his belly often ripped up, and, can I say it, his entrails hanging on the ground! The crowd do not feel the cruelty, and all classes rise in transport, and cheer the bull, exclaiming that such a race is always game, and

the most delicate ladies wave their handkerchiefs, and exclaim with delight. The *picador*, in the mean time, is in the last extremity; he is either driven against the barrier, where his head is all but broken by the shock, or he is under his horse, or dashed with violence on the ground some short distance from him. The bull in his blind fury attacks the horse, and generally kills him with a few strokes; or if he rushes at the man, the *chulos* throw their scarfs in his eyes, and seek to draw him off by a new object. Sometimes he will not be deluded, and the *picador* has occasionally paid the forfeit of his life; but, generally speaking, the scarf, particularly a pink one, so far appals him, that he leaves his fallen foe to follow it. Montes, the celebrated *matador*, is distinguished for his courage and quickness; and I have seen twenty men's lives saved by his fearless dexterity.

CHAPTER XL.

The whole ring is mad with delight on such occasions, and Montes, if he be in good temper, gives some additional specimens of his art. Having taken off the bull from the *picador*, he suddenly gathers the scarf into the form of a mantle, and as the furious animal rushes at it he shifts it from side to side without being struck. He then holds it before it, and makes the bull run round him in a circle, his eyes straining at the scarf, and having no sight for the man who is close to him. After playing with the bull for two or three minutes in this manner, he boldly turns and faces him, and rolling up the scarf stands right before him, as if daring him to do his worst. The bull appears overawed, and to shrink from the steady gaze of his master, and, after a few

seconds' pause, moves away to seek another enemy.

Sometimes he draws back, puts his nose to the ground, and scrapes up the earth, throwing it over the back with his hoof, which is a sign of cowardice; but if he rushes at his foe, Montes coolly slips aside, and another *chulo* is at hand to catch his attention. Sometimes Montes is hard-pressed, and then he jumps between the bull's horns and over his back. I have not seen him execute that feat, but I have seen him clear one horn, and run round and round the bull, with his black cap in his hand, without the animal being able to touch him.

These are the most beautiful displays that can be made, and if bull-fighting had no other end, it would be a magnificent sport. The audience are enraptured; and shouts, and cheers, and the waving of handkerchiefs, proclaim the enthusiasm of the people. Montes, who is a plain, slight, ill-made man, *more like Lord Chancellor Brougham than any other person I know*, receives all these honours with composure, and, after one or two bows to his patrons, flies again to save some of his companions' lives.

The *picador's* legs and thighs are cased in iron, and his clothes are padded, to save him from the effect of the falls; but often they are severely

bruised. The head comes against the barrier with a force to split it, and the horse frequently falls over them. They have bodies of iron; and Sevilla, in particular, has a frame which appears to be unconscious of pain and unsusceptible of injury, so often have I seen him re-appear after every one thought he was finished for ever. This man is a wonder, and he alone shares the highest honours with Montes. He is a short, thick-set person, with a head like an ox, an arm of iron, and a courage of the highest order. He can, if his horse be steady, keep out an ordinary bull at the point of his lance, by the brute force of his arm; and I have seen him, when dismounted, still hold his lance and protect himself from the next rush of the bull until relieved by a *chulo*. Montes is his guardian angel, and their united exertions seem to bid defiance to all the bulls of La Mancha.

It was in defending him that Montes lately laid hold of the bull's tail, and pulled him from his fallen friend, and hung upon it until the beast panted for wind; and I saw him draw the bull away from him on another occasion at the risk of his own life, as he was almost pent against the barrier, while Sevilla lay flat on his face, with the tips of the bull's horns almost in his side.

The contest between the bull and the *picador*

is the most cruel and most acceptable to a true Spaniard. Sometimes the bull rushes at the horses in succession, and kills both at two strokes. The riders then waddle off, while the *chulos* protect them, and are remounted on the instant. Sometimes these men are unhorsed; and their steeds gallop about the *Plaza*, and afford excellent fun to the mob, as the bull pursues them, and they kick at him as he approaches, so that he is unable to approach them. In the mean time the grooms of the *Plaza* are obliged to come in to catch the horses, and it is good sport to see their fears if the bull directs his fury to that part of the arena; but the *chulos* crowd round him on those occasions, and occupy his eyes by their scarves until the beasts are caught, and the *picadores* are replaced. A bull frequently kills eight horses, and then his blood is set down as the best, and others of the same breed are looked to with great interest when they make their appearance; and it is most remarkable that bulls of the same breed fight exactly in the same manner, and the experienced *torero* knows what he has to expect the moment one of a noted stock comes into the *Plaza*.

When the bull is often repulsed, the *picador* becomes more bold, and advances in the centre of the *Plaza*; and then he and the animal stand as if

daring each other, for five or six minutes. As long as the animal glares on him he stands on the defensive, and sometimes pokes him in the nose to bring him on; but if he draws back, and bends his head to the ground, and paws up the sand, the *picador* apprehends no danger, and he takes the lance out of the rest, holding it in readiness for the attack, if the bull should take fresh courage. When the people are tired of this sport, the *corregidor* gives the word, and the drums beat and the trumpets sound, on which the *picadores* retreat to the side of the ring, and a new combat begins.

If the bull has proved a coward, in order to disgrace his breed, *banderillas*, with fire-works in them, are given; if not, those of the ordinary description are used. These are feathered darts, about half a yard long, with a barbed point like a fishing-hook; and the *banderilleros*, or the men who use them, holding one lightly at the point of the fingers of each hand, with the arms fully extended, rush at the bull; and as he furiously drives at them, the moment he stoops his head to gore, they strike them into his neck, and the sudden pain causes him to stop, during which pause they escape. It is the work of an instant, done with the quickness of light, and as if by magic.

Who can believe that a man will meet the rush of a mad bull, almost let his horns touch his body, and then escape in safety? But so it is done; and the eye is lost in wonder at seeing those active persons coming on in a crowd, each darting his arrows into the bull's neck, and flying from him, to give way to another. If the fire *banderillas* are used, the poor bull is tortured by the prick of the barb, as well as by the explosion of the crackers. He drives about, jumps up, and lashes his sides in agony, all which gives great delight to the people, who exclaim, "*Toca la música,*"—"*El bayle,*"—"*Es un baylarino.*"

Sometimes the bull is such a coward that he will not meet the rush of the man, and then the *banderillero* is in despair; for it is only the fierce bull that can be fought, it being essential to all the operations of the game that the bull rushes at his opponent and bends his neck to gore. Sometimes the man makes a false step, and then his death is certain, unless Montes is at hand. I saw a *banderillero* fall, and the bull was about tossing him, when the brave Montes rushed forward and covered his eyes with the scarf. A thought of time later, and the man would have been dead; but Montes saved his life, and then made the bull dance round the *Plaza*, amid the cheers of the multitude.

When there has been enough of this sport, the drums and trumpets again sound at a given signal, and the last act of the tragedy begins. The *matador* draws a short straight sword, and unfolds a small red cloth flag; and then, kneeling before the royal box, asks leave of the authorities to kill the bull, in honour of some noble lady, some saint, or some patron. He then, attended by a *chulo*, who is generally another *matador*, walks towards the place where the bull is surrounded by the other *chulos*, who torment him by throwing their scarves in succession before him. If Montes be the *matador*, the excitement is great, and every one moves from his seat to watch what he is doing. This gives rise to a great uproar, and the cry of "*Sentarse*" is heard from those in the back places to those more in front.

As Montes comes up, the *chulos* withdraw, and station themselves behind the bull, to give aid if necessary, while he and his attendant *chulo* go before and unfold the red cloth, which at once fixes the animal's whole attention. It stands quivering with fear and rage before it, while Montes holds it from him on the right side. The bull's eyes glare, he gives a low moan, and dashes at the flag, tossing it as he meets it. Montes yields to his rage, and suddenly shifts it to the left. The bull eagerly follows the object of his terror, and the

matador makes him go round and round him, watching the flag as it slowly recedes.

When Montes sees the bull excited to the utmost degree, he prepares to kill; and, passing the stick on which the flag is to his left hand, he holds the sword in his right hand over it, exactly in the centre; so as that, when the bull rushes at the cloth, and stoops to gore, he is enabled to introduce the point of his sword between the cartilages of the neck, and force it down to some vital part.

Sometimes the bull, particularly a half-game one, turns from the flag to rush at the man, whose life is put to the greatest hazard; and he saves it by a lucky turn, or the assistance of a *chulo*. The bull's horns are often far apart, and that is always a case of great danger; for, as the animal must pass under the arm, it is possible that the point of one horn may catch some part of the dress, and the man be overturned. This was the case once with our hero Montes, and his life was nearly forfeited by an accident of the kind.

The bull's horn caught in the sleeve of the dress as he passed under it; and Montes stumbling from the slight shock, the bull suddenly swung round and ripped up his thigh. Montes was thrown on his back, but no friendly *chulo* was at hand to render him the same aid which he so

often lent others; and, as he lay, there was a groan of despair heard all over the *Plaza*, and every one rose in consternation, and horror-struck at the loss of their favourite. Montes was the only cool person in the ring; and, undismayed, followed, with his usual *sang froid*, the instructions given for such extremities,—namely, to divert the bull's attention, by repeatedly kicking him on the nose when he stoops to gore. This manœuvre was so successfully tried on this occasion, that the bull was not able to plant one efficient blow on the body; and as soon as the *chulo* took him off, Montes was found to have received no vital hurt, and he was led to the surgery, always provided with two operators, where his wounds were dressed so well, that he was confined but a fortnight from their effects.

The bull, if skilfully killed, should fall at the feet of the *matador*; but it is seldom that so direct a thrust can be given. Most frequently it takes three or four assaults to finish the animal, and if the *matador* bungles in the least, or shows any want of courage, the spectators assail him with every epithet, and exclaim loudly "*Fuera, fuera!*" A cowardly bull is killed with great difficulty, as it is his rush and the stooping of his neck which gives the swordsman a chance, and sometimes he lives for a quarter of an hour after the sword to

the hilt is sheathed in his body, and the *matador* is obliged to kill him with a second weapon.

The moment the bull is severely wounded, the *chulos* surround him and complete his exhaustion by throwing their scarves and exciting his impotent rage. In vain he retires from them, seeking a corner where he may die in quiet, but they give him not a moment's rest till his strength deserts him, and he sinks on his knees in the middle of the *Plaza*, and the moment after rolls over dead on his side. Sometimes he will stagger as if drunk from the loss of blood, and then the *toreros* catch him by the tail, and endeavour to overthrow him; and if he still struggle between death and life, one of them strikes a sharp nail into the brain, and ends his torment.

A flourish of trumpets and the roll of drums proclaim that the victory is achieved, and a team of mules, gaudily attired and covered with bells, gallop into the field, and drag out the bodies of the poor brute and the horses that have been his victims. The moment the carcases are removed, the drums and trumpets again sound, and another bull is let in to undergo the same persecution, and to share the same fate.

Sometimes two bulls are fought at the same time. This is highly exciting, as the space for each is reduced one half, and the men and horses

are exposed to greater danger. There is also this further risk, that as the *torero* jumps over the barrier to escape the rush of the bull, he may fall on the horns of the other; and sometimes the bull overleaps the paling, and two united will banish a whole field. The narrowness of the space brings the *picador* more into action;—I have seen a bull on such occasions receive twenty assaults from the *picador* before he was delivered over to the *banderillero*. The two *matadores* keep up a rivalry of dexterity and danger, to satisfy, if not their own honour, that of their partisans. As they play with the cloak in the manner of Montes, and kill without repeated efforts, the spectators are in delight, and shout on shout is heard at each new feat.

If the fight be protracted till the close of the day, each cigar-smoker takes out his flint and steel, and keeps up a shower of light sufficient for the purpose of the *toreros*. Nothing can be more picturesque than to see the immense theatre at one moment in darkness, and the next lighted up by glancing fires,—to see the sparks twinkle like the gleam of glow-worms in a wood, and to hear the deafening shouts of the people as the feats of the principal actors are revealed.

The father of the bull-fighters is Jose Candido, a man now seventy years old, but he can kill with

all the certainty that he did in the prime of life. He is the teacher of Montes; and his scholar evinces for him the greatest admiration, and watches over his safety when he appears in the Plaza. It is wonderful to see this old man face a wild bull just brought down from the mountains; but such is the coolness induced by practice, the accuracy with which time and distance are measured, the principles on which the fight is conducted so certain, that, even before his trembling hand and weak frame, the power of the stronger brute is unavailable, and death is as assured of him as if the matador was in the prime of life.

Bull-fighting is on the decline in Spain, or rather the Government do not give it the same countenance as formerly; but it is equally dear to the people of all ranks and ages, and it will be a long time before they can be weaned from it, or be convinced of its cruelty.

The *toreros* were, until lately, patronized by ladies of rank, and they were in the habit of receiving handsome presents from those to whom they inscribed their perils of the day. It is said, even now, that Montes is the favourite of a lady of rank, and another is having his portrait taken by the first master.

The dress they wear is magnificent, and a well-made and active man is set off to great advantage

in a tight-fitting silk jacket, embroidered in gold, silver, or silk, with tight web small-clothes, equally embroidered; white silk stockings, smart shoes, his shirt-collar open, a pink riband tied round the throat, a pink scarf round the waist, a small embossed black cap on his head. Some of these dresses cost one, two, or three hundred pounds; fifty pounds is an ordinary price. The men have all what would be called, among the fancy in London, a fighting head; that is to say, a low forehead, well-protected eyes, high cheek-bones, full mouth, with well-turned and light limbs. The bump of pugnacity, according to the *Belcherian* system of craniology, is decidedly marked. The profession is a lucrative one, for each matador receives £30, each picador £20, and each banderillero £10, for every performance.

CHAPTER XLI.

HAVING reached thus far in the execution of this slight work, I begin to regret that I had not commenced it on a more extended plan; because a knowledge of the state of parties at Madrid, and a full explanation of the strength of the Queen and the Carlist party, appear to be much wanted in England; and I fancy I had the means of pretty nearly ascertaining both. An early opportunity will, I hope, be given me of prosecuting this inquiry, and I will content myself at present with running over the main features of the case. On the fall of Zea Bermudez, all the public servants, with few exceptions, were Carlists in their hearts, and longed ardently for the coming of the Infante; and even now, though so many changes have taken

place, if the voice of those employed were heard, I am certain the majority would be more in his favour than the Queen's. The same may be said of the Royal Guards, as well as of the persons about the Court; and it is thought that Muños, the Queen's favourite, has a tendency that way.

In fact, the constitutional system has no true friends but the returned emigrants of 1823, and their affection to it may be well accounted for by the desire to possess those places from whence they have been so long excluded, and to which they now so anxiously aspire. Indifference, however, is the leading character of the inhabitants, and those of any place in society appear buried in an apathy the most profound, and quite careless as to the result.

A great number of Carlists have become compromised against their inclination since the death of Ferdinand, in consequence of the sluggish conduct of Don Carlos, who left them without the hope of his re-appearance for a considerable period. These persons are now re-assured by the heroic and noble daring of the Infante in Navarre, and, however they may conceal their feelings, they are at heart attached to him, and will take the first practical opportunity of proving it.

Let not the seeming indifference which the Royalist party have exhibited during the last two

years at Madrid be construed into an affection for the Queen's Government. What can they do? they are without arms, and the slightest demonstration on their part would but expose them to the fury of the armed National Guard; the officers of which are chiefly returned emigrants, who know of no other logic than the sword and the musket! It is only by going into the bosom of private families, and being received by them as a friend, that the true disposition of the inhabitants becomes known. How few Englishmen have the opportunity! How few who visit Madrid speak the language! How few strangers are received with confidence! It is by the command of these sources that I undertake to write with so much certainty, and I believe in my heart that three-fourths of the respectable portion of society are in favour of Don Carlos; even in the houses of some wide-mouthed Liberals, I found the women attached to the Infante, and I fancy many of the seeming Christinos are but playing a part; the man acting the Constitutionalist in public, while in his own home he secretly indulges the hope of a restoration.

The notorious conduct of the Queen—not *the living* with her paramour, but the *being seen* with him in public—is her crime, and has given great scandal, and alienated all sinners like herself, but who stand upon their reputation. The bloody deeds

of the emigrants who surround her have planted a deep terror for the security of their lives and properties among the quiet portion of the people who have something to lose. The change of ancient institutions has wounded their pride, and alarmed their prejudices; and the introduction of foreign aid to support the Queen has touched the most irritable part of the Spanish character.

Can that cause be considered national which is supported by the bayonet of the *estrangero?* Can the true Spaniard be pleased to hear that his countrymen are slaughtered by the *soldados comprados,* whether French or English? Think you that he will not be alarmed when he finds that the one has taken Pampeluna, and the other St. Sebastian? Let but the Portuguese occupy Badajoz or Ciudad Rodrigo, and he will conclude to a certainty that he has been bought and sold, and that the Quadruple Treaty has been the artifice to enslave him.

It is admitted on all hands, that if Don Carlos had been in Madrid on the death of Ferdinand, or marched boldly on it after that event, the crown would have been his, without a struggle. But the delay was fatal to his cause; and I know several officers deeply attached to him, who, being in the service, continued to take their orders from the War Department, and from a principle of honour would

not abandon their colours. I have known a General-Officer march out from Madrid, who has done his duty in Navarre, who admitted that he was a Carlist at heart. Two of my personal friends are serving with the Queen, who would give their lives for the Infante, but who will die rather than go over. Another was shot a few days since, gallantly leading on his men, who did not conceal his opinions; and one of the most noisy defenders of the Queen wrote, while the question was in suspense, an able argument in favour of the Infante's right.

The sending Don Carlos out of Madrid before Ferdinand's death was a masterpiece of Zea Bermudez's policy. It paralysed his friends, and left his enemies masters of the field, the treasury, the army, and the Government. If the Queen has lost ground since, it has been owing to the imbecility and knavery of the Ministers who succeeded Zea.

Martinez de la Rosa disregarded the arrival of Don Carlos in Navarre—it was "but one *factioso* more." The profligacy of Toreno, the delusive schemes of Mendizabel, have hastened the derangement of the State-machine. Had the Queen established a good and a strong government, its permanency was more than probable; but now that the elements of discord are let loose, that all

the bad passions of the emigrants are unchecked, the result is doubtful; and I say, without fear of contradiction on the part of those who really know what Spain is, that the Queen's throne is for the moment secured only by the presence of twenty thousand foreign bayonets, and the moral force of the Quadruple Treaty. What has become of all the Royalist volunteers of two hundred thousand, who were at one time enrolled? The Curé Merino alone had thirty thousand with him in Castile, in 1833. These men are not gone down to the grave: put arms into their hands, and we shall soon see where the real strength of the country lies.

CHAPTER XLII.

Two days after my arrival at Madrid, a communication passed between the British Minister and the Government respecting me; and I was advised by both to leave it, and return to France, or pass into Portugal. Circumstances induced me to disregard that advice; but I expressed my readiness to go, if it came in the shape of an order of the Home Office, or of the police. Nothing of the kind was sent me; no direct communication took place from the Government to me. I was allowed to remain a month at Madrid, and all my friends imagined that the Government had seen the folly of its objections to my residence; and as I had, by appearing at all public places—the balls, the theatres, and the Prado—proved that the people were not indisposed towards me, it was imagined

that I should not be molested. My evenings were spent among the diplomatic corps; I carefully avoided the houses of recognised Carlists; I defied *espionage;* my avocations were open and avowed; my conduct was unobjectionable.

A month after my arrival, I was at a large ball, at the house of the wife of the celebrated Prince of Peace, where I met one of the foreign Ministers, who laughed with me at the idle threats of the Government, when he found that no notice had been served on me, or indeed taken of me, since the communication which had passed to the British Legation so many weeks previously. I left the ball-room at three o'clock, and went home to bed and a sound sleep, not aware that, at that very hour, a consultation was holding in the Foreign Office about my expulsion, and that an officer of the police was at the moment making his arrangements to take me from Madrid.

I will not discuss here one of the grossest violations of the rights of British subjects which has ever taken place in Spain, nor the indifference with which that violation has been viewed by our Foreign Office. Another opportunity offers for doing so in a more efficient manner, and I will merely state the circumstances of the journey, as if it were undertaken by my own free-will.

At six o'clock I was disturbed from a profound

sleep, and found a gentleman seated at my bedside, who made many excuses for having called on me at so inconvenient an hour. Not quite awake, I gaped and yawned, and begged of him to call at another time, and leave me to my repose, as late balls and the carnival had much fatigued me. But the reply my friend gave me was, to draw my passport out of his pocket, to show an order he had to take me to Lisbon, and to request that I would make as much haste as possible, as he had a carriage at the door, and his orders were to clear Madrid without loss of time. I laughed at the proposition, and thought that I could amuse my friend after the manner usually adopted in Spain, and began to offer cigars and commence a long gossip, during which the real object of his coming would be forgotten.

I therefore sat up in bed, drew forth a cigar-case which lay on a table near me, bade him take his choice, and commenced—"*Diga, Usted amigo, que hay de nuevo?*"*—intending to discuss the merits of the last ball, bull-fight or *baylerino*; but my friend gave me to understand that his instructions were not of an ordinary description; that I must be stirring, as he could not answer for his own place if he gave me more than half-an-hour's indulgence. "What!" said I, "are you

* "Say, friend, what news have you?"

really in earnest?"—"Indeed I am," was his answer. "There is your passport, here are my orders; and in the saloon you will find three or four of my agents, who have come with me in case you make resistance, which I know, of course, you will not. I am desired to treat you with respect, to provide you with money if you want it, but not to let you communicate with any person, not even with your Ambassador."—"*Hombre!*" said I, "really this is too bad! What crime have I committed? Do you know who I am?"—"*Amigo*," retorted he, "I neither know you, nor the crime of which you are accused. I believe, from my orders, that you are a *Caballero de honor*, and you see before you a sincere friend; but come, get up and pack your trunk." "What! will you not let me see an acquaintance who lives in this house?"—"No." "Nor send for my banker?"—"No." "Nor go to my Ambassador?"—"No." "Will you let me eat breakfast?"—"Yes." "Will you take some with me?"—"Yes." "What will you take?" "*Thé á la Inglese?*"—"And your friends in the other room?"—"*Chocolate* is good enough for them." "Tell me once more, are you serious, or is it a *broma?*"* "*Vamos, hombre!* let us be stirring; I shall get into a scrape if you delay."

Finding remonstrance was in vain, I rose and

* A joke.

dressed myself, and my landlady prepared us breakfast; her terror being extreme, as she fancied, true Spaniard like, that her safety would be compromised, though I had lived previously with her for two years, and she knew all my acquaintance and usual habits. I drew a check on my banker, and the officer found me money for it—settled the few little bills I owed, and was, after a messenger had been despatched by the officer to obtain leave, allowed to see the British Minister, who lived in the next house.

I have a strong opinion of the conduct of the British Government in mine as well as every other case where Spain is concerned; but I will not discuss here whether our Minister was justified or not in permitting so gross an outrage to be committed on a British subject. Let this matter pass for another occasion—I will go on with my narrative.

I know not whether the police were afraid that a rescue would be attempted, or that my friends would have shamed the Government out of so dastardly a proceeding against a person, I may say proverbially, unconnected with party; but the moment I left the Legation, the carriage was drawn up, and I stepped into it, accompanied by a brother-officer of my first captor, who was destined to accompany me to the frontier. We accordingly,

with a train of six mules, passed through the Prado, and went round the walls to the bridge of Segovia—the shorter road, through the Puerta del Sol, being avoided, I suppose, from its being a public thoroughfare;—but, notwithstanding our great haste, we had to wait for two hours at the bridge for the *mayoral* or conductor of the mules, who was in a neighbouring *taverna*, smoking his cigar or taking leave of his friends. The officer was very angry; but such is the character of the Spanish people, that he dared not make any complaint; and the muleteer, muttering only a few words of excuse, mounted the cross-bar which served him as a coach-box, and with the usual cries of *Arre Mula!* or *Victorina! Generala!* and flinging pebbles, from a little sack filled with them at his side, at the leading mule, to keep him in the road, we commenced our journey.

It is said, that the Spanish people have been ground to the earth by despotism; but there never was a greater error. I believe they are the freest in Europe—the whole virulence of the Crown being directed against the nobility, and not against the lower orders. The consequence is, that while the grandee is groveling and humble, the peasant is bold and independent, and he preserves an air of manly freedom mingled with due respect in speaking to his superiors,

which is delightful; and not even the landlord to his poorest tenant, nor the master to his servant, is allowed to use strong language; and a courtesy prevails in all the intercourse of society, which, if it were accompanied with good faith, would place the Spaniard far above even the people of England and France. The robber demands your purse, with a 'Do me the favour, Senor;'—and the man who is about to shoot you, by order of the police, embraces and tells you 'that he and all his family are at your orders.' Domestic servants consider themselves, and are treated as, humble friends; and few of them will continue to live in the house when the master is reserved, or keeps them at a marked distance; and not even the lowest menial will bear to be spoken to roughly: he is easily led, but it is impossible to force him.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It will therefore be supposed that the officer who accompanied me took some pains to make my position as little irksome as possible, and we had scarcely left the town, when he proposed that we should forget that I was a prisoner and he my guardian, and that we should travel as friends. I repaid him in his own smooth terms, and then he begged me to show him my pistols, and, finding that I was not provided with arms, he produced a pair of his own, which he arranged in the pocket at his side—a hint which I perfectly understood. He then began to talk of himself and of his occupation, of the Government, of the police, of the Christinos, and Carlists; and if half what he said be true, scenes of iniquity have gone on

for the last two years in the name of Liberty, at Madrid, which exceed those of the worst days of the Inquisition. He told me that he and his companions were employed almost every week in domiciliary visits, and carrying suspected persons, in the dead of the night, from their families, and passing them to the frontier; and he assured me that he had but just returned from performing the following piece of duty.

The Government had information that a Carlist Colonel was in Madrid, and they ordered my friend to go to his house, take him from bed at break of day, put him into a comfortable carriage, show him a passport, treat him with respect,—in short, act towards him as he was doing by me, in order that he should have no suspicion of the private instructions which the officer had received. These orders were, that as soon as the Colonel had passed twenty leagues from Madrid, he was to be taken to a spot previously fixed upon, where the Alcalde of the next town, with a party of fifteen soldiers, were to meet him; and there he was to be shot, and a receipt from the Alcalde taken for his body.

The Colonel parted from his wife and children with calmness, as he was assured that no violence was intended towards him, and the officer chatted and smoked with him, as he was doing with me, until he arrived at the prescribed distance, when

he was informed, for the first time, of the fate which was prepared. The unfortunate gentleman fancied, at first, that the officer was joking, and affected to treat the matter in that style; but the moment he was undeceived and found that his death was at hand, he asked but five minutes for prayer, and then, stepping into the field, crossed his arms on his breast, and received, like a hero, the fire of the whole platoon! A receipt was taken for the body; a hole was dug in the ground; it was thrown into it; the Alcalde returned to his village; the officer to Madrid; and, perhaps, up to this hour, the fate of this murdered man is not known to his family; nor will the Government ever be brought to an account for it.

I looked at my friend while he told me this cold-blooded piece of villany, and imagined that he had orders to treat me in the same manner; and certainly, if I was in the least compromised, or had the slightest soil upon my conscience of being a Carlist agent, I should have made a struggle for his pistols, and saved him the compliment that was meant for me; but a little reflection and the confidence of my own innocence served to re-assure me, and I continued the journey without any apprehension of worse consequences.

We reached Naval Carnero at night, and prepared to sleep there; and, at the solicitation of the

officer, I accompanied him to the house of the Alcalde, to have our passports backed. We found that personage and his wife and daughter all sitting over the *brasero;* but when he looked at the papers, and saw he had a state-prisoner before him, we were shewn into a more private room, and the officer, taking out his pocket-book, displayed his secret instructions. The main object was to demand an escort; as he affected to be alarmed at robbers, or roving bands of Carlists, and it was arranged that we were to have a party of dragoons as far as the next stage. We then returned to our inn, chose an apartment with two alcoves where our beds were laid, and my friend carefully locked the outer door, placed his pistols by his side, and, I have no doubt, remained awake the greater part of the night, to watch me.

At break of day we were stirring; but what was my anger to find a company of foot-soldiers instead of the promised dragoons, and to be told, that we were to go at their pace the whole of the road to Badajoz; thus converting a trip of three days into a march of ten! "*Hombre!*" said I to the officer—"you have the power to rob me of my liberty, but don't deprive me of time. If I lose money, I may regain it; my mistress, I can find another; my watch, there are abundance of good makers; a dinner, supper may replace it; but if

you take from me seven days of time, they can never be restored." "*Amigo*," he replied, "what extraordinary men you English are! there is a fact which I never thought of before. Of a surety it is true; we can never regain time lost; but still we must go with the soldiers at their pace."—"What," said I, "you are not afraid?"—"No; but if the Carlists caught me, they would skin me." "So they would me." "*Amigo*, your skin is not mine." "But there are no Carlists on this road." "There is not a village which is not full of them." "Oh! I fancied the people were all for the Queen." "You are a *fursante*, Don Miguel. They are all a set of wicked Carlists, who would hang me on the next tree, on account of the dress I wear—that of a National Guard." "But as they do not expect us, they cannot be prepared, and therefore we may pass." "Expect us, indeed! why, I tell you they are always ready to roast an Urbano. Mark you, the next village we come to, every man, woman, and child are avowed Carlists; we call it the little Navarre." "*Hombre!* you astonish me; I fancied I was among Christinos; but I see how it is; the Carlists are a bad set, but they have the whole country with them." "Yes, there are no honest men, except those who have emigrated, and are compromised."

So we set out with twenty foot-guards, an of-

ficer, two sergeants, and a corporal. We had not marched half a league, when the captain of the party proposed to leave his men under the care of the sergeants, and to come into the carriage, to which of course we cordially agreed. And thus we performed eight out of the ten weary days of the journey; the men straggling along the road, sometimes in advance, sometimes half-a-mile in the rear. So that, if my object had been to escape, or if I had a party on the road to attempt a rescue, my gallant escort would not have been of much avail.

The fact was, that after the second day's journey it became evident both to my civil and military guardians that I was more pleased than otherwise to leave Madrid, and that I had not the least intention of giving them the slip. I voluntarily pledged my word that I would not do so; and then they left me at ease, and did not controul my movements in any town we stopped at.

There were only two points which the police-officer strictly insisted on; and those were, presenting me to the Alcalde at the end of each day's journey, and having his bed put into the same room with mine, or rather we always chose an apartment with two alcoves, and he took care to bar the door, to have a light and his pistols near

him. I was amused with observing the composed manner in which the country Alcaldes received the state-prisoner. I presume they were accustomed to such practice, or afraid to make any remarks; as they invariably, after glancing at the passport, raised their eyes to take a long survey of me, and then without a word proceeded to execute the due formality.

The first village we came to, after leaving Naval Carnero, was notoriously Carlist, and the officer told me he would not venture his men within it. So we refreshed at a *posada* at one extremity. But several of the inhabitants came to scowl at us where we were, and one of the soldiers, who had strayed into the Plaza, was glad to come back; the people having asked him significantly, "what he did there?" The police-officer, who was compelled by orders to wear his National Guard dress, was in a terrible fright, and he hurried us away from the village, and did not feel comfortable until several leagues were interposed between him and it.

We could see the mountains of Toledo on the left, and the chain which ran towards Estramadura on the right, and understood that they were filled with guerilla parties, half robbers, half Carlists, who received rations freely from the several villages on our road, and from whom it was probable we should receive a visit.

Toledo is proverbially Carlist, and the high grounds near it have given refuge to many strong armed parties; but latterly their spirit has been broken, and they cannot be said to hold even a good front. There can be no doubt as to the wishes of the majority of the people; but they are without arms, and they have been left without a head, while the Queen has been enabled to put muskets into the hands of all her partisans by the British government, and to employ the returned emigrants in hunting up the Carlists; their own safety depending upon doing so effectually.

We left without regret the barren plains of Castile, and crossed into Estramadura. Before passing the frontier, I wished to have employed some hours in going over the celebrated field of Talavera de la Reina, but my companions did not feel the same interest as I did in the recollections of British valour, and they hastened through the town, horribly alarmed at news having been brought them that the *tartana* had been stopped, as well as the post, a few hours before our arrival. In fact, so many robberies had been committed on this road, that the royal company of diligences had given up running the usual carriage; and the kind of covered cart, which had been substituted for it, was robbed commonly once a week. To show the coolness with which such matters in Spain are

managed, the principal gang gave notice to the proprietors at Madrid that, unless a certain sum of money was paid them on a particular day, they would burn all the *tartanas;* and the money was paid ! ! ! The agreement did not include protection to the passengers; and so, whenever cigars run short with the banditti, they sally forth and clear the purses of the company.

The people of Estramadura are called the Negroes of Spain, from the darkness of their complexion. The women and children are particularly ugly, and the whole appearance of the country had less of comfort about it than is found in the other provinces. The population is quite inadequate to the extent or means of the district: the daily draughts made on it to recruit the Queen's army will reduce it still more; and some of the most fertile land in the world is destined for some time to be a barren waste. I had no idea of the desolating effects of the repeated *quintas*, or conscriptions, until I had traversed Spain in so many directions, but I was not so forcibly struck with them any where as in Estramadura, where I saw only old men, women, or children; the youth having been carried off four times within the last two years, and the land being tilled only in the immediate neighbourhood of the villages.

This is a consequence of the civil war not ye

sufficiently calculated upon, and an additional weight of responsibility is thrown upon the parties to the Quadruple Treaty, who, by ineffectually interfering in the domestic affairs of Spain, have protracted the struggle, wasted the blood and treasure of the people, and are now exhausting all the valuable part of its population.

CHAPTER XLV.

We met four or five thousand of these conscripts marching towards the North. They were chiefly boys from sixteen to twenty years; many of them in tatters, and presenting most ungainly specimens of the young Christino blood. They took all opportunities of deserting; and some companies of old soldiers escorted them from town to town, to prevent it. The greatest number I saw together was one body of 1200; and they were commanded by a veteran half-pay officer, who had been called from his retirement to drill them. He was a tall, thin figure, wearing an old uniform and a cocked hat of the last generation. He appeared heartily ashamed of his forces, particularly when he saw there were strangers to observe them; but he put

himself at their head, and marched into the square of the little town, where we encountered him, with as much effrontery as he could assume; but he dismissed them for the night with all imaginable dispatch, and contrived to hide himself, though we took some pains to find him out and pay him our respects.

My two guardians received a serious fright in the course of our journey, which afforded me some amusement, and relieved the *ennui* of our proceedings. We had pushed on with the carriage for the purpose of eating luncheon in a wood which promised a pleasant shade, and expected that the escort would have followed of course; but they were induced to take a shorter cut to the next town, and left us for two hours expecting them. My companions became seriously alarmed, as they concluded that the soldiers had gone off to the *factiosos*, and they held a consultation as to what was to be done.

The captain ran back half a league, but saw no traces on the road, nor met any person to give an account of the men; and I fancied my *urbano* was a little unquiet when he found himself alone with me in the wood, and, I may say, at my mercy, as I was a more powerful man, and his pistols had been put away since the escort had been obtained. At length the officer came back, despair-

ing of seeing his party, and calculating on disgrace and destitution; and he and the *urbano* made up their minds that the sergeant had persuaded the men to desert; but I suggested that we could do no good, wringing hands in the wood; and advised them to hasten to the town, and concert with the Alcalde on measures necessary to regain them. We did therefore advance, and found, to the great relief of the captain, the men drawn up at the entrance of the village, and wondering at our delay; some slight suspicion prevailing amongst them, that the Carlists, or banditti, had fallen upon us, and carried us off to the mountains.

After the adventure in the wood, and the absolute proof I had afforded that I had no intention of escaping, the police-officer abandoned all further idea of watching me, and I passed the rest of the journey without being in the least controuled by him. He also sought to gratify me, by giving up the foot-escort, and taking one of cavalry, at Truscillo; but I fancy he regretted having done so the following day; for the Alcalde refused to give rations to the Urbanos, and the Urbanos refused to pay the charges of their horses on the public service out of their own pockets. The officer threatened to complain to the Government, and the Alcalde to the captain-general of the province; but the Urbanos laughed at both, and so we had

to march to Merida alone, and from Merida to Badajoz; the officer fancying every bush a robber or a Carlist.

It puzzled my companions not a little to know who I was, and for what reason I had been removed from Madrid; and he put, during the journey, a variety of ingenious questions, which I took care to parry. A paragraph which was inserted by the Government in the Gazette, stating that a personage who had been with Don Carlos had been just sent under escort to Portugal, having met his eyes at Truscillo, inflamed his curiosity the more, and I saw him pondering over it, and consulting a friend on its application to me. The word *diplomatico* was frequently exchanged between them, and, I have no doubt, they concluded that I was an agent of the Holy Alliance, whose plans Mendizabel had circumvented, but who was of too much importance to be crammed into a dungeon, or shot without some inquiry being made after him.

He himself was one of the furious Liberals of 1820, and had been an emigrant since the entrance of the French in 1823. He considered that reprisals were just against his persecutors, and assured me that nothing had supported him in his exile but the hopes of a full and sweet vengeance. Revenge, according to his creed, was not only

justifiable but praiseworthy, and he spoke with a savage delight of the sufferings he had since made his enemies endure in the true spirit of retaliation. We had many discussions on the subject, and I gave him historical instances of the greater satisfaction, as well as glory, derived from the forgiveness of political rivals; but, though he admitted that I was right in principle, yet he made his own case and that of Spain an exception. I am certain he spoke the sentiments of the great majority of the emigrants, and that he and they would gladly stain their hands each hour in the blood of the hated Carlists.

Nature and education had fitted him for a police agent. Cunning, smooth, and civil in manner, but false, wicked, and brutal in his heart. He pressed my hand while he planned a piece of treachery which he subsequently played off at Elvas, and acknowledged the deep obligations he was under to Englishmen who had protected him at Gibraltar, and how glad he was to oblige me on account of those recollections, with the hope of my paying the whole of the expenses, and enabling him to pocket the money allowed him for the journey. The actual strength of the Carlists in the Basque Provinces, Catalonia, and Lower Aragon, he admitted without difficulty; and had likewise no hesitation in allowing, that

the great bulk of the people in the other provinces were more attached to the Infante than to the Queen; but it was because the case against him was so strong, that he and his friends had nothing else to do, while they had arms in their hands, than to slay, kill, and exterminate.

He was never fatigued in recounting to me the scenes in which he was now daily engaged, and I could see he took a true pleasure in separating fathers from their families, and sons from their mothers. There were cases, not of a very pressing nature, waiting his return at Madrid, and he expected to make a good market of the indulgence he was allowing to his victims. His talent lay in watching the arrival in the capital of supposed Carlist agents; and it appeared that he followed them up through all its windings on the slightest hint, and made use principally of women to detect his prey.

On the tenth day we arrived at Badajoz, and, having waited on the Gobernador Civil, the passport of the Madrid Legation received his *visa*, and the surveillance of the police upon me was declared to be at an end.

CHAPTER XLV.

From the explanation I have given of the state of the Basque Provinces, and the sketch I have made of the Carlist force in Catalonia, Aragon, Castile, and Estramadura, the reader will be able to form a tolerably correct idea of the actual position of Don Carlos.

Had I chosen to extend the nature of the work, my residence at Madrid at the moment of Ferdinand's illness in 1833,—immediately after his death at the close of the same year, and down to the present period,—would have furnished me with abundant materials; and I might have advantageously done so. My object is limited, however, to a faithful account of the Court and

Camp of Don Carlos, and to a description of those circumstances connected with them, to which I have been personally a witness.

I have avoided giving any opinion as to the ultimate result of the contest for the crown of Spain; for we have found that, while the Queen has been unable to put down Don Carlos, the Infante has not been strong enough to leave the Basque country; and the presence of twenty thousand foreign bayonets renders it still doubtful when he may have the power to do so. His cause is however progressing beyond the reach of the stranger's aid; and it is, at this hour, more widely spread in Catalonia and Aragon, than on the day when I commenced my Narrative.

I might have added a variety of facts on the authority of published accounts or official documents; but I have kept my mind solely upon the things I saw with my own eyes, and the circumstances which were brought under my personal investigation.

Another opportunity may probably soon be afforded me of discussing at more length the present situation of Spain, and the respective strength of the Carlist and Christino parties.

THE following is the OFFICIAL STATEMENT of the whole organized Carlist Force (taken from the last Reports from Head-quarters) in the Provinces of Navarre, Alava, Guipuzcoa, Biscay, Aragon, Valencia, Catalonia, and Galicia:—

	Infantry.	Cavalry.
THE ARMY OF NAVARRE, ALAVA, GUIPUZCOA, AND BISCAY, is composed of four divisions, with their corresponding reserves, each consisting of nine battalions, and two squadrons, forming a total force of	36,600	1,200
The ARMY OF RESERVE consists of two corps of thirteen battalions and one squadron, the whole force being	9,300	100
The ARTILLERY consists of 53 pieces, of all calibre, mounted.		
The ENGINEERS consist of two companies.		
	45,900	1,300

	Infantry.	Cavalry.
	45,900	1,300
The GUARD OF HONOUR to Don Carlos is composed of one battalion of Guides of Navarre, of one squadron of gentlemen, called the *Legitimad*, and eighty horsemen, of the best families of the provinces	800	180
The ARMY OF CATALONIA consists of five divisions, of two brigades each, forming in the whole	24,000	600
The ARMY OF ARAGON AND VALENCIA consists of three divisions, which form a total of . .	16,000	700
The ARMY OF GALICIA is composed of various flying columns, which amount to . . .	7,000	
	93,700	2,780

NOTE.—This statement does not include the various parties which exist in La Mancha, the Castiles, the Mountains of Toledo, Estramadura, &c. &c.

LIST OF OFFICERS

COMMANDING IN THE SEVERAL PROVINCES.

IN THE BASQUE PROVINCES.

Commander-in-Chief—Lieut.-General Villa Real.
Chief of the Staff—Major-General Don Jose Mazarrasa.

First Division.

Major-General Don Francisco Ituralde.
First Brigade—Brigadier Don Jose Antonio Gomes.
Second Brigade—Brigadier Don Pablo Sanz.
Third Brigade—Brigadier Don Tomas Zaragual.

Second Division.

Major-General ————.
First Brigade—Don Bartolome Guibelalde.
Second Brigade—Don Simon de la Torre.
Third Brigade—Brigadier Don Prudencio Sopelana.

Third Division.

Major-General Don Miguel Gomez.
First Brigade—Brigadier Don Carlos Perez de las Vacas.
Second Brigade—Brigadier Don Juan Beamurgia.
Third Brigade—Colonel Don Jose Mª Royo.

Fourth Division.

Major-General Don Francisco Sarasa.
First Brigade—Colonel Don Bemigio Iturzaeta.
Second Brigade—Colonel Don Juan Antonio de Berastegui.
Third Brigade—Colonel Don Pedro Hermosilla.

Army of Reserve.

First Corps—Brigadier Don Jose Iturriza.

Second Corps—Brigadier Don Francisco Garcia.

The Artillery.

Major-General Don Joaguin de Montenegro.

The Engineers.

Major-General Melchor Silvestre.

CATALONIA.

Commander-in-Chief *(ad interim)*—Major-General Don Ignacio Burjo.

First Division.

Major-General Don Ignacio Burjo.

First Brigade—Colonel Don Martin Albert.

Second Brigade—Colonel Don Patricio Torrilla.

Second Division.

Brigadier Don Jose Juan de Torres.

First Brigade—Lieut.-Colonel Don Jose Borges.

Second Brigade—Don Bartolome Porvedon.

Third Division.

Don Benito Tristani.

First Brigade—Colonel Don Juan Caballeria.

Second Brigade—Lieut.-Colonel Don Clemente Sobrevias.

Fourth Division.

Colonel Don Matia Walls.

First Brigade—Don Jose Masgoret.

Second Brigade—Don Jose Galceran.

Fifth Division.

Colonel Don Jacinto Orten.

First Brigade—Don Pedro Maysana.

Second Brigade—Don Bemigio Claver.

ARAGON AND VALENCIA.

Commander-in-Chief, Major-General Don Ramon Cabrera.

First Division.

Col. Don Jose Quilez and Don Antonio Porluetas.

Second Division.

Don Jose Miralles and Don Jose Cubells.

Third Division.

Don N. Forcadell.

GALICIA.

Don Francisco Lopez and Don Antonio Sarmento.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lest it should be imagined, from my known connexion with the *Morning Herald*, as Foreign Correspondent, that the foregoing pages are reprinted from the columns of that Journal, I beg leave to state, that in one instance only I have made use of my own letters. The Sketch of THE CARLIST COURT AND CAMP—be its imperfections what they may—with that exception, is original.

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY,
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

00026926

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 10 February, 2016